EX

Frances H. Skinner,
NORFOLK, VA.

IDA NORMAN.

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OR,

TRIALS AND THEIR USES.

BY MRS. LINCOLN PHELPS,

PRINCIPAL OF PATAPSCO INSTITUTE:

PHELPS, MRS ALMIRA (HART) LINCOL

AUTHOR OF "LINCOLN'S BOTANY," "PHELPS' NATURAL PHILOSOPHY," "CHEMISTRY," &C., "FIRESIDE FRIEND," &C.

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DEDICATED,

BY THE AUTHOR,

TO HER PUPILS,

WHEREVER THEY MAY BE,

AND IN WHATEVER CONDITION OF LIFE;

IN THE HOPE OF A HAPPY MEETING,

HEREAFTER.

PREFACE.

A *novel* by one who professes to educate the young on principles of reason and piety, may occasion some surprise. But the "Great Teacher" taught by parables, thereby sanctioning the use of fiction as an auxiliary of truth.

This work was commenced in the autumn of 1846, and read in parts, weekly, to the author's pupils, with the design of imparting moral instruction under a form more interesting to the young than that of didactic essays. The lively interest manifested by the auditors during the progress of the work, was doubtless, in a degree, the result of their partial affection for the author. Similar feelings prompted the request, in compliance with which, Ida Norman is now offered to the public, where a more severe scrutiny may await her than she met with in the Halls of Patapsco.

Whatever may be thought of the interest of the work, the author is happy in the belief that it will be,

at least, a safe companion for the young, encouraging no morbid sensibilities or sickly fancies, and perverting no principles of morality; but that its tendency, so far as it may have any influence, will be found beneficial to individual virtue and happiness, and the true interests of society.

PATAPSCO INSTITUTE, JAN. 1848.

IDA NORMAN.

CHAPTER I.

A DOMESTIC SCENE—A POLITICIAN'S PRIVATE LEVEE.

THE shutters were closed, and the rich damask curtains in ample folds, draperied the windows of the splendid saloon of a marble mansion, situated in the most fashionable part of the city of New York. A lady of delicate appearance, and seemingly of middle age, reclined on a couch of crimson velvet, while near her, in thoughtful mood, leaning on a table of Italian marble, sat a gentleman, apparently some years older. At a piano, on the opposite side of the apartment, a young girl was turning over the leaves of a music book, occasionally trying some notes of a piece, or carelessly humming the air of a song.

"I wish, dear Ida," said a youth, who entered the saloon by an open door in a distant part of the room and advanced toward the piano, "you would either sing or let it alone, it is so annoying to hear a person humming in that way."

"Indeed, Mr. Louis," said the girl, "I do not thank you for dictating to me;—if papa and mama are satisfied with me, it is no concern of mine what you think."

"Come here, my children," said the lady, in a gentle voice, "I would speak with you." They advanced, and obeying a sign from their mother, seated themselves on a low divan by her side.

She took a hand of each, and, for some moments, seemed struggling with emotions too powerful for expression. At length she said, "Louis and Ida, how often have I spoken to you of the pain it gives me to hear you speak unkindly to each other—how often have I warned you that the time might come when you would be left alone in the world, with few to care for you or sympathize in your sorrows; and now that we are so soon to be separated—our family circle broken up for years, perhaps forever, can you permit, for a moment, any feelings, but those of love and tenderness towards each other, to influence you?" Louis seized his mother's hand, pressed it to his lips, then throwing his arms around his sister's neck, both sobbed, and comforted the mother's heart by their unfeigned demonstrations of regret for the past, and good resolutions for the future. The stern father, whose thoughts had been wandering amid the mazes of political intrigues, was struck by the tender scene, and laying upon the table the scroll of papers which he had held idly in his hand, approached the interesting group.

"Here," said he, extending his arms and drawing the three within his embrace, "are my treasures—all that this world can give me I thus clasp." There was a pause; it was one of those moments in which the heart triumphs,—such as in this life 'are few and far between,' and such as, unhappily for this family, were seldom witnessed within its circle.

A loud ringing at the street door broke the spell, and reminded the father that this was the hour in which he was to receive a committee, appointed to confer with him on political affairs of moment. A cloud overspread his features: he arose and hastily leaving the room repaired to his private reception room to meet his expected visitors.

Mrs. Norman sighed as her husband closed the door, and for some minutes seemed absorbed in reverie, from which she was aroused by her son. "Mother," said Louis, "it

seems to me wrong for my father to accept this foreign appointment, to go abroad to a distant country, giving up our home and its comforts, and leaving his children among strangers. But I would not mind for myself. I am a boy and can take care of myself any where; but for you and Ida I am anxious; especially for you, my dear mother, who are so delicate and so little able to endure the fatigues of traveling and the privations you must suffer. How hard it will be, when you are feeble and sick, to have none of the attentions you are accustomed to at home." Mrs. Norman took the hand of her son in hers and looked tenderly upon him; his words were but the echo of her own sad thoughts, and her full heart found relief in tears. "I feel, indeed, the force of your remarks, Louis," said she, "but I should be unworthy to be the wife of a distinguished statesman, were I to object to his serving his country in a way most befitting his talents. I have indeed, been ambitious of this honor; but now that the trial is near, I shrink from the sacrifices to be made, and would gladly change places with the most humble of our citizen's wives who can quietly remain in the bosom of her family, urged from them by no call of duty. But if I stay with my children I must be separated from my husband, if I go with him, I must leave you; either alternative is painful;—besides, I am not fitted by education or physical strength for courts and the fatigues of state ceremonies. I can speak no foreign language; I was never fond of books, and now am too far advanced in life to begin to study. Alas! why have I so eagerly desired honors which demand the sacrifice of all domestic enjoyments!" Ida pressed her mother's hand, deeply affected by this unaccustomed self-abasement of one usually reserved, and often haughty in manner.

"Mama," said she, affecting cheerfulness, "why trouble yourself about that which we cannot now help; you will see so many pretty things abroad, and the time will soon

pass away, and then we shall be all together again. You could soon learn French; suppose you begin with a verb to-morrow, and let me be your teacher;—and when you are away, you will write to us very often; and when you come back, we shall all be so happy, and Louis and I will never quarrel any more; will we, Louis!" Louis kissed his sister's cheek and smiled, though the tear drop glistened in his eye.

Mrs. Norman then desired her children to retire, telling them she felt the need of rest; she had much to do on the morrow, particularly in directing such preparation of clothing for them as was necessary, in view of their being placed at school for several years. The idea of going to school among strangers was not pleasant to Ida; but she would not at that time, add to the distress of her mother by any expression of her feelings. Louis was a manly boy, he felt himself called on to show his resolution, and this inspired him with courage. We are sorry to say, that Mrs. Norman on this interesting occasion, sent her children to their nightly repose without an evening hymn or prayer, and that she had not even taught them to worship their Creator in secret. The Normans were a prayerless family, devoted to the world, its pomps and vanities. Political ambition was the ruling passion of Mr. Norman, while his less gifted wife sought for distinction in the charmed circle of fashion. He had been a devoted partizan in politics, and a new career of distinction now opened before him. Possibly he had his reason for wishing to leave his country, and fortune had favored his views, in giving him a foreign appointment. Endowed with talents of a high order, and gifted with the power of eloquence, he had exercised those talents and wielded this power for the advancement of his own private interests, rather than for the good of his country. Naturally noble and ingenious, he had gradually sunk the patriot in the baser aspirations of the partizan and politician, until, losing his own self-respect, he had ceased to have confidence in others.

In the bitterness of his own spirit, while he acknowledged to himself, that he deceived others, he felt that he was but the tool of those who had been even more successful than himself in the game of political intrigue.

The secret meeting in Mr. Norman's private apartment was protracted to a late hour. Mrs. Norman's nerves were too excitable to allow her to sleep, for though ignorant of what was going on, she was troubled and alarmed;—some new movement of the political wheel might possibly throw her husband back into a private station; and with an inconsistency common to human nature, she now feared, as the greatest of evils, the loss of that appointment on a foreign embassy, which she had just regarded as involving so much distress, and as unfavorable to the true interests and happiness of her family.

Mr. Norman, long after midnight, laid an aching head upon his pillow;—his political friends had presented for his consideration sundry bonds which he had given to supply the means of promoting the success of the party; and some had hinted their suspicions that his accounts with the National Government, in late monied transactions, were by no means favorable for his endorsers. Mr. Norman had his reasons for determining to make the most of present advantages, and to hasten preparations for his departure from the country.

CHAPTER II.

SELECTION OF SCHOOLS.

Mr. Norman had too much to do with State affairs, and with the Cabinet at Washington, to think much about the selection of schools for his son and daughter, which concern he left chiefly to his wife, who, feeling that she was incompetent to judge on this subject, allowed herself to be governed by chance. Ida, she said, must certainly go to the most fashionable school; and she was about to decide in favor of one of specious pretensions, when she received a visit from her former school companion and friend, Mrs. Selby, a lady no less distinguished for good sense than for elegant manners. This lady, feeling a deep interest in Ida Norman, who had occasionally been a companion of her daughter, was very desirous that she should be placed in a situation favorable to the improvement of her character, as well as her progress in knowledge and accomplishments.

"In leaving your country, Mrs. Norman, what do you intend to do with your daughter. You will not, I presume," said Mrs. Selby, "take her with you?"

Mrs. Norman informed her friend that she should place Ida at school, and that feeling at this time, as a great defect in her own education, the want of a knowledge of the French language, she had determined to select for her daughter a French school.

"But, my dear madam," said Mrs. Selby, "have you reflected that in giving your daughter an almost entire French education, you make her superficial as an English scholar. You do not, I hope, expect to become French in your feelings and tastes, or wish to bring up your children to forget their native language. You know Mrs. Vaughn has

so educated her children, which as she speaks French is not so bad for herself, but her good mother is greatly embarrassed for she cannot converse with her grandchildren any more than if they were Chinese;—and what renders the case more distressing, is the fact that Mrs. Vaughn is an only child, and her children are peculiarly dear to their aged grandmother. But it was her mania to bring up her daughter to be a French lady, and she now sees the ridiculous, and sad effects. Mrs. Vaughn dislikes American society, our language, government and manners. Any *moustached* foreigner, with the slightest introduction, or scarcely any introduction at all, is well received at her soirees, where it is considered vulgar to speak our native language, while Americans, except such few as occupy very distinguished positions, or *can speak French*, are made to feel that they are out of place. This is certainly ridiculous. The French, themselves ridicule the folly which leads parents to sacrifice so much to the attainment of a foreign language. You, indeed, my dear Mrs. Norman, are to appear at a foreign court, as the wife of an American minister, but this is an event not to be generally expected; while every American woman, in the higher circles, is expected to possess a knowledge of English grammar, English literature, and to be familiar with many branches of study, which can be pursued to greatest advantage through the medium of her native language. To adopt a foreign tongue as a medium to obtain knowledge, is like darkening vision by opaque glasses, when we have perfect eye-sight."

"Indeed, Mrs. Selby, I confess your arguments have weight, besides it might not seem patriotic in us to give our children an exclusively French education. Mr. Norman's public station renders it very important that we should make ourselves popular, at least with our own party."

Mrs. Selby had not thought of bringing forward an argu-

ment like this to a mother, when deliberating upon the course of education for her child; but she prudently forbore the expression of any surprise, thereby seeming to assent to the truth of Mrs. Norman's proposition.

Mrs. Selby left with Mrs. Norman, for her examination, a prospectus of Mrs. Newton's school, at Science Hall, promising to call in a few days and converse with her friend farther on the choice of a school for her daughter. Louis was to be sent to an institution for boys, distinguished for discipline and high grade of scholarship, but less for this, than because some of the leading politicians of the party which had elevated Mr. Norman, had given it their patronage.

All was now bustle and confusion at the dwelling of Mr. Norman; furniture was to be packed away—preparations were to be made for a sea voyage, and a long residence abroad. The weak nerves of Mrs. Norman received many shocks from the breaking of mirrors and chandeliers, and disappointments from mechanics, dress-maker and seamstresses. She often called on Ida to try to do something about her own affairs; but Ida had no idea of industry, she had been brought up to consider it as a vulgar quality necessary only for such as work for a living. So amidst all the confusion around her, she continued to spend her time in looking listlessly out of the window, seeing the new bonnets and dresses which appeared in the streets, lounging on a sofa with a story-book in her hand, or idly thrumming over her music. She was sorry when she saw her mother unhappy and dispirited; her heart reproached her, and she made great professions of what she was going to do on the morrow.

CHAPTER III.

TABLE TALK.

THE morning sun was bright, and shone forth beautifully upon Broadway, revealing a great moving panorama; the busy and idle, the anxious and thoughtless, the gay and miserable thronging a thoroughfare which may be considered as the grand artery of the London of America.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman, at the fashionable hour of eleven o'clock, were still seated at their breakfast table. "And so my dear," said the gentleman, "you have concluded to place Ida with Mrs. Newton at Science Hall; you have made a good choice, I am delighted with the judgment you have displayed."

"I claim no merit, as Mrs. Selby dissuaded me from sending her to Madame de la Trappe, and recommended this school to me. But what do *you* know about Mrs. Newton's school, Mr. Norman?"

"Nothing of her school, Eliza, but much of her; you know she was once Amelia Walsingham," said Mr. Norman, slightly coloring as he spoke.

"Is it possible," replied Mrs. Norman, "that she now keeps a school? I have lost sight of her for years—I recollect you was a law student in her father's office, and I once heard that you was an admirer of hers; but I hope while you took lessons in law from the father, you did not receive those of a more interesting nature of the daughter; I trust there was nothing in the report, for I would not place Ida with a neglected flame of her father, lest she might be punished for his indifference."

"Make yourself easy on that point, Eliza, Mrs. Newton is too noble in disposition to act an unworthy part by our

child, even were your suggestions founded in reality: but *I never neglected her*, had I committed no other fault than that, my life might have been a very different one. I might have been less distinguished, but more happy; the affections of the heart developed in their full growth and activity, might have taken something from my intellectual energies;—but we mark not out our own destiny in life, we carve not our own fortunes,

> "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them as we will."

"You talk in enigmas, Mr. Norman, I do not understand you."

"It is, perhaps, well, Eliza, that you should not understand fully what in my weakness I have uttered; but I will frankly own that there was a time when Amelia Walsingham was dear to me, and all my future plans in life referred to her;—it was for her sake, that I studied and toiled to gain that knowledge in my profession, which was to give me fame and a high standing among men. But the illusion vanished; my air built castle disappeared and left me to brave the storms of life, with a heart crushed and blighted with disappointment."

"And yet you would wish this woman to educate your child; she who deceived you, who trampled your affections beneath her feet;—my daughter shall never be entrusted to her, I have too much pride for that, if I had not to marry one who, when even a suitor for my hand, scarcely professed to love me."

My dear Eliza, you wrong Mrs. Newton, you would wrong your child by this spirit. She never deceived me, she was truth and candor itself—but I,—yes, I must confess my guilt. I deceived her in respect to my religious principles; she was a christian, I an unbeliever; she believed in self-denial, I in self-gratification; she would be virtuous for

the love of virtue, I for the esteem of men;—I concealed from her my real sentiments; I went with her to the house of worship, and gave a decent attention, but my homage was not to the most High, it was to the idol I had enshrined within my heart. She was deceived, for I appeared, when with her, under false colours. I believed, that under her influence, I should ever be kept from disgraceful acts—but alas, I was made to feel, in all its bitterness, the weakness of human nature unsupported by religious principle. I committed an act which seemed to me, at the time, excusable, and which I thought would never be exposed. I wanted money, my father refused to supply me, and with a forged draft, I obtained money from his banker. My father would have screened me, but Judge Walsingham discovered the fraud, and reported it to Amelia; I received from her a note with these words, which are burned as with a hot iron upon the tablets of my memory. "I pity you, but the man who can do a dishonest act, can never be the husband of Amelia Walsingham. We part for ever."

"How ridiculous," said Mrs. Norman, "had you not a right to your father's money? you were his only son, and would inherit all he should leave, you were only anticipating a little."

"So I reasoned, but not so judged Miss Walsingham, and from that day we have never met. I was too proud to sue for forgiveness, and I knew too well, her firmness in all that concerned moral actions to hope for success, should I attempt to reinstate myself in her favor."

"Well, and so she married an obscure parson, with no estate but his gown and surplice; while James Livingston Norman, became the husband of Eliza Tudor, who brought him an immense fortune, and for his sake, rejected the most brilliant offers;—(and Mrs. Norman assumed a lofty air,) I believe Miss Walsingham was poor."

Mr. Norman, abstracted, seemed unconscious of the re-

mark, and his wife continued, "I shall not send Ida to Mrs. Newton's school, our conversation this morning has changed my purpose."

Mr. Norman started from his reverie, "and what, madam, has this to do with the welfare of our child? I have told you that Mrs. Newton was scrupulous and severe in her ideas of virtue; should not this inspire you with confidence in her. If she ever had a tender regard for the father, she may feel the greater interest in the child, and God only knows," continued he with deep earnestness, "what events may take place before our return to America, or whether we may ever return; Ida may be left to the cold charities of the world; and who among those who now selfishly pay court to the father, would care for and protect the orphan?"

"But our children, Mr. Norman, are born to fortune; they will be dependent on no one, and last of all, I trust my proud Ida will never need the kindness or sympathy of Mrs. Newton."

"I hope she will never want for any thing," replied Mr. Norman somewhat impatiently, "but I wish you to make arrangements to place her with Mrs. Newton, whose school I did not think of, till you suggested it, but which I decidedly approve."

Mr. Norman's decided opinion, his lady well knew was not to be disputed, and she changed the subject, hoping to gain, by her acquiescence in her husband's wishes, certain indulgences that he might otherwise have been unwilling to grant.

"Since it is decided, that Ida shall go to Mrs. Newton's school, we must prepare her to make a suitable appearance among the very genteel associates she will there meet with. I intend going out to shop this morning and shall want money."

"The wardrobe of a school girl cannot cost much," said Mr. Norman, "what sum shall you need?"

"Oh, as to that, you must consider that the child is to be left for years, and that when we return she will be quite a young lady. She will need a watch, bracelets, and other expensive articles; as well as a variety of dresses, silk, cashmere, merino and cambric;—and I am going to that artist near the Park who paints so beautifully, to have the children sit for their portraits; he only charges two thousand dollars for a family piece, and I shall want you, my dear, to find time to sit to him. I have promised to give him a sitting to-morrow."

"How much money will serve you for the shopping to-day? If you get that extravagant picture painted, I trust the artist will wait for his pay until it is finished."

"I think a thousand or two dollars to-day, will do, but if you have more to spare, I dare say I can find ways enough to spend it."

"Send to my room in half an hour, and you shall have checks for a thousand dollars, it is absolutely all I have at command to-day. I shall receive to-morrow, a treasury draft from government, for my outfit as a foreign minister."

"Why do you speak of that," said Mrs. Norman, "when you have hundreds of thousands in bank stock; and real estate in the city, the income from which might make a prince rich?"

Mr. Norman did not answer, and the lady, after a minute's pause, arose and pulled the bell cord; a servant appeared. "Tell Thomas to have the coach at the door in an hour's time, and ask Mrs. Andrews to come here with Miss Ida."

Mr. Norman rose from the breakfast table, and left the room. Mrs. Norman played with her spoon, looked thoughtful, and at length grew impatient. She rung the bell again, and the same servant entered. "Please, madam, Mrs. Andrews says, Miss Ida won't get up, 'cause she says, it is too early."

"Tell Mrs. Andrews to say to Miss Ida, that if she wishes

to go shopping with me, she must be ready before one o'clock;—and tell Master Louis, make haste and come to his breakfast."

"Here I am, mother," said Louis, "I have been out in the garden looking at the buds on the lilac shrubs, they are just beginning to open, and the crocusses and snow-drops are in blossom; here are some I plucked to show you;—and the spring birds have come back; I left a robin singing sweetly on a branch of one of the old elms in the avenue. But, mother, how can you let Ida remain in bed so long. I just heard Kitty tell Susan, that Mrs. Andrews says she has been trying for two hours to make her get up. Well, it will be a good thing for her to be at a school, where she will be obliged to get up by sun-rise. Frank Selby says Julia always gets up before six o'clock when at home, because she is accustomed to rise so early at school. For my part, I wish to be under strict rules; I know it is best for me, and I choose to go where I shall be made to do my duty."

"That is a very good idea, Louis," said his mother, "I hope you will always try to do right, and become as distinguished in the world as your father."

"Mother," said Louis, "what is this distinction in the world worth? it does not make father happy; it seems to me I never saw him so uneasy and perplexed as since he has become a great man;—and he has never a moment to spend with us. I am thinking it would be better to be less distinguished, and more happy."

Miss Ida now made her appearance, rubbing her eyes; the servants in attendance brought in the hot breakfast; and the two children sat at the table and took their coffee out of porcelain cups of the richest patterns, while the massive silver urn and other articles of the most expensive kind, bespoke luxury and taste.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER SHOPPING.

Mrs. Norman's splendid equipage with suitable appointment of liveried servants, was at the door precisely at the time ordered; and that lady, adorned in the height of extravagance and fashion, accompanied by her young daughter, scarcely less dressed, took her seat in the luxurious carriage. As the elegant mother and the exquisite young lady entered shop after shop, they created no small sensation. Every clerk was at their service, and most obsequious bows followed and preceded their movements. Splendid silks, rich laces and expensive embroidered handkerchiefs were bought for Ida to take to school; crape and cashmere shawls of great value were purchased for her use. Whatever was rich and pretty she wanted, and whatever she wanted her mother bought for her. Gloves in great quantities and ornamented in Parisian style were purchased; and linen of the finest kind, with rich lace to trim the ruffles, was laid in. The watch and chain, with other articles of jewelry, assisted much to lighten the purse of Mrs. Norman. An expensive writing-desk of rose wood, ornamented with embossed gold, was shewn them at a variety store. Ida wished for it, and her mother thought it cheap at seventy-five dollars.

"We will now," said Mrs. Norman, as they were getting into their carriage, "go to Mrs. Landon's, and leave the linen to be made."

"That sweet Mrs. Landon, mama, who knit my zephyr tippet and polka, and has sewed so much for you? Oh, I remember her and her lovely daughter about my own age; and Willie Landon, I wonder if he has grown much since

I saw him. How long have you known Mrs. Landon, mama?"

"She was," said Mrs. Norman, "a school companion of mine, and in youth we were somewhat intimate; but our conditions in life have since been so very different, that we have never met, except as I have occasionally gone to her for needle-work, which she is glad to do to support her family. She is one of the neatest seamstresses in the city. When we were at school together, she was always industrious." Mrs. Norman might have added, "and she often helped me out with my lessons when I could not get them." But this would have been humiliating.

"Why have you never assisted Mrs. Landon in some way, mama? I think it would have been kind in you to have done so, and it seems as if we might be so happy to do a great deal of good, when we have plenty of money."

"Why, so I have assisted Mrs. Landon, in giving her work to do; she is too proud to receive charity."

"Yes, mama, but then there are delicate ways of helping people who are needy, you might have asked papa to get a situation in the Navy or in some of the public offices for Willie, it has made me feel sorry to see him look so sad. He seems such a noble boy, as if he was made for something great; and then, you might have done something towards educating Laura, who I am sure, looks much more as if born to be a lady than I do."

"It is not for you, Ida, to tell your mother what she ought to have done. You know very well your father often finds fault with what I expend for the family, though I study so much to be economical; and what would he say were I to attempt to take care of the families of others, or to trouble him about them; and where am I to get money to expend in charity, when I am often troubled to pay my just debts."

Ida, somewhat puzzled by her mother's reasoning, and

perceiving her somewhat offended, made no answer. The carriage stopped at the door of Mrs. Landon's lowly dwelling, and the little girl and her mother were soon seated in the neat but humble parlor.

"I wish," said Mrs. Norman, "to have these pieces of linen, and this fine cambric, for night gowns, made for my daughter, as soon as possible. Mrs. Landon, you will observe the exquisite fineness of the linen; this linen cambric for the ruffling is the very finest the city affords; and here is a large quantity of splendid valencienes lace to trim with. How soon, Mrs. Landon, can you do this work? My daughter is going away to school, as soon as she can be prepared, and we wish to see her settled before we go abroad. The frigate which is ordered by government to carry out my husband will be in the harbor soon, and of course there can be no delay; it is therefore important that I get every thing in readiness for our departure, as soon as possible."

"I should be very glad, Mrs. Norman," said the person addressed, with a sweet voice, and in a dignified manner, "to do this work, but I cannot possibly engage to finish so great a number of articles, even within several weeks, or perhaps months—I have no one to assist me at present."

"Where is your daughter, Mrs. Landon? I thought she worked with you; it is very hard she should leave you, just as she is old enough to be of some use to you." Mrs. Landon blushed deeply, and her eyes glistening with tears, mildly answered;—

"My daughter, madam, is a most dutiful and affectionate child; she would, if possible, shield her mother from all the trials and sorrows of life.—You ask me where she is: my early friend, Mrs. Newton, who has truly proved herself the friend of the widow and fatherless, has invited Laura to become a member of her family."

"Mrs. Newton, indeed—I hope Laura has not gone to be a chamber-maid in her family. I think you might do better

for her than that; she would, I dare say, soon learn the dress making, or millinery business." Again the color came to the cheeks of Mrs. Landon, and she drew herself up somewhat proudly.—"Mrs. Norman, you wrong Mrs. Newton as much as you wound me, by your suggestion; Mrs. Newton has taken my daughter as a pupil, to enjoy all the advantages of her school; and if successful in making such improvement as we hope, she may one day become a teacher."

"How glad I am, dear Mrs. Landon," said Ida, with emotion, "to hear that Laura has gone to Mrs. Newton's. I always loved her, and we shall, I know, be very good friends, for I am going to that very school."

Mrs. Norman attempted to frown, but Ida did not, or would not understand her mother's looks. "Pray," said Mrs. Norman, "how can Mrs. Newton afford to educate your daughter at her own expense—I suppose she is not herself rich."

"She is rich in faith and good works," said Mrs. Landon. "In giving to the poor, she considers that she is lending to the Lord."

"But, does she really give your daughter her education?" said Mrs. Norman, her curiosity getting the better of her politeness.

"We receive it, for the present, as a gift," said Mrs. Landon, meekly, "though, I hope Laura will, hereafter, in some degree, repay her benefactress the pecuniary obligation; the debt of gratitude, she can never cancel, nor would she, I hope, ever wish to do it; for when the heart is right, the feeling of gratitude is sweet."

Mrs. Norman, who, with many weaknesses and littlenesses, was still capable of fine feelings, and had, herself, a wish to do good, only she could never see how, began to comprehend that there was something in this transaction which reflected honor on all parties,—Mrs. Landon, in accepting with trust and confidence, as Mrs. Newton, in be-

stowing the favor, and she almost wished herself in Mrs. Newton's place, that she might enjoy the pleasure of feeling herself beneficent. She thought of Mrs. Landon's son, pensive and drooping as she had seen him, and very kindly inquired after him.

"Willie, too, has been provided for through the influence of Mrs. Newton, and now enjoys the advantages of a business education he has so much desired."

"I love Mrs. Newton," said Ida, "for being kind to Willie. Do you remember, Mrs. Landon, once, when I was here, I took such a fancy to his little kitten, and put it in his cap to make him laugh, and how pleased I was that he made me a present of it when I came away? Do you think, Mrs. Landon, Willie would know me now?"

Mrs. Landon smiling, said, "I am sure he would not forget such an introduction to an acquaintance, especially, as I think, kitty scratched his hand when he attempted to take her out of his cap."

Mrs. Norman resumed the subject of her visit. "I am sorry, Mrs. Landon, you cannot do this work as soon as I want it. I had really set my heart upon your making up these articles; you do every thing so neatly, and the materials are so nice. I am unwilling to trust them to any one else."

"I will try," said Mrs. Landon, "to make up such a quantity of this under-clothing as your daughter will need to take to school with her; too much would only be in the way; and if I may presume to suggest, I would advise to make the articles plain, as the ruffles will be rather an embarrassment to the laundresses, by adding to their work. I have heard Mrs. Newton remark, that she preferred her pupils should have their clothing so made as not to require extra labor in doing up, as, in a large family, this was a matter of some consequence."

"Very strange indeed," said Mrs. Norman, "that Mrs. Newton should attempt to dictate in such matters. I should

suppose a lady would be above looking into the affairs of the laundry or kitchen."

Mrs. Landon making no reply, Mrs. Norman rose to go, when Mrs. Landon, with some embarrassment took from her secretary a paper, saying as she presented it, "excuse me madam, for reminding you, that this small bill for sewing, still remains unpaid. I sent it as you directed to your husband, and he referred the messenger to you, but you were out at the time."

Mrs. Norman slightly coloring, carelessly said, "indeed this bill ought to have been paid long ago; but I have not absolutely one dollar left, and for some of my purchases this morning, I was obliged to ask credit; but before we leave the country, you shall certainly be paid, not only this bill, but for what you are going to do."

"I wished," said Mrs. Landon, "to purchase for my daughter some calico dresses, and other clothing, having sent her to school with a very scanty wardrobe."

Ida Norman had listened with uneasiness to the dialogue; taking her mother aside, she said, "mama it is not right that Mrs. Landon should not be paid, can we not exchange some of the things we have bought this morning for what she wants to buy? There is that piece of linen cambric and valencienes lace, which we do not want, I dare say the merchant would be willing to take it back, and let Mrs. Landon have the value in such goods as she wants. How much is her bill mama?"

"Fifty dollars," said Mrs. Norman in a whisper, "a monstrous sum for needle work."

"Oh! but mama, just think of those rich embroidered handkerchiefs and beautifully trimmed night-dresses she has wrought, and made for you. Will you not consent to let her have the piece of cambric and the lace? let me see, this cambric, cost as much as thirty dollars, and the lace was about twenty; then here is one piece of linen which we do

not want; let us return these, and, besides paying this bill, there will be something in advance for the work Mrs. Landon is now going to do for us."

Mrs. Norman convinced that her daughter's plan was reasonable, and relieved by it from an unpleasant situation, with some embarrassment explained to Mrs. Landon what Ida had said. That lady looked at the child with surprise and approbation, a tear drop glistening in her soft blue eye and very readily assenting to a proposal which would enable her so amply to provide for her daughter. The question was, how the affair should be managed with the merchant of whom the goods were purchased. Mrs. Norman protested against going to him, herself, on such an errand; it would be very undignified for a lady in her station to be seen exchanging goods in that way, especially for common and cheap articles.

"It would be proper," said Mrs. Landon, "that you should leave with me a written request, addressed to the merchant that the goods may be received in exchange."

"I know nothing," replied Mrs. Norman, "of business transactions, but if you will write an order of this kind, I will sign it, though I confess it is rather mortifying to be obliged to resort to such a mean traffic to pay a debt; it is at least for me who brought my husband more than a million."

Mrs. Landon on learning the name of the merchant, wrote as follows:

MESSRS. NEVINS & Co.

You would oblige me by receiving some of the articles which I bought of you this morning, and giving to the bearer, the amount thereof in such goods as she may want.

To this, Mrs. Norman affixed her signature as follows:

ELIZA TUDOR NORMAN,
Wife of Hon. James Livingston Norman,
Minister to the Court of ——.

A close observer might have seen a transient smile pass over the fine features of Mrs. Landon, as she received the order from Mrs. Norman. "Good morning madam," said the latter with dignity, "come Ida we shall be late home, and your father is expecting a French nobleman to dine." Ida kissed Mrs. Landon affectionately, "tell Willie," said she, "he must forgive me for putting the kitten in his cap. I was then but a little girl, I have learned better manners since. I am glad Laura is at Mrs. Newton's, I dare say we shall be good friends."

Mrs. Norman improved the drive home, to lecture Ida on the choice of her associates.

"I would not," said she, "hurt the feelings of Mrs. Landon, who I know was born and brought up a lady, being descended from one of the oldest Dutch families in New York; but at present, her family are so situated in life, that I should be unwilling for you to associate with her children as your equals. I think you talked quite too much about her son Willie, and the childish affair of the kitten; and it was very silly in you to speak about her daughter and you being friends at school. I trust Mrs. Newton, knowing your father's rank in life, and your future expectations, will educate you accordingly, and prevent all companionship with those who are to move in a different sphere of life. Laura Landon is to be educated for a teacher, you to shine on the grand theatre of life;—you must keep in mind this distinction, the consciousness of your own high standing will alone impart to you that high aristocratic bearing, which will, in all places, distinguish you from the plebeian world around."

The Hon. Mrs. Eliza Tudor Norman, wife of the Hon. James Livingston Norman, Minister to the Court of——, was now set down at her own door, and hastened to her chamber to take some repose, preparatory to a grand dinner toilette, as the Count De Grenouille was to be with them to dine, precisely at seven o'clock that evening.

CHAPTER V.

IDA NORMAN'S ARRIVAL AT SCIENCE HALL.

The Norman family arose earlier than was their custom, on the day set for taking Ida to the place destined for her home during some years. Mr. Norman's splendid barouche and four, with coachman and footman in elegant silver and blue livery, appeared in due season at the door; and the trunks, travelling bags and band boxes, were properly adjusted.

Mr. Norman, though much engrossed by the many cares that pressed upon him on the eve of his departure for a foreign country, graciously said to his lady, that he would devote that day to his family, and would, himself, converse with Mrs. Newton, respecting the course of education to be pursued with his daughter. Mrs. Norman was less flattered than she otherwise might have been with this condescension on the part of the minister plenipotentiary, but for a feeling of jealousy, which she was unwilling to acknowledge even to herself, that it might be owing to his desire of again meeting with the lady whom he had so extravagantly lauded. But she was herself, too much of a diplomatist to express by any look or word, a suspicion which she felt to be humiliating to herself.

Ida arose that morning with a full consciousness that it ushered in a day of deep interest to herself; but she did not think of kneeling down in her chamber to pray to her Heavenly Father to protect her, and to lead her through the various scenes of this life to a better world. She had no religious impressions.—Why should she have had? No father's counsel had directed her in the ways of holiness; no mother's voice, in soft and holy accents, had taught her to

ask pardon for sins, and strength to overcome what was evil in her nature. She had, indeed, been taught to use a form of words, to say her prayers; but not to pray.

Ida's thoughts on leaving home were far less of trials and duties, than of the sensation which would be caused at the school by her arrival—the wonder at her father's noble appearance and high station—her mother's beauty and elegant costume, and her own outfit, so *recherché* and expensive. Then she thought of poor Laura Landon, and how kind and condescending she would be to her.—She wondered if she should find at the school any girls who would really be on a level with herself—any whom she would like, and especially what Mrs. Newton would think of such a new scholar, and what she would say to her. Julia Selby had told her the rules were strict, and that Mrs. Newton had no particular favorites; but Ida was not much troubled about all this.—Her case certainly was an exception to all common ones, for her mother had promised to speak with Mrs. Newton, and tell her that Ida must be a parlor boarder, and was not to be restricted by rules. Having hitherto managed her mother by her half coaxing, half imperious manner, Ida felt no little confidence in her own address in bending others to her will, and further triumphs loomed up in her perspective of school days.

We have not yet described Ida Norman, and as we are about to introduce her to her school companions, we may as well take the occasion to introduce her to our readers. Let them fancy a girl thirteen years old, but mature enough to pass for fifteen, with a beautiful bust and shoulders, and her head finely placed upon her neck. She had been well drilled in attitudes and carriage, and had from infancy been taught to hold her person erect, her head up, and to stand, sit, and walk gracefully. She had fine teeth, which she had regard enough for her looks to keep clean and white. Proud of a handsome hand, she had never formed the bad habit of

biting her nails. She had not remarkably fine hair, but was accustomed to brush it much, so that it had become fine and glossy. That she was very proud, was rather the fault of her education, if the want of system, management, and good instruction can be called education, than a natural haughty disposition. Her passions were strong—often violent; she had seldom known restraint, or suffered disappointment, and, of course, was self-willed and exacting. She had acquired no habits of industry or application; and though she was endowed with uncommon talents, and had had the most expensive masters, little progress had yet been made in the cultivation of her mind, or in elegant accomplishments which her mother deemed of the first importance. Her dark eyes were expressive and beautiful, when lighted up by amiable feelings, but capable of speaking a very disagreeable language. The beauty of Ida Norman depended much on the peculiar expression of her features; and when happy, the glow of animation which was diffused over her countenance, rendered her very attractive. Animated with the thoughts of the new scenes before her, she took her seat with her parents, in the carriage which was to convey her to Science Hall. Louis, the only brother of Ida, and a year or two older, was also of the party; he resembled his sister in many respects; but having been less indulged and less flattered, he expected less from others, and could the more readily control himself.

The road to Science Hall led through a finely cultivated region dotted with elegant country seats, extending along the banks of the East River, or arm of the sea, which connects Long Island Sound with the Hudson river, and forms the eastern boundary of Manhattan Island, on which is situated the city of New York and some beautiful villages and villas in its suburbs.

As the carriage drove up the shaded avenue of noble elms which led to the ancient, aristocratic building occupied by

Mrs. Newton, the conversation between the party, which had hitherto been animated, suddenly ceased. Each seemed busied with their own thoughts. Mr. Norman's fancy, perchance pictured scenes of other days; and he might have felt curious to know whether his presence now, would have power to excite any emotion in the breast of Amelia Walsingham :—he had become a great man—distinguished and honored among the great men of the nation—would she not regret that she had been so fastidious in her ideas of right as to reject his love; would she not feel that this was now his hour of triumph? His wife was beautiful, elegant and distingué, and he regarded her at this moment with pride, if not with affection.

Mrs. Norman felt a desire to humiliate Mrs. Newton by a display of their state and magnificence; and yet, she wished to conciliate her friendship for the sake of the child she was about to commit to her care. Ida was impatient to arrive at the school, to see and be seen.

"How lovely this place is," she exclaimed, "it will be delightful to walk here upon the sea beach, to pick up the shells and breathe the fresh air from the ocean.—And yet this ocean will be a barrier between me and you, my dear parents, for years to come." Ida dropped a tear as she spoke, and all seemed, for the moment, sad;—Louis was first to break the silence.

"Do you think, Ida," said he, "I shall be permitted to visit you sometimes? my school is so near that I can walk the distance, and it will be pleasant for me to come here on holidays."

"Of course, you will come when you please, and of course, I shall see you whenever you do come." "Not so fast, my daughter," said Mr. Norman, "Louis and you are both to be under rules, and must expect to be obedient to those who have the care of you."

"No, indeed, papa, I am not to be under rules, for ma-

ma has promised me to tell Mrs. Newton that I am to be a parlor boarder."

Mrs. Norman colored, for she was sensible how weak and foolish had been this promise, made to reconcile her daughter to the idea of going to school.

"Is it possible, Eliza, that you have encouraged the child with such an idea?" said the father, "it is most absurd, and depend upon it, Mrs. Newton would decline receiving her on any such terms."

The good feeling of the party was disturbed by the introduction of this topic. Louis, who with a good heart, had also much tact and a ready wit, wishing to divert the subject, exclaimed, "look, Ida, there is a group of girls at the foot of yonder ledge of rocks, with their hands full of flowers;—they are now coming to the road, and we shall soon pass them. If the first face you look at is a pleasant one, you may consider that as a good omen for you."

Ida turned her head in the direction indicated by her brother. The girls had advanced by a cross-road, and were entering the grand avenue in front of the house; one who was a little in advance, looked up just as Ida's face was turned towards her. Their eyes met; the young stranger slightly blushed, and modestly bowed. Louis saw the blush and the bow, and whispered, "There, sister, what could you ask more, she is lovely as a rose-bud and modest as a violet."

"See, mama," said Ida, "surely that is Laura Landon, though she looks fresher and prettier than when she was confined to sewing."

Mrs. Norman, not well pleased with this first demonstration of the plebeian society her daughter was to associate with, coolly said, "I think Mrs. Landon would have done much better to have kept her daughter at home, to assist her, and then she could have accommodated her customers by being more prompt in finishing work than she will now be likely to be."

"But, mama, you know Mrs. Landon told us Mrs. Newton offered her assistance in educating Laura for a teacher."

"Noble woman," said Mr. Norman, as if soliloquising, "she was ever studying to do good."

Mrs. Norman bit her lips in silence. The party of girls, who, with some of their teachers, had been on a botanical excursion, all gained the avenue before the carriage came up, and, quickening their pace, passed through a side door into the building.

Great was the curiosity excited among the school girls by such an arrival; the lady so fashionably attired, the gentleman of so noble and dignified an aspect;—and the boy, or rather the young gentleman, as the observers called him, had not been unnoticed. Louis, though but fifteen, was tall and manly, with fine features, and an eye at once penetrating and expressive of genius and sensibility. But what excited most the surprise of the girls, was the fact that these strangers knew Laura Landon; which they had perceived by Ida's bow and look of recognition.

"Do tell us, Laura," said half-a-dozen voices as soon as they had entered the hall, "who they are, and how they happen to know you?"

"They are," said Laura, "the family of Mr. Norman, the gentleman who has recently been appointed minister to the court of ——"

"And are they acquaintances of yours?" said Sally Pry, with some emphasis.

Laura knowing that to speak the truth, would draw upon her contemptuous treatment from a portion of her companions, did not hesitate, but with a firm voice, said, "Mrs. Norman and my mother, were intimate in their early years, but their situations have since been very different, and my mother now sews for Mrs. Norman; I have only seen her and her daughter, when they have come to us with work." At this frank avowal, Sally Pry and some others

exchanged glances, and a suppressed titter was heard among them, as Laura hastened to her room.

"Indeed, Sally Pry," said Julia Selby, "you ought to be ashamed of your inquisitiveness, what concern of yours, is it how Laura Landon came to be acquainted with these strangers? You have hurt her feelings very much; you all know girls, how modest and unpretending Laura is; how could you join in laughing when she said so ingenuously, her mother sewed for this lady." "I did not mean any harm," replied Maria Crump, "I could'nt help laughing."— "I think," said Julia, "any one can help laughing who has a good heart, when by doing so, she knows she shall render another unhappy; I suppose, Maria, you could not help laughing at prayers this morning; but do you suppose that such an excuse will serve you before God, whom you offend by such levity?"

"I do not acknowledge your right Miss, to question me," said Miss Crump; and taking Sally Pry by the arm, they walked together to their own room, for they were intimate friends and room-mates.

Julia Selby did not tell the girls what she knew to be a fact that her mother's influence had induced Mrs. Norman, to bring her daughter to Science Hall, nor even hint that she was acquainted with the Normans. She went to her room, and having carefully disposed of the flowers she had gathered to analyse at their next botanical lesson, she arranged her toilette, expecting to be called to the parlor to see the visitors.

CHAPTER VI.

SCIENCE HALL AND ITS MISTRESS—THE FASHIONABLE LADY'S DEPORTMENT AND VIEWS OF EDUCATION—THE POLITICIAN EVINCES FEELING AND GOOD SENSE.

Science Hall was situated near the East River, on a promontory overlooking on the east a portion of Long Island Sound, and at no great distance from those remarkable rapids and eddies called by the Dutch, Horll-gate, signifying whirlpool, but perverted by the English into Hell-gate, which perversion gave rise to the kindred terms, the Devils'-pot, frying-pan, &c. applied to various portions of a narrow and crooked channel of the East River, formed by projecting and hidden rocks, and where the oceanic currents act with a force that increases with the diminished width of the stream. This strait now commonly called Hurl-gate, is the outlet of the waters of Long Island Sound, which is connected by the East River with the Hudson. On the west lay New York with its forests of masts, spires and cupolas. Though the city was within sight, its noise and confusion fell not upon the ear in this delightful retreat, but in the place thereof were heard the surges of the ocean as it washed the rocky beach of an estuary of Long Island Sound, a kind of inland sea, with tides ebbing and flowing in sympathy with the parent ocean.

The building occupied by Mrs. Newton was an old-fashioned stone edifice, erected in the days preceding the American revolution, by an Englishman of noble birth, who warmly attached himself to the cause of the parent country, at the period when America was struggling, in unequal contest, for independence. Sir John Stewart had indulged his fine taste in the style and finish of his baronial mansion. A

palace in extent and the number of its apartments, it was surrounded by extensive pleasure grounds, diversified with grottoes, artificial lakes, and rustic temples. Bathing houses were erected upon the beach, and a fairy barge, the Cleopatra, attended the commands of the nobly Lady Stewart. But Sir John's fortune, like that of the other enemies of the Revolution, or Tories, as they were in those days called, was confiscated, and his family fled to England. The baronial mansion was afterwards purchased by Judge Walsingham, and at his death became the property of his only daughter, Mrs. Newton.

Although this lady did not possess the means to support the ancient grandeur of the place, her fine taste and good management had effected much, with far less expense than might have been supposed. There was an air of neatness and comfort, as well as elegance, about the residence which charmed all visitors.

The Norman family on their arrival were ushered into a receiving room, furnished with classical taste, but without extravagance or pretension. Mrs. Newton did not detain her visitors to make her toilette after their arrival, for she believed that a lady should, on rising, dress herself in a style proper to receive company, let them chance to call at any hour. Mrs. Newton was moreover expecting the Normans on this day, as the arrangements for Ida's being placed with her had been previously made. It is not to be supposed that this lady did not experience some emotion at the thought of an interview with a man whom she had once regarded with tenderness; whom she had loved until she found him unworthy of her confidence. She knew he now stood high in the public estimation; that he had attained political distinction; that he was regarded as a great man, and that flattery and honors were profusely showered upon him.

Mrs. Newton's life had been one of sorrow and bitter

disappointment, but yet she had never been an unhappy woman. Grief is not necessarily unhappiness when it springs from afflictions sent by the chastening hand of a kind Providence. Mrs. Newton felt, as her beloved children, one after another, were consigned to the grave, that she had loved them too well; and when, at last, the husband to whom she had been most devotedly attached, was taken from her, she realised that it was, spiritually, good for her that she was afflicted, and that "whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." She did not, like too many of her sex when trouble assails them, resign herself to despair, folding her hands, and throwing upon friends the burthen of fruitless attempts at consolation. After the first shock was over, she looked around to see what duty now remained to her in life—she saw herself a widow, and childless. In possession of an estate sufficient for all her moderate wishes, she might, as many of her sex under similar circumstances would have done, sought amid the brilliant scenes of fashionable society, to drown the sad voice of memory in the loud tones of mirth, or the enchanting notes of pleasure's syren song. She was still youthful in appearance, her black and glossy hair scarcely betrayed a touch of time; her eyes though oft "dimmed by sorrow's tear," were still beautifully expressive of the soul which waked through them; her complexion though the roses had somewhat faded was still fair and youthful, and her step light and elastic.

Mrs. Newton was a Christian, and believed that this life is but the entrance to one that will be eternal, and that in this probationary state we should desire to be useful rather than happy.

Stewart Hall, had been for many years before his death, the family residence of Judge Walsingham; but the family circle gradually lessened until all but one were gone; and she, the widowed, childless daughter, walked alone through the deserted apartments; the memories of the loved

and lost rose before her in mournful review—there were the portraits of her husband and children looking down upon her with smiles of love and happiness, as in times past when life was warm and each day opened on new pleasures expanding in the genial rays of affection. Her mother in the stiff cap, and spreading ruff of a former age, and her venerable father in his curled and powdered wig were there as the inimitable West had painted them, looking so like life that the heart was pained by the mockery of deception. Here was the old arm-chair of her father by his writing table; and there, on the work-stand, her mother's bible with her small rocking chair placed as in former days near the seat of her father. The ample and well-selected library was undisturbed; dusty cob-webs and damp mould spoke of desertion and solitude. The dining hall where merry voices had once resounded was silent, and echo alone responded to the sigh which escaped from Mrs. Newton as she contemplated the lone and desolate apartment. "This," said she to herself, "will never do. I should soon, in these sad contemplations lose myself, my talents and my energies, and become an unprofitable servant in the vineyard of my master. Have I nothing to do in life? are there none in the world to love? A thought strikes me—methinks I see these halls filled with happy and loving young girls, they gather around me and listen to my counsels. I no longer sigh and regard life as useless; in my garden of immortal plants, I find occupation for all my faculties, and enough to warm and quicken my emotions. The picture thus suddenly daguerreotyped on her heart remained permanent, and she sought to render it a living tableau.

Mrs. Selby, the intimate and confidential friend of Mrs. Newton, had looked with anxiety to the course she might take in her state of desolation and bereavement. Mrs. Selby was delighted both on her own account and that of her friend, when the latter communicated her plan. She

knew Mrs. Newton possessed peculiar qualities to act as the guide of youth, and readily imagined how delightfully this employment would occupy her mind, and call forth her dormant energies.

"This is an excellent idea, my dear Amelia," said Mrs. Selby, "of all others in the world, I would prefer that my own dear child should be under your guidance; indeed, you are the only person to whom I would entrust the forming of her mind and character."

Mrs. Newton pressed in silence the hand of her friend; she regarded this successful beginning as a favorable indication that her plan was approved by her Heavenly Father. Conscious of her own dignity of character, and the high estimation in which she was held in society, she could entertain no doubt of ultimate success.

It was announced in the public prints, that at Stewart Hall, the late residence of Judge Walsingham, hereafter to be called Science Hall, his daughter, Mrs. Newton, would receive a limited number of pupils. Great was the surprise expressed by many, that so elegant and accomplished a lady as Mrs. Newton, should descend to be a teacher. One lady, whose husband had grown rich by success in the butchering business, said, in reference to the event, "she thought, for her part, school keeping was the last resort,"—the daughter of a wealthy grocer said, "she should think Mrs. Newton would prefer to take in plain sewing for her living,"—a former school companion exclaimed, "who would have thought that the lofty Amelia Walsingham would ever have come down to be a school teacher!" and many remarked, "what a fool she was not to have married the elegant Mr. Norman, and then, instead of being obliged to open a school, she might now be going to —— as the wife of the American minister plenipotentiary." Mrs. Newton occasionally met with a friend kind enough to repeat some of these remarks; but to a mind like hers they were harmless. She cared

little for such opinions, having, long since, learned that, "the friendship of the world is enmity with God."

But, as we have remarked, it was not without some little emotion that Mrs. Newton entered the parlor after receiving the card of Mr. and Mrs. Norman, though she had perfect command of herself;—Mr. Norman was to her now, but the father of one who was to be her pupil, and even the transient flush that had passed over her features soon passed away, and she appeared as usual, calm and self-possessed. Mr. Norman, with the elegance and grace of a finished man of the world, stepped forward and met Mrs. Newton on her entrance. He was somewhat embarrassed by the composed manner in which she received his salutation of, "my dear Mrs. Newton, I am really most happy once more to see you, you are looking as young and beautiful as at twenty." Mrs. Newton politely offered her hand, neither seeming to receive nor to reject the compliment, but rather as if regarding it as too common-place to require notice.

Introduction, in due form, took place between the ladies. Mrs. Newton remembered, as a school girl, the beautiful and proud Eliza Tudor, shallow in intellect, and vain of her wealth, beauty and high family connections.

Mrs. Norman did not condescend to rise, but bowed coldly and with assumed dignity passed the customary greetings. Ida, who was standing near her mother, could not, young as she was, but observe the contrast between true and affected dignity. Mrs. Newton's air was frank, noble and commanding, yet sweet and winning;—her mother's manners, forbidding and supercilious, inspiring dislike rather than respect. Ida had much native penetration; she felt that she could love Mrs. Newton, and scarcely waited for her father to say, "this is our daughter," before she had seized Mrs. Newton's hand and pressed it to her lips. The action

drew tears to the eyes of Mrs. Newton, reminding her, by a rapid association of ideas, of her own dear child, who would have been about Ida's age. Though Mr. Norman's flattery, and the coldness of his wife had failed to move Mrs. Newton, the simple act of the child for a moment affected her, and she met Ida's look of confidence with an expression such as she had never before seen, so full of soul, so deep and touching, so maternal, and yet so anxious ;—and never, in after life, did Ida forget it. Louis Norman went through his introduction to Mrs. Newton in a manly and graceful manner, and impressed that lady favorably with respect to his character, though she soon perceived, both in him and his sister, the want of a judicious and careful training.

When Mr. Norman opened the subject which had brought them to pay this visit, Mrs. Newton proposed sending for Julia Selby, to accompany Master Norman and Miss Ida to the garden, and the grotto on the beach. "I shall be glad," said Mrs. Norman, "to have Ida become intimate with Julia Selby, her mother was from one of our eldest and best families, and is, decidedly, distinguished in society."

"I do not think," replied Mrs. Newton, "that Mrs. Selby is ambitious of such a distinction, if, by society, you mean the fashionable circle. She has fine taste, and every thing she does is graceful, therefore she is imitated in dress, manners and furniture ; but in goodness of heart and benevolence, I fear she has few imitators."

"Mama," said Ida, "Louis says, please ask Mrs. Newton to let Laura Landon go with us to the garden." The frown which Mrs. Norman gave her daughter was perceived by Mrs. Newton, and spoke volumes in respect to the feelings and character of the mother.

Julia Selby soon made her appearance ; she did not stand irresolutely at the door, as if afraid to enter ; nor stop in the passage near the door, to reconnoitre, and see how she could

best get in, leaving persons within the room to perceive her shadow or catch a glimpse of her dress; but Miss Selby entered the room without embarrassment, courtesying first to Mrs. Newton, as if awaiting her explanation as to the purpose for which she had been called. "My dear," said the former, "Mrs. Norman has brought her daughter to remain with us, and I have sent to ask you to walk about the grounds with her and her brother, while I am engaged in consulting with her parents respecting her education."

Mrs. Norman very graciously kissed Miss Julia, telling her, she hoped she would be a good friend to Ida, when her parents were far distant. Mrs. Norman spoke with feeling, for she was an affectionate mother, and felt deeply, where her children were concerned. Julia having embraced Ida with warmth, and shook hands cordially and frankly with Louis, the three left the room together, and were soon seen with the light-heartedness of youth, gathering sea-shells, plucking flowers, and chasing butterflies;—how soon do other objects than these, but in reality, as unimportant, engross the maturer mind!

After the young persons had left the room, Mrs. Newton remarked, "I thought it better our conversation should be private, it is possible my views on the subject of education may not harmonize with yours, in which case, it would not be well your daughter should witness any divided councils in respect to her."

"We expect, my dear madam," said Mr. Norman, "to place our child with you, to be directed in her education, and to be governed and controlled as you may think best."

"We expect her to be educated by Mrs. Newton, whose qualifications as a teacher are certainly undoubted," said Mrs. Norman, with a haughty look, "but as to her being governed and controlled, I do not think it will be at all necessary. She is now old enough to direct herself, and I should wish her to be entered as a parlor boarder; we do

not, of course, regard expense, and I am not willing she should be put on a level with other pupils."

"I do not," said Mrs. Newton, "receive parlor boarders, as the term is usually understood; I make no distinctions among my pupils, and, I am quite certain that in your daughter's case, strict discipline, at first, will be required. I should not be willing to take charge of the education of any young person without considering myself wholly unrestricted, as to the discipline which I might think necessary."

"Certainly," said Mr. Norman, "you are right my dear madam, and I am quite surprised and mortified that you, Mrs. Norman, should have suggested a wish that our daughter might be exempted from necessary discipline."

Mrs. Norman bit her lips and looked her displeasure, but soon found utterance. "I am told, Mrs. Newton, that you have in your school a custom of exacting from the pupils some services which I consider as wholly beneath young ladies of high standing; but I presume it is only in the case of certain girls, such as Laura Landon, who have been brought up to labor, that you expect a pupil to have the care of her own apartment. With my daughter's expectations, we could never consent to submit to any thing so low and vulgar." "Then, indeed madam," said Mrs. Newton, "I must decline receiving her;—I have before said we know of no distinctions among our pupils, except, I may add, such as are founded on talents and moral worth."

The tone in which the two last words were uttered, thrilled the heart of Mr. Norman, he knew well Mrs. Newton's high standard of morality;—had he not cause to know? But his daughter's welfare was now the question, and he sternly said, "I leave to you, Mrs. Norman, the choice of your own dress, equipage, amusements and society, but I am decided on the subject of Ida's remaining with Mrs. Newton. The future is all uncertain;—we may, perhaps, never return to America; Ida may be left an orphan

without fortune, and I know that in my friend she will find a mother; aye, more and better than either father or mother have been to her; one who will teach her that she has a soul, who will awaken the dormant powers of her mind and give her a new being, or rather, bring out and render active, her moral powers and intellectual energies which have hitherto slumbered. Yes, Amelia, for permit me once more to address you by that name, God, in his providence, calls you to the care of my child. I have, at times, forbodings that I may never return to my own country; my private affairs are in an unsettled state and in what condition they may be found, should I die abroad, I know not. My son, too,—will you, for his father's sake, sometimes inquire after his welfare, and give him your counsel? I know I ask much of you, but I know your noble nature. This painful duty discharged of commending my children to your care and kindness, I shall hasten preparations for our departure with a lighter heart." The voice of Mr. Norman was tremulous, he was deeply agitated, and, for the moment, the politician was lost in the father.

Mrs. Norman seemed petrified with the scene, but determined to consider wealth and grandeur as imperishable, and blind to every indication of a reverse of fortune, she expressed her surprise and mortification that Mr. Norman should, for a moment, suppose her children would ever be left to need pecuniary assistance; that he should forget their real condition, in his strange apprehensions. Mrs. Newton was deeply affected by Mr. Norman's appeal, and with her usual warmth of sympathy, hesitated not to assure him that she would consider herself the guardian of his children, and for the sake of former friendship for their father, watch over them, and be near them in times of adversity, should such come to them.

Mr. Norman hurried their departure, too deeply affected to remain to dine as Mrs. Newton expected. He grasped

her hand in silent anguish at parting, and exclaimed in a low tone, may the children prove more worthy your regard than did the father! The assumed dignity and importance of the great man had all vanished: the past had come up, in its degradation and bitterness; and sorrow, and perchance disgrace, crowded the perspective of the distant future.

CHAPTER VII.

IDA NORMAN'S FIRST TRIAL.

Ida Norman was called in from the garden to take leave of her parents. She at first bore the separation heroically. She had a pride in appearing calm on the occasion, because she was looked at and observed, and she wished to inspire admiration in those who beheld her, especially to give Mrs. Newton an impression of her strength of character. Her mother whispered at parting, "you have plenty of money, and can hire the servants to do for you what the rules may require that is disagreeable, and if you are not happy here you shall not stay; there are other schools enough besides this, and you need not be afraid of any one here."

As the sound of the carriage wheels died away in the distance, Ida began to feel her resolution give way. The excitement of novelty was gone, and new, and different feelings took possession of her mind. She remained standing in the portico from which she had watched the departure of her parents and brother, and leaning against a pillar, began to weep. Mrs. Newton, addressing her in the kindest manner, attempted to take her hand, but Ida drew herself proudly back, with a gesture of mingled contempt and *hauteur*,

sobbing violently, and becoming more and more excited as she gave vent to the passions which agitated her. Mrs. Newton finding her attempts to soothe and calm her feelings were fruitless, adopted a different course; "Miss Ida," said she, in a decided tone, "I cannot permit you to allow yourself the indulgence of such excitement, and in this public place; you will please go with me to my private parlor." Ida who took no notice of this speech but by sobbing the louder, cried out, "I want to go home, I can't stay here, I won't stay." Mrs. Newton rang the door-bell;—"ask Miss Wentworth and Miss Milburn, to have the goodness to come here," said she to the servant that obeyed the summons. In a few minutes, two ladies appeared; Miss Wentworth, the elder lady, had an air of dignity and command accompanied with a sweet and amiable expression. Miss Milburn, a young lady of winning manners, though she seemed too gentle to command, had yet a decided expression, almost at variance with her youthful and timid aspect.

"I have sent for you ladies," said Mrs. Newton, "desiring your assistance in conducting Miss Ida Norman to a private and retired room, where she may have an opportunity to reflect on the impropriety of her present conduct. I hope she will not render it necessary for me to keep her, for any length of time, in disgrace and confinement."

Miss Wentworth advanced to Ida, and said, "You may go with me, Miss, if you please."

"But I don't please," screamed Ida, "I am not pleased with any thing here, and I do not intend to stay;—my mama said I need not stay if I did not wish to."

"We must, at once, terminate this disgraceful scene," said Mrs. Newton, "and unless you, Miss Ida, choose to walk in a proper manner with these two ladies, who will treat you kindly if you deserve it, I shall directly order that you be conveyed forcibly to a private room."

With a face flushed and eyes inflamed, though moistened by no tears, Ida Norman assumed an air of calmness and offended dignity, and courtesying to the two ladies whom Mrs. Newton had called, said "I suppose you are teachers, and consider it an honor to be named as the jailers of a poor defenceless girl: but I am ready to go to my dungeon;"—and she walked towards the door with an assumed importance, which would have been ludicrous if the scene had not been too painfully distressing to admit of a lighter feeling.

"Since I make no resistance, I suppose one jailer will answer," said Ida, "and if I may choose, I would prefer the company of that person," pointing to Miss Milburn, "she looks as if she might have some compassion for the oppressed." "Certainly, Miss Milburn shall go alone with you if you prefer it," said Mrs. Newton; and the two entered the hall together, and ascended the stairs leading to a room somewhat retired from the apartments of the pupils, and adjoining that of Miss Wentworth.

"A most dreadful example of an ungoverned child," observed Mrs. Newton to Miss Wentworth.

"Do you not despair, my dear madam," replied the latter, "of being able to do any thing with one so headstrong and unmanageable? Would it not be best to send immediately for her parents to take her away. She seems utterly insane."

"Yes," said Mrs. Newton, "she is, for the moment, insane; she is scarcely accountable for what she says and does under the influence of such passions as now have dominion over her;—but, my dear Miss Wentworth, does the physician abandon his worst patients, and say there is no use in trying remedies for bad cases? The educator is, in some respects, a physician, though the maladies he is to cure are those of the mind rather than of the body. There would be little merit in succeeding only with pupils who

are already good. The skilful physician is he who can cure bad cases. We have had some success with very unpromising patients; there is Amanda Sanderson, now one of our best girls, you cannot have forgotten how she appeared when she first came here."

"No, indeed," said Miss Wentworth, "I remember well that I considered her case as incurable; and it was, in some respects, worse than this of Ida Norman, for she seemed to be destitute of sensibility or conscience."

"Thank God," said Mrs. Newton, "he has created none of our species without conscience; it exists in the hearts of all, except those who, by a long course of sin, have extinguished the inward light. But for the young, who are, as it were, yet fresh from the hand of their Creator, there is always hope. True, their passions may be violent, their reason feeble, and they may seem deaf to the voice of conscience; but let us wait until the storm passes, and we shall often see the dawn of virtuous resolve breaking in upon their minds, and by timely aiding them in the work of reformation, we may effect much. But we must wait until the favorable moment comes for sowing the good seed. So far from despairing of Ida Norman, I am quite certain she will one day become an amiable and good woman."

"The prospect is dark now," said Miss Wentworth, shaking her head.

"Yes, I grant it," replied Mrs. Newton; "but not more so than I had expected from the manner in which she has been brought up, and from what I know of the characters of her parents, and yet," she added, with a sigh, so low as scarcely to be audible, "her father possessed many noble traits of character, with an intellect capable of grasping almost any finite subject; but his moral education was defective, and thus the dignity of his lofty mind was obscured; his talents have been perverted to political intrigue, and though naturally ingenuous, he has allowed himself to follow the wiles of a crooked and worldly policy."

Mrs. Newton paused a moment, as if affected by some painful emotion, and then said, "You will, I know, my dear Miss Wentworth, give me all possible aid in the care of this poor child. Though, when under the influence of temper, she may be insolent and overbearing, you will, in her better moods, find her grateful and affectionate; but we must wait patiently for the fruits—we have now to sow good seed. Anna Milburn will yield nothing to insolence, but she will soon gain an influence over this perverse girl. When this burst of passion shall have subsided, you will please direct that her dinner be sent to her; if she refuse to eat she should not be urged—to let her alone will be the greatest kindness at present."

CHAPTER VIII.

A CONVERSATION.

The bell soon called the members of the large family to the dining hall. Much disappointment was felt by the pupils when they saw Julia Selby enter without the new scholar; and when Mrs. Newton came, too, unaccompanied by her, the last hope of having their curiosity gratified was given up. Sally Pry was very uneasy and whispered to Maria Crump, "this is very queer, what do you suppose is the reason the new scholar is not at table?" "How do I know?" was the polite answer, "I am sure I do not care for her, if she did come in a grand carriage with four horses she is no better than I am."

Julia Selby was uneasy, suspecting that something was wrong; she said to Laura Landon, as they left the dining

hall together, "I am quite distressed that Ida Norman did not come down to dinner, I hope she will not begin to give Mrs. Newton trouble; she is very violent in her passions. I believe, my dear, you know Ida."

"Very slightly, Miss Selby, I have only seen her when she came with her mother to bring sewing to us," said Laura, modestly, "but she always seemed amiable, and I loved her, though a stranger."

"Come this way, Laura," said Julia Selby, "let us take a short walk before the school bell rings; I have something to say to you."

The two school girls took their bonnets and walked to a grove, where was a pleasant summer house overlooking the sea, and surrounded with beautiful flowers and shrubbery.

"Now, Laura," said Julia, as they seated themselves in this pleasant vine-covered arbor, "I am going to speak to you as a friend. You know, from the first of your coming here, I have always loved you."

Laura's eyes filled with tears, as she said, "indeed you have ever been kind to me as a sister could have been; do you think, my dear Miss Selby, I am ungrateful."

"No, dear Laura, do not talk of gratitude; you make me happy when I am with you, and why should you be grateful to me when I am the obliged one?"

"Oh, but there is such a difference in our conditions in life, that I ought to be grateful for your friendship; you can make your choice of friends, it is not so with me."

"That is the very thing I want to talk to you about," said Julia, "there is no necessity of your speaking of your condition in life, or of your mother's sewing for Mrs. Norman—you know, that with me you can speak of any thing you like; I love you for your sweet disposition, your purity of mind, and because you are by nature a lady; but many do not consider these things, and presume to treat you

rudely on account of your humble circumstances; I cannot bear to see this."

Laura pressed Julia's hand, and for a moment remained silent. "Do not, my dear Miss Selby," said she, wiping away the tears which filled her eyes, "suffer your own bright and happy spirits to be, for a moment, clouded by regret for the trials which have fallen to my lot. For your sake, I will not unnecessarily speak of the humble circumstances of my family, and my own state of dependence on the kindness of dear Mrs. Newton; but I have been taught by my dear mother to consider dignity of mind and character as not depending on external circumstances; and she enjoined it upon me, so much, when I was about to leave her, to avoid using the least disguise respecting her employment, or my own situation here, that I have, perhaps, gone further than was really necessary, in answering questions, even when I saw they were not put in a friendly spirit."

"Yes, dear Laura, that is what I cannot endure, that you will reply at all to such girls as Sally Pry and Maria Crump, when they ask you impertinent questions."

"Do you not think," said Laura modestly, "that such a course is more likely to put an end to impertinence, than if I shewed myself offended, or too proud to tell the truth? You know that when occasion requires, I can take my own part and repel impertinence; but I am willing all should know that Mrs. Newton is my friend, I am proud that she has deemed me worthy of her patronage, and my greatest fear is that I may not be grateful for all her kindness."

"Again," said Julia, "you are too humble;—you know Laura, that you do deserve Mrs. Newton's friendship, that your example in her school, is worth more to her than the expense of your education; you know she feels this, and treats you with as much consideration as any pupil in school. I cannot endure, that you should regard yourself a dependent."

"Gratitude is a sweet feeling," said Laura, "I would not part with it.—I love to think of the kindness, which has taken me from a situation where my mind was shut up from the light of knowledge; where incessant toil to earn a small pittance to supply daily wants, was the only prospect before me, while at the same time conscious of possessing faculties of mind which if cultivated would present fields of thought and worlds of intellectual riches, then hidden by ignorance from my view. Mrs. Newton, my mother's early friend, has lifted the veil from my mental vision, she has placed me in this blessed world of intellectual enjoyment. I would not forget the past, the remembrance of it should serve to render me more happy, more thankful to God, who has in his good providence raised me to a higher region of light and life."

"Laura Landon, you are a strange girl," said Julia, "you always get the better of me at last, though you begin by seeming to yield to my reasons; I see that your feelings are more noble than mine;—while I would do homage to a mean prejudice by trying to keep the truth behind the curtain, as if afraid it should be brought to light, you heroically resolve to let it stand on its own merits. Well, you are right, Laura, and I will sustain you, though it does vex me to see those mean girls take airs over you, who are, in reality, so much their superior. Yes, Laura, and my superior too, for though I have always had every advantage of education, an excellent mother to guide and direct me, and have been longer with Mrs. Newton, my second mother, than you have, yet I am often put to the blush by your superior understanding and higher moral purpose."

"Indeed, Miss Selby you should not thus praise me," said Laura; "yet I know that I have enjoyed one advantage which you have not, that of poverty."

"And pray," said Julia Selby with a smile, "what advantage can there be in poverty?"

"Not one advantage, but many, if endured with a proper spirit," said Laura, "it shews the world divested of the false lustre with which affluence surrounds it. While it promotes meekness and humility, it inspires one with self-respect. As we see ourselves with nothing to recommend us but our own merit, we learn to place a higher value upon virtue, depending on that alone for respect; and we become accustomed to respect others in proportion as they are virtuous. Thus it is, that I see less cause to blush for poverty than you do, and would despise myself for any attempt to appear richer or less humble than I am. But I would wish to save my friends from mortification on my account."

"No matter Laura," said Julia, "you are right, I see, and I will endeavor to imitate your heroism. But to change the subject, I am quite troubled about Ida Norman's not being at dinner, and Mrs. Newton has not sent for me as I thought she would do, to see her, since her parents left. I know Ida has strong passions, but am sure she will learn here to subdue them. Did you observe her brother? he is a great favorite of my youngest brother, Frank, who shews better sense in his partiality for Louis Norman than in any thing else. What do you think of Louis?"

"I have scarcely thought of him at all," was the reply, "but now you ask me, I think a sister might be proud of such a brother."

"Oh the discreet Laura Landon!" exclaimed Julia, "always furnished with the exact answer that should be given. But the bell rings for school, let us hasten to take our places." The two girls went quickly to the house, and were soon engaged in their respective duties. But Ida Norman, where was she, and in what state of mind? This subject we shall reserve for our next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

THE INWARD CONFLICT.—VICTORY.

In a small apartment, neat, but plainly furnished, stood Ida Norman leaning against the window casement, and gazing upon the blue expanse of Long Island Sound, sometimes watching the tiny bark, as it glided over the waters and became a mere speck in the distance; at another moment turning her eyes with vain regrets towards the distant city, which, as a map, lay spread out before her. The last rays of the setting sun still lingered on land and water, reflected from a thousand objects, which were thus endowed with transient brilliancy, but like the things of earth when gilded by a glowing imagination, to be left in gloom and darkness when no longer receiving the beauty and glory which, for the moment, seem inherent in the objects themselves.

The storm of passion in Ida's soul had passed away; reason and reflection had shewn her the folly of her conduct, and she felt ashamed of the temper she had exhibited. Tears, bitter tears of repentance, fell from her eyes. She began to feel conscious that hitherto she had been indulged greatly to the injury of her disposition and character; and that she must control her passions if she would gain affection and esteem. A gentle tap at the door announced Miss Milburn, who came, accompanied by a servant with a tea-tray, which, having placed upon a small table, the servant retired. Miss Milburn kindly said, "Miss Ida, you will now, I hope, be disposed to take some refreshment; you have had a day of great fatigue and excitement, and will be sick unless you eat something."

Though inwardly humble and repentant, the proud girl was not willing to appear so,—but haughtily said, "Who

in this house will care, if I am sick?—I have no wish to eat. You can order the servant to take the tray out of the room."

"Very well, Miss, as you please," said Miss Milburn, calling Nelly, the chamber-maid, to return and take away the things she had brought. "I had hoped," continued Miss Milburn, "that you had by this time seen your error, and resolved on a different course of conduct. Mrs. Newton would freely forgive you what is past, and the pupils of the school are anxious to see you among them; they are to dance this evening, and hoped you would like to join them."

"I do not ask Mrs. Newton to forgive me," said Ida, "and I do not wish to become acquainted with any of the girls here; I am not satisfied, and I want to go home."

"Miss Ida," said Miss Milburn, with a dignity and severity of manner which strongly contrasted with her youthful and gentle appearance, "I shall now leave you alone, for the night. Your trunk is here, and you can doubtless find in it your night-dress, and a plain calico or gingham dress for to-morrow."

"I shall not, Miss Teacher, (I do not know your name,) wear calico or gingham," said Ida, "all my dresses are silk and muslin, made fashionably, and with full flounces."

"Then Mrs. Newton will order for you such dresses as she wishes her pupils to wear," calmly replied Miss Milburn. "But I shall see you in the morning, when I hope to find you in a better state of feeling—I would recommend to you, Miss, since solitude has yet had no effect upon your mind, to improve this calm twilight, and the evening shades, in searching your own heart, and exposing to yourself the wicked and rebellious thoughts which you there harbor. As you are doubtless accustomed to read your bible before you go to bed, I would advise you to consult the fifth chapter of St. Matthew's gospel. Our Saviour there blesses the meek and the poor in spirit. If you would receive his

blessing, you must possess the qualities which he pronounces blessed."

"Read my bible, indeed," said Ida, "I did not suppose this was a Sunday School; I have brought no bible; I scarcely think mama has a bible in the house." "And you have come from home with silks and muslins, but without a bible!" exclaimed Miss Milburn,—adding in a low tone, "Poor child! what better could be expected of her?" Miss Milburn left the room, but soon returned with a small pocket bible. "I leave you," said she, "with this companion; you will find some places marked, I hope you will not fail to read them and to ask forgiveness of your Father in heaven for your bad temper, and that he will give you strength to subdue your proud spirit;—I must now bid you good night."

As she passed to the door, Ida started, and advanced towards her; she would have fallen on Miss Milburn's neck and acknowledged her sense of her own misconduct, but pride restrained her—she, however, said, in a tone somewhat subdued, "will you let Laura Landon come and stay with me to-night?" "I dare say Mrs. Newton will be quite willing, but I will speak to her about it," replied Miss Milburn, and left the room. A knock at the door was followed by a gentle voice;—"May I come in?" said Laura Landon;—Ida sprang forward, and throwing her arms around her neck burst into tears.

Mrs. Newton was pleased with Ida's request for Laura Landon to stay with her; she believed the good sense and piety of Laura, combined with her gentle and amiable manners, would help to soften the feelings of the haughty and obstinate Ida. The event proved that she judged rightly.

The child of poverty and affliction, purified by trials, elevated in her objects and desires, was lovely in her meekness, and noble in her devotion to duty. In her sweet countenance shone forth the serene beauty of a meek and quiet spirit, and the loveliness of virtue. By her side sat

the pampered child of fortune, whose life had been one of ease and indulgence; her eyes were red and inflamed, her cheeks swollen and almost livid from the influence of strong passions, and her whole frame trembling and agitated. Such was the tableau presented in that apartment. Which of the two, would my young readers wish to resemble, the meek and humble Laura, or the imperious and ungovernable Ida? Would you not say, "let my condition in life be such as would most tend to render me good, rather than one which would foster my bad passions?"

Ida sobbed, for some time, without speaking. Laura held her hand and remained silent, thinking it most judicious to wait until the agitation of feeling was over, and let Ida take her own way. Gradually she became calm, as she looked at Laura and saw the tear of sympathy glistening in her eye, and observed the gentle expression of her countenance. "Indeed," said Ida, "I do feel ashamed of myself to have made such an appearance here, on my very first day;—but, somehow, it seemed as if I could not stay among all strangers, and I am not accustomed to restrain my feelings; I did not suppose," continued she, "that Mrs. Newton would have dared to treat me in this way. When at home, if I quarrelled with my governess, mama always took my part, and changed the governess whenever she offended me. I think Mrs. Newton is a very cold, unfeeling woman, though at first I imagined I should like her, for she seemed affectionate; but as soon as I was left alone, she began to tyranize over me. Just to think of it, on my very first day in school, I have been shut up, treated like a criminal, and disgraced in the eyes of all the girls; for I dare say every one knows of it. I know my mother will never submit to this, and she will take me away from this place, as soon as she hears how I have been treated."

"Why do you wish to be taken away;" said Laura, "do

you not think it would be best for you to be where you will be taught self-government?"

"I'm not accustomed to think in this way," said Ida; "it will be very hard for me to learn self-government. I am sure my mother has not thought it necessary I should be governed; and what she has not attempted, I do not think others have any right to do," and again Ida began to sob. Laura remained silent.

Twilight passed away, and the dark shades of evening enshrouded the earth; the waves, as they dashed onward and broke upon the beach, seemed to Laura emblematical of the strife of human passions, and the folly of combatting with circumstances which cannot be changed, or which it would be unwise to change if it were possible;—"But it would be as useless to reason with this poor girl," thought she, "as to attempt to reason with the waves of the sea. He who calmeth the strife of waters, can alone speak peace to this troubled spirit;"—and to Him, in the depth of her heart, did she commend her.

Laura stepped quietly about the chamber arranging things for the night. "Shall I assist you, my dear, to undress," said she to Ida, in a sweet soothing tone; "you will be quite ill to-morrow unless you get some rest. Come, take off your dress, and bathe your face in this fresh, cool water; and please give me your key, and I will take your night-dress out of your trunk."

Ida handed her reticule which contained her key, thrown loosely among candies, and a quantity of gold pieces which her mother had given her at parting; "You will find some night-gowns near the top of that large trunk," said she.

Laura opened the trunk, and the clothing made by her mother, exquisite in fineness, and the finish of the work met her view. For a moment she was agitated; for she knew the articles, as in her visits home she had seen her mother engaged in working upon them.

Taking up an embroidered cap, and an elegantly finished night-dress, Laura pressed them to her bosom, before giving them to Ida; but recollecting herself, she explained the cause of what might seem so strange an act; "My dear mother's hands made these things," said Laura; "but I was not near to help her, and it must be so hard for her to have to do every thing alone."

"Excuse me, Miss Norman, but my dear mother has made such great sacrifices that I may come to school! I cannot but weep when I think of it;—the sight of these things has brought to my mind so many thoughts of her; Oh you do not know what it is to have a widowed mother, and so delicate, too, as mine, obliged to labor for support."

Ida looked at Laura with mingled emotions of pity and admiration. The generous sympathies of her soul were touched. "If," said she, "my mother had been a seamstress, she might have brought me up differently, and not indulged me so much, and I should, then, have behaved better to day. But Laura, I do love your mother very much; I have always thought a great deal of her, ever since mama took me to your house to carry the worsted for my zephyr polka; and I love you too, dear Laura, and was so glad when I heard you were here. I know, of course, now, that Mrs. Newton, and the teachers will always dislike me, for I have offended them all so much; but if you will be my friend, I shall not feel quite forsaken."

"You little know Mrs. Newton, dear Ida," replied Laura, "if you think she will not forgive what has taken place today. Should she see in the morning that you are penitent, she will be very happy. I have sometimes thought, she really loves those who have given her some trouble, when they become good and obedient, better than if they had never done wrong. You know the bible says, 'there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.'"

Ida was not pleased to hear about penitence; her heart

was not wholly subdued, and the least opposition would have brought on another paroxysm of passion;—Laura Landon seemed, intuitively, to understand this, and taking up the bible which Miss Milburn had left, she said, "And now my dear Ida, (if you will permit me to call you so,) let us read together in this holy book, and then compose our minds to rest."

Ida's heart became softened; the tears flowed, and they were no longer tears of anger, but of penitence and humiliation. She nestled close to Laura, and resting her head on her shoulder with one arm thrown around her neck, listened for the first time with attention and feeling, to the word of God; as in a low and sweet voice, her young mentor read, from the 69th Psalm, "Save me O God, for the waters are come in unto my soul; I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing. I am weary of my crying, my throat is dried; mine eyes fail while I wait for my God. God thou knowest my foolishness, and my sin is not hid from Thee. But as for me, my prayer is unto Thee, Oh Lord, in an acceptable time; oh God! in the multitude of thy mercies hear me!" Many other comforting texts did Laura Landon read to soothe the disturbed feelings of Ida; and then she said, "Let us kneel down, and pray that God will forgive us the sins of the past day, keep us in safety through the night, and, after the scenes of this life shall be ended, that he will receive us unto himself." "Humble as a little child," Ida obeyed; and the two young girls knelt side by side. For the space of some minutes, there was silence in that apartment as the presence of God was invoked, and hearts laid bare before Him.

To Ida this was a new page in life; she had supposed religion was only for the church, and Sundays; but here, it had been brought up to convince her of her own sin; it had met her in her bed-chamber, and spoken to her familiarly; she had knelt in prayer beside one scarcely older than herself;—

and she, too, had tried to pray, but her heart was unused to the exercise, and her spirit, though calmed and subdued, had not learned to elevate itself on the wings of devotion. Yet for Ida, it was much to have felt a desire to pray, and she lay down to rest composed, and happy in the belief that she might be forgiven her offences.

CHAPTER X.

IDA NORMAN BEGINS A NEW DAY.—DIFFICULTIES.—HER STUDIES.—DEPARTURE OF HER PARENTS.—EXTRAVAGANCE.

The next morning, at breakfast, Sally Pry and Maria Crump were gratified by seeing the stranger enter the dining hall, though much surprised that she came in with Laura Landon. Ida, by Laura's advice, had arisen early, and written to Mrs. Newton to ask pardon for her bad behaviour, and to be restored to her favor, expressing her wish to conform to all the rules of the school, and her desire to be directed in the path of duty. Mrs. Newton freely granted her forgiveness; and seeing the excellent influence which Laura Landon had over Ida's mind, she readily granted the request of the latter, that she might have Laura for her room mate, instead of being placed under the care of a teacher.

Shall we now suppose that Ida's trials are all over? alas, life has many a thorny path and steep acclivity; many a gloomy valley and tangled copse, where one difficulty overcome, another appears in its place! and ever must it be so, in this imperfect state of existence, where, by trial, the soul is made fit for a state of purity and perfect happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman called once, but had scarcely more than time to bid their daughter adieu. Mr. Norman was pleased to observe in her, the evidences of a growing confidence in Mrs. Newton, to whose care he again solemnly committed her. Mrs. Norman was desirous of speaking alone with Ida, to inquire into the nature of her accommodations, and whether she was treated with the consideration due to her rank; but her husband, purposely, hurried her away, suspecting what might be the nature and tendency of any private communications with her daughter.

Mrs. Norman was surprised to find Ida so calm, and ready to acquiesce in the arrangements made for her. She had entertained a secret belief, and even hope, that at the last, Ida would refuse to be left behind, and they should therefore be obliged to take her abroad with them. She had felt much displeased with the deference shewn by her husband to Mrs. Newton's opinions, and that he had given to that lady such unlimited power over her child; and she would have been glad of some pretext to take Ida away. It was, therefore, with surprise, if not disappointment, that Mrs. Norman saw her daughter submitting, with cheerfulness, to her situation;—but her own better feelings came to her aid, when she reflected that this was an evidence that Ida felt herself to be among friends, and was doing well, under the discipline to which she was subjected.

After Ida's parents had taken their final leave, she was put upon a systematic course of study. Finding that her English education had been superficial, Mrs. Newton classed her, at first, in the simplest elementary branches. This was very mortifying to Ida, and very nearly caused her to fall into another paroxysm of passion. The poor girl had indeed every thing to learn, and much to unlearn; and her haughty spirit was continually bringing her into difficulties. Her two friends, Laura Landon and Julia Selby, watched over her, and kept her often from going astray, or, when in trou-

ble from her own faults, they helped her to return to the straight and narrow path of duty.

Among Ida's other faults was that of extravagance. She had no idea of the value of money; her gold coins were carelessly thrown about, given away or expended, with no idea of the possibility that a time might come, when she would have gold in less profusion.

CHAPTER XI.

UNEXPECTED AND GLOOMY CHANGES.

Time passed with rapid flight, and as it moved, a change came over the prospects of Louis and Ida Norman. The storm which their father had seen gathering in the distance, at length burst upon his family.

For some time after Mr. Norman's departure, he wrote often to his children, and occasionally made remittances for their benefit;—at length, he ceased to furnish with means those who had the care of their education; and finally, to interest himself in the welfare of his children, as appeared from his failing to transmit to them any intelligence of his movements.

Rumor had whispered that his affairs were embarrassed, and that the property which he had left in America, had been seized by his creditors. News then came that Mrs. Norman had died broken hearted;—and it was hinted that Mr. Norman had become dissolute in his habits.

Mrs. Newton had begun, early, to give Ida lessons of care and economy; but these were, at first, despised. "What would mama say if she were to see me dressed in such common, unfashionable garments?" would often suggest itself

to her mind. "I shall have a fortune," would she think, "and why should I be restricted in my expenses?" Ida was generous; and while she had abundance she often urged upon Laura Landon the acceptance of rich presents, which, however, Laura always declined.

Long after Mrs. Newton had ceased to receive remittances from Mr. Norman, she continued to supply Ida from her own funds; but feeling that it would soon become necessary for her to know her real situation, she, gradually, prepared her mind to receive the intelligence. She spoke to her of the importance of education to females, as a profession;—of the case of Laura Landon, who was acquiring her own education, with the expectation of making it available for her future support. Ida would listen attentively, for she had learned to love Mrs. Newton, and to consider her words, as words of wisdom; but she wondered why Mrs. Newton should speak to her of these things, when her prospects in life were so very different from those of Laura.

Louis had made great advances in his scholastic pursuits;—and, thanks to Mrs. Newton's care and advice, he had advanced equally in moral developments. In his school, no attention was paid to moral culture. The boys were not taught that they had souls, this being considered as no part of a fashionable education.

Ida had observed in his late visits, that Louis seemed less cheerful than usual, and spoke less of their parents. Intelligence of the death of their mother had been received in a brief and incoherent letter from Mr. Norman to his children. Though aware of their mother's weakness of character, Louis and Ida remembered only her kindness and devoted love; they mingled bitter tears of grief for her, and spake freely together, of their father's short and singular epistle, and the little interest he evinced in their welfare. Ida's garb of deep mourning was but an index of the grief she felt for her mother's loss, mingled with the more bitter feeling of neglect from her surviving parent.

CHAPTER XII.

GOSSIPING, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Some months after Ida had heard of the death of her mother, as she was, one day, sitting in a recess behind a screen, engaged in study, in a room used by the pupils as a common parlor, her attention was attracted by hearing her name mentioned, and she heard the following dialogue:

"Why, how you do talk, Sally Pry," said Maria Crump, "how do you know Mr. Norman is discharged from office, and become a vagabond?"

"Do'nt talk so loud, you goose!" said the amiable Sally, "and I'll tell you all about it; as you are always good to tell me what you hear."

"Yes indeed I am," said Maria; "I often find out things, on purpose to tell you; for it seems to do you so much good to hear news, especially if it is against folks. But pray, tell me all about this, for I am crazy to hear. I always thought that proud Ida Norman would have a fall yet."

"Fall indeed," said Sally, "I guess it is a fall."

"Well, do tell me how you heard this," said Maria, "and what else you know."

Poor Ida was ready to faint;—she thought it wrong to listen; but was so much affected by the conversation as scarcely to be able to move.

"You know, Maria," said Sally, in a whisper, yet perfectly audible to Ida, "that window-seat in the room next to Mrs. Newton's, where one can sit behind the curtain without being observed;—well, this morning, I was going to Mrs. Newton to ask her about going home in vacation; and as her door was open, and I heard her talking very earnestly to Miss Wentworth, I thought there would be no harm in lis-

tening; and so I just stepped behind the curtain where I could hear every word, just as plain as day."

"And were they talking about Ida Norman's father," said Maria.

"They were so; and I heard Mrs. Newton say, 'what a pity that a man like Mr. Norman should have fallen into bad habits; and that he seemed to have forgotten his children, for she had not, for a year, received any letters from him; and that he had not, for a long time, made any remittances for his daughter.'"

"Goodness gracious!" said Maria, "just think! and Mrs. Newton has bought Ida Norman all those nice, black dresses she has had, out of her own money. I wonder she did not send her home, long ago!"

"Send her home! Why she has no home to go to," said Sally; "but she will have to come down, any how, for I don't believe Mrs. Newton will support her like a lady, any longer. But I have not told you the worst of the story, yet. Miss Wentworth asked Mrs. Newton, if she thought it possible, Mr. Norman had married a low, foreign woman, of doubtful character;—I remember the very words of Mrs. Newton's answer. She drew a long sigh, and said, 'that disgrace is the worst of all. The report is true, too true; I have heard all the particulars from Mrs. Livingston, who has just returned from abroad, and saw Mr. Norman at Florence.'"

"Hush! what noise was that?" said Sally.—They both ran, and beheld Ida Norman lying senseless on the floor.

CHAPTER XIII.

PROPER EDUCATION FOR AMERICAN BOYS.—PATRIOTISM.—LOUIS NORMAN AT SCHOOL.

THE school where Louis Norman had been placed, was highly aristocratic and exclusive. The principal, a foreigner, made pretensions to high birth; and it was even whispered by his patrons, that the blood of royalty flowed in his veins. Bourbon Hall, of all the schools in New York, was at one particular time, the favorite of those who affected to be separated by rank, from whatever cause derived, from the common class. Of all methods to render boys fitted for future success in life, in a republican country, where men mingle together with no acknowledged hereditary distinctions, an exclusive education is one of the worst. The American who goes forth into life encumbered with ideas of his own consequence, is liable at every step to meet with contempt and ridicule. The genius of our government, as well as the public taste, is opposed to such pretensions. Thus we find the cunning politician *affecting* republican feelings, in order to gain the suffrages of the people; while the man of real worth may not be popular, because he will not affect what he does not feel; that is, an equality with the common classes;—the prejudices of education and the chains of habit, separate him from the sympathies of his fellow-citizens.

But is it necessary for a man to play the hypocrite, in order to gain the good will of the mass of the community? Let American boys be taught to love their country, to revere its republican institutions, to understand the principles and genius of its government, and they will be, truly, patriotic. They will see in each member of society, an American sovereign;

no matter how humble may be his occupation, how common his dress, how unpolished his address, he will be viewed as a constituent member of the body politic, filling his place in the political organism, and bearing his share of political accountability. With such views and feelings, how natural would be the desire to benefit the community at large, by improving common education; and by giving to those who possess so noble a birth-right, the intellectual and moral culture which would lead them to the knowledge and practice of their social and relative duties.

Louis Norman had not imbibed the lessons of pride and hauteur which had been given him by his mother, nor had he learned duplicity by the political manœuvring of his father;—though, young as he was, he had noticed much to convince him that his father's feelings were, often, greatly at variance with his actions. Children, sometimes, exhibit traits of character entirely opposite to those which marked the parents, avoiding, especially, what is most faulty in them. Louis Norman was too noble and ingenuous by nature to be spoiled by the *bad education* of his childhood, or the unfavorable influences which had surrounded it. And when he found himself placed among boys of his own age, who were imperious towards those whom they considered their inferiors, jealous of their equals, and servile to their superiors, he was more than ever determined not to set too high a value on those things which money can purchase, nor pride himself upon any extrinsic advantages.

In reflecting upon his future course in life, Louis resolved upon pursuing that, which with all the assistance he could gain from books, and from the experience of the good and wise, might appear best calculated to render him useful, and to improve his highest and noblest faculties. "The gifts of intellect," said he within himself, "are those which truly elevate and enrich man. I will strive to attain these; and I will seek that station in life, which will be most favorable for

the cultivation of my moral nature, and will least endanger my principles. Above all, I will never be a dependent on popular favor."

To the son of a great statesman and, withal, a minister to a foreign court, the school boys, even among exclusives, paid their homage; and each strove to attach Louis to himself. His high and noble bearing, the beaming of intelligence which illumined his features, and a refined and graceful manner, rendered Louis Norman conspicuous among his companions. Kind and obliging to all, he formed no intimacies; though it was easy to see that he possessed a fund of warm and generous feeling, and, naturally, a buoyant spirit. He did, indeed, often join in the sports of his companions, but even then, he seemed thoughtful and contemplative.

In the ambitious career of his father, Louis, though young, had seen a want of true patriotism. The domestic atmosphere of his early home had been chilling; though every luxury which wealth could purchase, had been lavished to render it the abode of happiness. Louis was not able to understand, why these things should be. He regarded his father with respect, and awe; and he felt for his mother the greater tenderness because he perceived, that with all her luxuries, and the gratification of her ambition and taste for display, she was not happy. The mind of Louis was quick and penetrating;—he had seen evidences of his father being at times embarrassed for funds, and the thought would often rise unbidden to his soul, that the apparent prosperity of the family might be founded upon an unsound basis. With such an impression, and with gloomy forebodings, as to the future, he had parted from his parents. It might have been a consciousness, that his situation, was not what it *seemed* to be, that rendered Louis Norman shy of his young companions, and gave him an air of reserve. He had pursued his studies with ardor, finding

in them a relief from painful anticipations, and food for an active mind of high endowments and aspirations. "Let come what will," thought Louis, "I cannot be deprived of my faculties; I have health and strength, with mental energies to plan, and to execute; I would rather enter upon life, and its business, depending on these, alone, for success, than under the patronage of the great. I have seen too much of sycophancy, paralysing, as it does, all the better feelings of the soul. Oh my father! dearly hast thou purchased a transient popularity and triumph, by the sacrifice of independence; and, alas! I fear, of self-respect!"

Let it not be thought that Louis Norman penetrated farther into the character and situation of his father, than would be natural for a boy of his age. Children begin, very early, to scrutinise the sentiments and actions of their parents;—and an intelligent lad has many opportunities of commenting on the associations and pursuits of a father, with whom, he is in constant intercourse. He hears conversations, notes the sentiments uttered by his father, and compares what he hears said, to one person and on one occasion, with what is said to another, or on another occasion;—and, if the sentiments of many a child respecting a parent, were to be expressed, we might hear the sentence, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting!"

CHAPTER XIV.

LOUIS NORMAN MEETS WITH WILLIAM LANDON.—THEIR CONVERSATION.

THE Saturdays and Sundays of Louis Norman were often spent at Science Hall. His most intimate and confidential friend, next his sister, was Mrs. Newton, in whose society, far more than with those of his own age, his feelings were drawn forth. It was here, that his religious sentiments were fostered, and matured; it was here, that he learned to worship God, in "spirit and in truth."

As Louis, on a leisure Saturday, was taking his accustomed walk towards Science Hall, he perceived, a little in advance, a youth near his own age, walking rather fast, and carrying a bundle in his hand. Something in his look and manner, attracted the attention of Louis, who hastened his pace, until he came up with the stranger.

"You look fatigued," said he, "let me carry your bundle, for the day is very warm." The stranger looked at Louis with surprise, and a deep blush suffused his countenance. "I thank you for your kind offer," said he, in a voice which thrilled upon the ear of Louis, "but I am doubtless, more accustomed to carry burthens than you are, Mr. Norman, and I cannot think of accepting your offer."

"Then you know me," said Louis, smiling; "well, I was sure I had seen you, before, but I do not know, where;—do you live in the city?"

"Yes," said the stranger, "I am a clerk in Mr. Selby's store, in Broadway."

"But I have never been in that store, that I recollect," said Louis.

"Perhaps not," said the stranger, hesitating, "but you

have called with your mother and sister at Mrs. Landon's, in —— street, where plain sewing was done for them; and I have, since, often seen you, with the other pupils of Bourbon Hall."

"And you are, then, William Landon, the brother of Laura! How proud must you be of such a sister!" Louis blushed at the enthusiasm of his manner, and to turn the discourse, said, "My sister Ida has often spoken of you; she never forgot you, after she took a fancy to a white kitten of yours, and brought it home."

"Yes, I remember," said Willie, "Miss Ida's mischief, in putting the kitten into my cap, and how she laughed at my confusion. In compliance with her request, I put kitty into the carriage for her to take home; but I fear the poor thing was soon neglected and forgotten by her young mistress."

"You are quite mistaken," said Louis, "she petted her kitten very much; and when she left home for school, begged hard to be permitted to take it with her. On being told this would not be allowed, she engaged one of our former servants, who kept house in the city, to board her, and has often enjoined upon me to go and inquire after her welfare;—she is no longer kitty, but a grave and matronly puss.

"And you are, indeed, Laura Landon's brother?" said Louis, with earnestness;—"yes, I, now, see the resemblance, though, at first, I could scarcely tell why I wished to speak with you; your voice too, seemed familiar." Louis again seemed confused that he had spoken so earnestly;—but added, in a low tone, "your sister is as good, as she is beautiful."

"She is good, certainly," said Willie, "but I do not wish to think she is beautiful; there is great danger in beauty, especially when united with poverty." As he said this, Louis perceived the shade of sadness, which he had before noticed in the countenance of Willie, become deeper, and feelings of sympathy and affection for him, sprung up in

his heart. He had turned away, in disgust, from companions who had sought, by flattery and servility, to gain his friendship; his heart, now, involuntarily, turned to this stranger; who sought not his friendship, but rather, with somewhat of reserve and pride, repelled his advances. There was, as Louis felt, a common tie between them. They were both children of misfortune;—for though others had regarded the condition of Louis, as enviable, he had seen that ominous clouds hung over the horizon of his earthly destiny; and, strange as it might have seemed to those who regarded him with envy, he felt the need of sympathy. Yes, the child of luxury, the only son of parents who had moved in the most distinguished circles in society, stood by the side of the poor, fatherless boy, whose mother gained a scanty support by daily toil, and he felt that they were united by the common bond of misfortune—that though the trials of his companion were apparent to all who knew his condition, his own anxieties were of a private nature, contrasting darkly, with the brilliant circumstances with which his outer life was invested.

William Landon, on his part, had been surprised at the familiarity and kindness with which Louis had addressed him. Often, as he had trudged through the streets of New York, carrying home the work of his mother to her employers; he had seen Louis riding with his parents, their splendid equipage the admiration of the gaping multitude; and he had thought within himself, "That boy is high up the world's ladder, I am at the foot." For himself, he did not regard hardships; but if his dear mother and sister could but enjoy a drive in the fresh air, even in the most humble style, after their day of labor, he thought he could be happy;—and then, hopes and aspirations for the future, would spring up in his mind, and pleasant visions of successful efforts would give him new strength and courage. But the great difficulty was to find any one willing to encourage him, and teach him

how to labor in some calling that might promise a future reward.

About the time Mrs. Newton proposed to Mrs. Landon to educate Laura, she had conversed with Mrs. Selby respecting their former friend, Mrs. Landon, and of her promising son, who was anxious to obtain a clerkship. Mrs. Selby mentioned the case to her husband, who very readily seconded her benevolent views, and proposed taking the boy into his service. Mr. Selby was a princely merchant, enlightened, liberal and kind-hearted; though reputed extremely scrupulous, and exacting. Willie was permitted by Mr. Selby, to board with his mother; an arrangement highly appreciated by Mrs. Landon, because she not only enjoyed the company of her son at evening, but was able to keep a watch over him, and his associations, at a critical period of his life. Willie highly enjoyed the luxury of being able to buy books; and to sit, and read, to his mother, after the toils of the day.

With her son and daughter so eligibly situated, Mrs. Landon began to feel that light may follow darkness, in the moral, as, in the physical world. She gratefully acknowledged that she was truly blessed in her children. "It is, indeed, good for us, that we have been afflicted," she would often say; "our trials have taught us to love one another the better, and to trust to Him, 'who feedeth the young ravens,' for care and sustenance."

On the Saturday morning, when Louis Norman had met with Willie Landon, the latter, having obtained permission to be absent from the store, was on his way to Mrs. Newton's school, carrying to his sister, a bundle of clothing which his mother had prepared for her. His own feelings would have led him to avoid Louis, whom he supposed to be too proud and haughty to associate with a boy who carried a bundle; but such thoughts vanished, when Louis, with a tear glistening in his eye, and a voice betraying emotion, said, as they sat beneath a shade tree, by the way-side; "William

Landon, I wish for your friendship; I need a friend to whom I can express my feelings; I want a companion who will regard me for myself, and not because my father is a distinguished man—I want a friend, who will not flatter me, one, who would help me if I should need his assistance."

Willie looked at Louis with surprise; but he saw it was no mockery. He thought of what his mother had often told him, that there was much unhappiness among those who seemed most prosperous in life—his heart responded to Louis' appeal to him for friendship; he grasped the proffered hand, their eyes met, and they interchanged looks of love and confidence. But a moment's reflection changed the current of Willie's thoughts—"How can we be friends, sir?" said he, "there is not equality between us; and, without it, how can we feel that sympathy which is the chief element of friendship. Our conditions in life are entirely different;—for example, what would the young gentlemen of your school, say, at this moment, were they to see you so familiar with a poor shop-boy, with a bundle under his arm?"

"But suppose," said Louis, with a bitter smile at his own metaphor, "that you carry your burthen under your arm, and I carry mine on my heart, which is most to be pitied? I tell you, William Landon, I despise the mere distinctions of outward circumstances; I am determined to found my own expectations in life upon myself, without regard to others. My father was successful in politics; but what of that? The wheel is now revolving, that will soon throw him off; if this be not already done. His career of ambition rendered our family circle, gloomy, and withering to the best affections of the heart—I have often wished he had been a poor, but honest mechanic; (at the word honest, Louis' voice trembled,) and that my mother's fortune had been a mere humble dowry, then would she not have sacrificed her happiness on the altar of pride and fashion. You, Landon, do not know what sorrow is;—your home, though lowly, is the abode of confidence and

love. I have now said to you what my lips have never before uttered. I would not convey to my sister, the dark thoughts that have saddened my own spirit. Ida, though much changed since she has been with Mrs. Newton, is still a creature of impulse; my forebodings might make her wretched without any good effect. She has had great conflicts with her proud and haughty spirit, but is determined to conquer—she loves your sister; and to her influence, advice, and assistance, she is greatly indebted. But Ida is still too proud to brook the thought of humiliation."

"And is Miss Ida then, so very proud?" said Willie, with a look of anxiety.

"Yes, but she has a noble spirit, and is grateful for kindness. But come, William, let us go, together, to Mrs. Newton's; and, as a proof that we will help to bear each other's burthens, I will carry that bundle which I dare say contains something for your sweet sister."

Willie's heart was touched, his reserve vanished, and he felt that he could have embraced Louis for his frankness in thus removing all his embarrassment. But he refused, though gratefully, the proffered aid; and the two young men pursued their walk together, till they reached the residence of Mrs. Newton.

Laura Landon ran to meet her brother, as he was ascending the steps leading to the portico, and without observing his companion, who was observing a beautiful magnolia which grew near the door, she exclaimed, "Oh Willie, how glad I am to see you;—and you have brought my dresses all the way in that big bundle; you are a kind, good brother. But we have all had such a fright;—I can scarcely speak, now—poor Ida Norman"—

"Hush, hush," said Willie, pointing to Louis, whom Laura had not observed.

But Louis had heard, and springing forward, he grasped the hand of Laura—"What, Miss Landon, what has hap-

pened to my sister? Do not, I beseech you, keep me in suspense."

"Oh she is better now," said Laura, "it was only a fainting fit, caused by——"

"Caused by what, my dear Miss Landon? is she hurt?"

"Her feelings," said Laura, "were hurt by some unkind remarks;—something about her father;—not, however, intended for her ears."

Louis turned pale, and gasped for breath; "and has it come, so soon!" said he, as if to himself, "and are my forebodings about to be realized! But I must know the worst. Miss Landon, will you please send a servant to ask Mrs. Newton to grant me an interview?"

Mrs. Newton received Louis in her private apartment, where they remained a long time in conversation.

CHAPTER XV.

DISCLOSURES.—DEVELOPMENT OF CHARACTER.

Mrs. Newton met the agitated Louis, in a manner which bespoke the maternal feelings with which she regarded him. "Tell me, my dear madam," said Louis, taking her hand, "what has happened to Ida? What scandal that has reached her ears, has broken her heart? Tell me, oh tell me! My father! has any thing, certain, been heard from him? It is long since I have received any intelligence;—I know his enemies have circulated slanders." Louis gasped for breath and a deadly faintness came over him, as Mrs. Newton's look of distress, too plainly confirmed his worst apprehensions.

"Be calm, my dear Louis," said Mrs. Newton, "and I

shall treat you as a man, for I know your dignity of character. Rest yourself a moment, and calm your feelings, that you may be prepared to hear tidings which must distress, but should not crush you."

"My father has been superseded in his office perhaps," said Louis, "I shall not be troubled at this, I have expected it. I only wish he had never held an office."

Mrs. Newton remained silent.

"Is my father dead?" said Louis, "I can bear to hear all, for I am now calm."

"He is not dead."

"What then, is he dishonored?"

Mrs. Newton did not answer.

Louis sprung upon his feet, and stood erect before her, drawing himself up to his full height—"If my father is disgraced," said he, in low, deep tones, "I must know it—why torture me with this suspense, if you are my friend?"

Mrs. Newton, in her turn, was affected, and burst into tears; "Louis," said she, "how can I plunge a poisoned dagger into your young heart? how can I reveal to you that, which will throw a dark shade over your life, and may break your lofty spirit? You know not the power of the world's scorn, when it falls withering and blighting upon a sensitive heart."

"Let it fall," said Louis firmly, "I shall heed it not;—the certainty of evil cannot be more bitter than the continual fear of it. Hesitate not, my dear madam, to tell me all you know respecting my father. Though my tongue cleaves to my parched mouth, and my cheek burns as I say it, I will confess to you, I have long feared my father's principles had become corrupted, that politics and intrigue had warped his moral perceptions, and that he would, one day, fall from his eminence,

"Like stars which set, to rise no more."

"He has fallen," said Mrs. Newton. "He is said to be a defaulter to the government, to a large amount; and I learn from his agent in New York, that his funds and property of all kind in this country, that had not been withdrawn, have been seized by his creditors."

"Of course," said Louis, with assumed calmness, "he cannot, under these circumstances, return to his native country—I will go to him."

"What could you do, Louis, if you were with your father?"

"I could labor for his support, and comfort him in his misfortunes."

"But suppose," said Mrs. Newton, "he associates with such, as a virtuous youth should shun; would you share with him a vicious life? Your father, Louis, is said to be now in Florence, married to a woman whose character is represented as being, at least, doubtful."

"Then we are orphans indeed," replied Louis; "it would be nothing to be penniless; but to be disgraced, to be pointed at as the children of one whose name is conspicuous in the annals of infamy;—this will, indeed, be a bitter lot, a wretched inheritauce!" After a moment's pause, he resumed: "but I will, by the help of God, make a name for myself.—It has long been my wish to depend on no one,—to be respected for myself only. But my poor sister has too much prided herself on the position of her family; she has, doubtless, exposed herself to the ill-will of others by her pride, and they will triumph in her misfortune."

Mrs. Newton informed Louis, when he became calm enough to listen, that after the first shock occasioned by the malicious conversation of two envious and gossiping girls, Ida had submitted to the blow with resignation; that, though still weak and languid, she was calm, and had been anxiously looking for his visit.

"We will now," said she, "go to her apartment, where I will leave you together. Your mutual affection will ever

be a consolation to you in trouble; and while I live, you shall never want a friend."

Louis pressed the hand of Mrs. Newton in a silence more eloquent than any words he could have uttered.

CHAPTER XVI.

HUMAN NATURE DISPLAYED.—IDA NORMAN'S LETTER TO HER COMPANIONS.

This Saturday was one of no little excitement at Science Hall. The sudden fainting of Ida Norman, the day previously, had been a mystery to all the pupils, except the two who had caused the catastrophe. They knew well that Mrs. Newton must hear of it, as soon as Ida should be able to explain the circumstance; yet they had not the courage, nor the proper kind of repentance, to go to Mrs. Newton and confess their fault; but sullenly waited for time to prove what degree of censure should fall upon them. On the morning of this day, Mrs. Newton having assembled the teachers and pupils of the school, stated that she thought it proper to explain to them, that Ida Norman, in the wise providence of God, had been called to experience a great reverse of fortune; for which, Mrs. Newton said, she had been gradually, striving to prepare her mind;—that Miss Sally Pry having listened to a private conversation between herself and Miss Wentworth, had heard particulars respecting Ida's father, which she was recounting to Miss Maria Crump, while Ida was sitting in a recess studying her lesson;—not wishing to listen, Ida desired to leave the room, but had not strength to do so. This was the last she remembered, until she found herself lying on her bed with many standing around her.

As for the two young ladies whose conduct had been the cause of so sad an accident, Mrs. Newton said, she would leave them to their own bitter reflections, hoping, that this incident might teach them the evils of voluntarily listening to private conversation, or of harboring malice in their hearts. It was true, she said, that Ida Norman has been a proud and passionate girl; but there were great excuses to be made for her—and she, Mrs. Newton added, who knew well what unbounded indulgence Ida had experienced in her childhood, and how her pride had been fostered, had ever felt this; and she had seen amidst all her faults, a noble and generous spirit united with genius and sensibility.

"Who among you," said Mrs. Newton, "can have less cause to expect misfortune than had Ida Norman, when she entered this school, and for some time after? Now, she is left to depend on herself; and she is willing to make every effort. She wishes, not only to consider herself as indebted for all future advantages of education; but is nobly determined that she will, by her exertions, repay the debt for her past expenses which her father had failed to do."

The school girls were much astonished. Sally Pry and Maria Crump were crest-fallen, and dared not raise their eyes. Laura Landon wept for Ida's misfortunes;—she thought what had been so easy for her to attempt, would be hard for Ida;—she had been familiar with poverty from her birth, but "how," she thought, "can Ida endure its trials and humiliations!"

Julia Selby looked approvingly, when she heard of Ida's determination; but many of the school-girls scarcely knew whether to praise or blame. Miss Softer whispered, that "let come what would, she would never be a teacher, any how." Miss Sharp, with a significant smile, said, "I presume you would not, for in order to teach, one must know something." Miss Blossom, the daughter of a bankrupt, said to

Miss Keen, "she was sure her father would never permit her to do any thing for her living; she should not like to lose *caste* by such vulgarity." Miss Keen whispered, sarcastically; "Do you think it less vulgar to live on the earnings of other people, than to work for one's own living?"

"I think you are very impertinent, Fanny Keen; I am sure I don't understand your insinuations."

"There are none so blind as those who won't see," answered Fanny.

"Is it not too good," whispered Agnes Newcome to Emma Van Renselaer, "that Ida Norman's pride is at last humbled. I wish Mrs. Newton would send her to be a milliner's apprentice; I should like to see her sitting at work, in the back-room of a shop, with twenty poor girls, like herself about her, ashamed to look up at the ladies who are bargaining with her mistress for bonnets."

"Oh, Agnes!" said Emma, "how can you indulge in such feelings towards poor Ida? What has she done to you, that you can triumph over her misfortunes?"

"What has she done, Miss Van Renselaer? she has always looked at me, as if she considered herself my superior. She has carried herself in such a lofty way, walking as if the ground was not good enough for her to tread upon, and as if she could not look down. She has looked up long enough, now she will have to come down."

"But, Agnes, you know that Ida was friendly to all, and particularly how affectionate she has always been to Laura Landon, who we all know is poor, so far as this world is concerned."

"I dare say," replied Miss Newcome, "that Ida Norman thought Willie Landon would be a rich merchant, and live in a marble house, in some grand Place, and has pretended to a friendship for his sister, on his account."

"You are very ingenious in inventing selfish motives," replied Emma, "for myself, I do not like to look with such

eyes on the actions of others, nor imagine the most improbable motives, rather than give persons credit for what seems good and amiable. You know Ida Norman was brought up with sentiments of family pride. There is much excuse to be made for those who, from infancy, are surrounded by their inferiors, if they do appear somewhat haughty."

"Meaning, I suppose, Miss Emma, that I am not entitled to any such excuse. I would have you know that I feel myself as good as you, or any one else in school;" and Sophronia Newcome, involuntarily rattled the coin in her pocket, as if, there lay her claim to being "as good as any one."

Mrs. Newton had remained silent for some time, willing to allow the girls an opportunity to give vent to their various emotions on this occasion; and, also that she might the better command herself, to fulfil a remaining duty. She now requested silence; saying, "I have a communication, young ladies, from Miss Ida Norman, which I have promised to read to you."

There was breathless attention among the listeners, as Mrs. Newton read the following:

"My dear school-mates and companions, I rise from my bed to write to you what lies heavy at my heart, and thus unburthen myself to you. It is about three years since I came to this school. Some of you now here, may remember the passion and obstinacy which I discovered the very first day of my arrival; and I have, since, often behaved unamiably towards many of you, and quarrelled with those who would have been my friends. I have been proud, self-willed and passionate, little thinking I should ever need friends as I now do, or that my character would be my only dependence for support. I hope that for some time past, my conduct has been better, and that I have made some friends among my school companions.

"When left by my parents among strangers, I began to reflect that they would not love me, unless I merited their regard. And I reflected that I might be left friendless, and without wealth, with my education, perhaps, as my only resource. Such thoughts as these, with the good advice of my faithful and judicious friends, Julia Selby and Laura Landon, and the maternal counsels of dear Mrs. Newton, led me to try to be kind and affectionate to all, and to improve my time, that I might be beloved by my companions, and respected for my own worth. But it has been difficult for me to overcome my haughty disposition; and I fear I have not succeeded very well, as I heard Sally Pry and Maria Crump, say I was proud and disagreeable, and they were glad to have me humbled. I forgive Sally and Maria, for they doubtless had cause to speak of me in this way. I ask their forgiveness, and that of all my schoolmates whom I may have offended at any time. I hope they will all try to help the proud Ida to be meek and gentle, and to bear with a proper spirit, the misfortunes which have fallen upon her.

"I have desired Mrs. Newton to inform you all, that as I find the words of Sally and Maria, respecting my dependent situation to be but too true, it is my determination to improve myself as fast as possible, so that I may be qualified to repay in some degree my dear benefactress for her kindness to me,—a kindness bestowed, even when I was wholly insensible that I was indebted to her resources for the supply of my wants, often unreasonable and extravagant, according to the habits of my early life. But I am now, truly an orphan; in some respects more to be pitied than if I had no longer a parent in existence. Let me entreat then, that you will all, my dear school-mates, be my friends, and encourage me in my good resolutions. Do not exult over me on account of my former pride and offences; but now, that I am humbled and distressed, pity and love me, as you

would desire to be pitied and loved, should your Heavenly Father afflict you as, I am afflicted; we should all remember, that trouble is often sent by Him in mercy, to reclaim the erring and disobedient."

The girls were much affected at the reading of Ida's communication. Sally Pry and Maria Crump pretended to shed tears, and sobbed aloud. Many who had rejoiced at Ida's misfortunes, now felt desirous of alleviating her distress. Mrs. Newton improved the occasion, by adding some remarks on the uncertainty of all earthly advantages and possessions, and the importance of forming early habits of industry, economy, and submission to disappointments. She did not suffer to pass without remark, the evident satisfaction with which some of them had heard of Ida's misfortunes; and her gratification, in perceiving that after learning her deep humility and sincere regret for her past offences towards any of them, they evinced sympathy and kind feelings. She hoped, Ida would soon appear among them, to resume her duties, and presumed she would be welcomed by them with sisterly affection; that her faults, for it was not to be expected she would be able to conquer them, at once, would be overlooked, and her virtues cherished. Most of the girls left the assemblage with good feelings and good intentions; some to cherish the same, while with others, in whom an evil nature had deep root, the good impressions of the hour were destined to pass away as the early dew.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF TRIALS, EXEMPLIFIED IN THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN LOUIS NORMAN AND HIS SISTER.

Long and affecting was the interview between Louis and Ida. The former had not been taken wholly by surprise, in respect to his father's affairs. He had, for some time, been aware that no remittance had been received for him, by Mr. Delaplaine, the principal of Bourbon Hall; and this was one cause of the anxiety he had expressed in his conversation with William Landon. The painful suspense respecting his father, and his own real circumstances had appeared to him more fearful than any certain misfortune; and thus he had looked upon William's condition as far preferable to his own. "I do not care for myself, dear Ida," said Louis, "for I am a man, capable of enduring hardships; but I fear it will be some time before I can do much for your support, which I shall henceforth consider as devolving upon myself."

"No, Louis, think not of that; it will even be longer before you can engage in any business, than before I shall be able to apply my education to useful purposes; and I may be able to assist you. Mrs. Newton has taught me that women need not be helpless burthens upon their friends, nor useless beings in society. She has been, gradually leading me to think of doing something for myself; and I had even determined, while I yet supposed we possessed unbounded wealth, to beg of her to suffer me to remain with her as a teacher after completing my education."

"That was a noble thought, dear Ida; you have changed greatly, in your views within the last few months."

"I have seen how nobly Laura Landon conducts, how highly she is esteemed, and it has been my wish to resemble

her; alas, I thought not how soon my situation would be far more unfortunate than hers!"

"Laura Landon's circumstances, my dear sister, can scarcely be said to have been unfortunate; she has had a judicious mother to advise her, and every influence in her life has been favorable to her moral feelings."

"Louis," said Ida, with anxiety, "what will you do? Mr. Delaplaine does not feel for you, as Mrs. Newton does for me; he may not be willing to aid you. Must your education be interrupted?"

"My education, dear sister, must now begin, the struggle with life, the toil, the disappointments, and the deferred hopes. I have, as yet, formed no plan, but something I must do, immediately, I will speak to Mr. Delaplaine at once; not another night will I remain under his roof, to add to my weight of obligation, nor will I wait to meet the sneers of those who have servilely courted my friendship."

"But Louis, how can you leave your school to-night? alas, you have no home to go to, my poor brother! Mrs. Newton, would, I know, be happy to have you in her family, for she loves you as a son." "Do not fear for me Ida," said Louis, "William Landon whom I met in my walk here, has promised to be my friend; I will ask him to take me to his home to stay until Sunday is over—then, I will do something, I know not what. With prophetic vision, I have often thought of such a crisis as this; and I am, therefore, the better prepared to embark on the cold, dark current of life. God will protect us, dear sister, let us trust in Him." Ida threw her arms around her brother's neck, and sobbed; but her tears were those of resignation and tenderness. In the silence of their own hearts, both called upon their Father in heaven, and committed themselves to his guardian care and protection.

Louis looked at his watch, "I must go, Ida; for William Landon is obliged to return to the city before

night, and I will accompany him." At sight of the watch which Louis still held in his hand, a sudden thought was suggested. "This watch," said he "is very valuable; why should I not sell it, and the other costly trinkets which our indulgent parents bestowed upon me, and appropriate the avails, to the payment of my debt to Mr. Delaplaine?—it seems, indeed, almost like sacrilege to part with the gifts of our departed mother, and our poor, lost father in our days of prosperity, but I am in debt, and they are mine no longer!"

Ida pressed her brother's hand; she approved his resolution, but her heart bled at the necessity for such a cruel sacrifice. "I would gladly go with you, Louis, and share poverty and contempt; but my sex forbids the bold steps which you may dare to take—yet I can, at least, aid you by the offering of what I have, that might be converted into money." Ida went to a drawer and taking out a casket, said, "Louis, a few days before I came to school, our dear mother purchased this watch and chain; they were, I know, very costly; and these diamond bracelets, with the aigret and pin, which our grandmother, before her death, gave me; and here is—"

"Stop, stop, Ida," said Louis, "do you think I would take from you, these things? No, sister, were they yours to give, I would not be so base;—but they do, in reality, belong to the person who has supported and educated you. I know she would not accept them, but they are not the less, hers. Go to Mrs. Newton, and ask her to keep them for the present, you can have no use for them now."

Ida with a sigh. laid aside the casket "You are right Louis, I shall do as you advise; I should have thought of this."

"You will hear from me soon," said Louis. "That you have here a home, and in Mrs. Newton a parent who will take care of you, shall be my solace amidst my trials. Adieu, dear sister;—seek to be resigned to your situation,

and cultivate the gentle virtues of your sex. With Laura Landon for an example, and under such a guide as Mrs. Newton, aided by your own good sense, you cannot fail to become a good and useful woman. Doubt not, my sister, that the trials which now beset our pathway, will prove 'blessings in disguise.'" Another affectionate "good-bye," and the brother and sister, with sorrowful hearts separated, for a season.

Louis sought Mrs. Newton, and informed her of his determination to leave Mr. Delaplaine, that day, and look for some situation in which he might support himself. She approved his intention of going to Mrs. Landon's humble lodging to stay until the Monday following, and was pleased with the commencement of an intimacy between him and William, foreseeing that much good to both, might be the result. Mrs. Newton assured Louis of her willingness to aid him; she had influential friends who would interest themselves for him, should he take letters of introduction to them, or she could soon obtain for him a clerkship.

He gratefully declined all offers of introduction or assistance, remarking that he might be glad to avail himself of Mrs. Newton's kind offices at a future time, but would, first, try to make his way alone; and should he fail in what he undertook, he should then discredit no one but himself. This was certainly a generous feeling, but there might have been more romance than judgment in his plan; for what could a young man expect to do in the great city, without some introduction from a respectable source?

The hours flew, swiftly, with William Landon and his sister who had much to communicate of their own feelings and plans, and much to say respecting their mother, still toiling on in her accustomed round of labor.

"I have prospects of success before me, Laura," said William; "if I am faithful to my employers and continue to please them, I doubt not I shall be promoted in due

time; but I am, sometimes, almost impatient for the period to arrive when I can relieve our beloved parent from all necessity for labor, by offering her a home and support,—and you, Laura, I would gladly assist if—"

"And what, Willie, could you do for me, if you possessed the wealth of the Indies?—Would you give me the means of education?—I have all that money could purchase. Would you raise me above the future necessity of exerting my faculties for the good of others?—I look forward to this as my greatest happiness. Thus you see, Willie, that your money would not be so great a blessing—but then, it would be pleasant for us to have a beautiful house, furnished with elegance and taste, and a carriage for dear mama to ride in; and to have the means for her to live, in the style in which she was brought up. At least, all this appears desirable; but how little do we know what is best for us in life! It seems that Mr. Norman's family, even when their condition appeared most enviable, were not always happy; at least so I should judge, from what Ida has told me of their mode of life. But Willie, how did you meet with Louis? I have long wanted you to be acquainted with him; but you have always been so shy, and avoided an introduction."

"I felt, sister, that there was a great distance between a poor clerk, and a young gentleman of Louis Norman's expectations; but things are now so changed, that I may, humble as I am, be of some use to him. But depend on it, Laura, that young man will, one day, become distinguished; he is born to lead others, and can never be kept down in an obscure position;—but he will rise, by the upward force of genius and merit, and not by management and intrigue."

Willie did not observe that Laura's color heightened to a carnation hue. Changing the subject, she spoke of Ida, of the great improvement in her character, and her many noble and generous qualities.

"I never doubted," said Willie, with enthusiasm, "but that Ida Norman would become all that is lovely in woman. Such a countenance as hers could never be the index to a bad heart. Tell her, Laura, if I may dare send her a message, that I would be remembered as her friend, and not, merely, as the giver of the white kitten."

The two youths were seen, before the setting of the sun, wending their way to the city; for a time each seemed occupied with his thoughts. Louis, at length, said, "I am now to make proof of your friendship, William; I wish you to take me to your mother's to-night, and let me, there, find a home until the holy Sabbath is past."

"My mother's abode is very different from any thing to which you have been accustomed," said Willie; "but though humble, it will afford you comfortable refreshment, and repose, and my mother will be most happy to welcome you to her house."

Willie had learned from his sister the sad story of Mr. Norman's fall, which he supposed to be the reason for Louis' not wishing to return to school; but it occurred to him that Louis' first business should be, to withdraw openly, and honorably. "You will," said he, "of course, call at Mr. Delaplaine's, and inform him of the change you are to make."

Though this was a great trial, Louis perceived that it was a necessary one. In few words, he explained to that gentleman, what he already had good reasons to suspect, that he could no longer look to his father for supplies, and must now consider himself as his own guardian; he thanked Mr. Delaplaine for his kindness to him, and assured him, that he should not rest satisfied, until he had honorably discharged all pecuniary obligations for the expenses of his education. Mr. Delaplaine, who conducted the education of young men rather as a business, than with the desire of doing good, or any spirit of devotion to the interests of the young, treated Louis coldly, and said, with little delicacy,

"What do you expect to do, young man? how can you pay your debts?"

"I hope to be able, sir, in a few years, to tell you what I have done," said Louis, "my plans, at present, are all indefinite."

"Very well, Master Norman," said Mr. Delaplaine, "I have no objections to your going; though, you might stay, and take care of the small boys, and be useful in a good many ways. But you can try the world; you may find it colder than you think for. For the credit of my school, I hope you will turn out to be a more honest man than your father has shown himself."

A crimson blush burned the cheek of Louis, and his first impulse was to resent the affront; but a sign from Landon checked the rising passion, and he only said, "Say to me what you please, sir, but spare my father's name." Landon motioned to go, and Louis rose; "I wish to go to my room, sir, to get a few articles; but I shall not ask to take my trunks, until I shall have been able by the sale of my watch and some other articles of value, to pay you a portion of the debt I owe you;—for the remainder, I must ask you to wait."

"You speak with assurance, young man! but suppose I should think proper to detain you;—for what security have I, that you will ever pay the large debt due me for your education?"

"Mr. Delaplaine," said Louis, "have I ever told you a falsehood, or done a dishonorable act, since I have been in your family? You can, surely, trust my word. I do not say what I *will* do, but I engage to *try*, to do something. I can not remain in your family; but you may rely fully on my honor, and industry."

Mr. Delaplaine saw that Louis was firm; and he thought proper, for reasons best known to himself, to let him depart as soon as he chose.

Louis was soon ready to go, and making an effort to do, what he thought was his duty, he offered his hand, to Mr. Delaplaine;—but that popular guardian of youth, parted with the young man, in his affliction, with as little feeling as he would have separated from a fellow-traveller after an hour's ride, or a stranger with whom he had been engaged in a trifling business transaction.

The popularity of Mr. Delaplaine was not the reward of merit. He could flatter the great, and fawn upon those from whom he expected patronage; but he had a natural antipathy against the unfortunate. When Louis first became a member of Bourbon Hall, he was, of all other pupils, the favorite; but he had felt, for some time, in the decrease of Mr. Delaplaine's kindness, that his own star of prosperity was declining.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MRS. LANDON'S RESIDENCE.—HER EARLY HISTORY.—LOUIS NORMAN'S VISIT AT MRS. LANDON'S.—AN EARLY DEPARTURE.

In an obscure street in New York, was the humble abode of Mrs. Landon, a low tenement standing back from the road; and thus affording a small court-yard which was ornamented with flowering shrubs, and a few pines and firs, whose evergreen foliage was no unapt representation of the perennial hope, which cheered and sustained the worthy inmate of the lowly abode.

Mrs. Landon, though bred in affluence, had been carefully instructed by a judicious and pious mother, whose early loss she bitterly deplored. Often, in the prime of her youth and beauty did she turn aside from the fascinations of

pleasure to seek the poor and afflicted, and minister consolation to the wounded heart.

By the bed-side of one of the objects of her bounty, she met with a young clergyman, called to perform the sad office of ministering to a sick penitent. Amidst the awful solemnity of such a scene, neither Mary Tracy, nor Samuel Landon thought of the presence of each other. But when the prayers for the sick were over, and their mission of piety and charity duly performed, they both turned from the abode of suffering, and as they walked, together, through an obscure street in the suburbs of the city, they were, naturally, led to speak of the scene they had witnessed. The gentleman surprised at seeing in such a place, alone, and unattended, a young and lovely woman, evidently belonging to the first class in society, ventured, modestly to suggest his wish to see her home.

Mary Tracy had no false pride, she did not consider the stranger impertinent in speaking to her, although no formal introduction had passed between them. His holy calling, and the delicacy and refinement of his manners, were assurances that he would be a safe guide through the mazes of the crowded city. Miss Tracy explained the circumstance of her being at that abode of sorrow, by saying, that the sick person had once been a servant in her father's family; and that having learned, in a morning's walk, of her being so very ill, she had turned her steps to the residence of the woman, without waiting to go home for a carriage, "as doubtless I should have done," she added, "since I find my presence here, alone, occasions your surprise; but I am indulged by my parents, in going where I think duty calls me, and have never yet met with any rudeness in my walks."

"My surprise," said the young clergyman, "might better be termed admiration, in meeting you at such a place, and on such an occasion; young ladies usually consider such scenes as unsuited to the refinement and delicacy of their

sex, and I am truly happy to find, even one fair being, willing to become a ministering angel to the poor and afflicted."

The stranger blushed, conscious that he had spoken with warmth; he despised flattery, and did not approve of praising any one for the mere performance of duty. Surprise had betrayed him into an act, for which his principles condemned him.

Mary too, was, for the moment, embarrassed at an unexpected compliment from one who seemed so serious and sincere. With ready tact, she changed the subject, and spoke of the beauty of the morning; she then remarked on the venerable appearance of an ancient church, which they were, at that moment, passing. "This," said the stranger, "is the place where I officiate. My congregation, are, generally among the most humble classes of society. My situation among them is not one to gratify ambition; but I trust I am about my Master's business in feeding the lambs of His flock, even in a lowly vale." Mary did not answer,—in the depths of her heart, there was a chord which responded fully to the sentiments of the stranger; she could not express what she felt, and they walked on, in silence. The stranger again perceived that he had been led to speak on a subject, personal to himself, to one who could not be supposed to have any interest in him, or in his actions; and a mutual embarrassment seemed to threaten an awkward termination to their acquaintance.

"I beg you will not trouble yourself to go with me farther," said Mary, "your time is too valuable to be thrown away, and I assure you I shall reach home, without even the slightest fear of annoyance." The stranger fearing he had appeared intrusive, slackened his pace, about to obey the request of his interesting companion.

"By what name," said Mary with a modest blush, "shall I remember the stranger who has protected me this morning?" He handed his address, the "Rev. Samuel Landon;"—

"and, will you permit me to know," said he, "whom I have ventured, so inexcusably, to annoy with my private history and sentiments?"

As Mary looked at the card, she started, and turned pale;—the stranger was shocked; "tell me, I beseech you, is there aught in that name, to wound your feelings, or to cause alarm?" Tears came to Mary's relief, and she exclaimed, "Edwin Tracy was my brother. Are you not the friend who watched over him in his dying hours, when separated from his home and family? Was not his last sigh breathed in your arms?"

"Is it possible," said the young clergyman, "that you are that Mary Tracy, the sister of my dear, and much lamented friend, whose acquaintance I have so long desired, yet feared to make?"

"You must come home with me, Mr. Landon," said Mary, "it will be a melancholy pleasure to my parents to see you, and hear from your lips, the sad story of my brother's last sufferings."

Edwin Tracy and Samuel Landon were class-mates at Harvard College. Severe application to study, a neglect of his physical nature while cultivating the intellectual, threw young Tracy into a hectic. The disease was so insidious in its advances, so concealed from others by the fortitude of the martyr-student, that until he was dying, none, but his intimate friends, knew he was in danger. Landon had often warned him, often urged him to abandon his studies and attend to the care of his health; he had often kindly threatened to inform his family of the symptoms of the disease which his constitution exhibited, but Edwin insensible to his own danger, begged that his friends might not be alarmed.

Tracy had often spoken to Landon of his sister Mary, and dwelt upon the beauties of her character. He had read to his friend, Mary's letters filled with warm and gushing tenderness, and expressive of the purest morality combined with

devoted piety. He had often expressed the wish that his dearest friend, and his lovely sister might be made acquainted; he had planned, that on a following vacation, Landon should go home with him, and had written to his sister a glowing description of his gifted class-mate, informing her of his contemplated visit to their father's residence.

But in quick succession, came a letter from Landon, himself, to Mr. Tracy, informing him of the dangerous illness of his son. But before the father, with all possible haste, could reach the bed-side of the *martyr-student* he was at rest. A second letter from Landon written before the arrival of the sorrowing father, informed the family of their loss, and that he had never left the bed-side of the departed during his sickness. He assured them of the triumphant faith which had sustained Edwin in the last great conflict; and gave them cheering hope that death, to him, was gain. His dying messages to his parents and sister were faithfully reported; among others was this, "Tell Mary, that you have promised me, you will see her, and talk with her of the death bed of her brother."

This solemn promise to his dying friend, had not been forgotten by Landon;—but many circumstances had hitherto prevented its fulfilment. On leaving college, he had entered on his course of theological studies in New England. He was poor, and not able to afford an expensive journey; but the fulfilment of his promise, was among the hopes which illumined his path-way in the progress of his preparation for the ministry.

Recently instituted rector of a church in New York, he had not yet sought the desired opportunity of forming an acquaintance with the family of his lamented college-friend. Mr. Tracy was spoken of, as proud and haughty; he lived in splendor, and his house was thronged by the crowds who worship wealth and grandeur. "His daughter, surrounded by all the refinements of luxury, and the elegances of life,

has doubtless," thought Landon, "forgotten the existence of her brother's humble friend."

The two young persons had met, in a manner quite unexpected, and interesting to both. Congenial in their tastes and sentiments, an attachment was formed, which resulted in their union for life.

Mr. Tracy, at first, opposed a connexion for his daughter, which so little gratified his ambitious views. He had reasons, confined to his own breast, for wishing her to marry a man of fortune. During a period of speculation, he had risked, and lost, an immense sum; his own circumstances had of late changed, and he feared a bankruptcy would be his fate, as it had been that of many others, who, like him, had been regarded as possessing unbounded wealth. Secret anxieties, and corroding fears, undermined the health of Mr. Tracy; he died, and to the surprise of all, his estate was found to be insolvent.

The portionless Mary Tracy, dearer to the heart of her betrothed, from her sorrows, was urged to an immediate marriage;—and, with a dark, and uncertain future before them, this sensitive and interesting pair entered into the most solemn relation, "for better for worse, for richer for poorer." But in this case, as is often seen in life, the weaker party proved the stronger. Landon, seeing his fragile and delicate wife deprived of those refinements and luxuries which use had almost rendered necessary, became depressed in spirit. His poetic temperament was little fitted for a world of stern realities;—the ideal region in which he had lived, had been peopled by generous and noble souls; and his castles in the air had excluded all that was coarse, and material. He, now, saw his beloved Mary obliged to labor beyond her strength, sharing with him a miserable stipend, grudgingly paid by the trading, worldly community to whom he devoted the wealth of his mind, the warmth and fervor of his soul. Too refined and spiritual for this

life and its material interests, Samuel Landon passed away, mature in virtue, and having faithfully accomplished his mission on earth.

> "What, though short his date?
> Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures,
> That life is long, which answers life's great end;
> The man of wisdom, is the man of years."

Let the daughters of affluence, nurtured in the lap of ease, and surrounded with all that can minister to human enjoyment, sometimes pause to think of the "changes and chances" of life! Mary Landon was now a widow; and, from being a benefactress to the destitute, her condition was changed, to that of a dependent on the charity of others.

For a brief space of time, the young and interesting widow of their clergyman, was an object of thought to some of his flock, and her wants were cared for. But Mrs. Landon well knew that on herself, alone, rested the support of her fatherless children. Her dying husband, with his last breath, had commended her, and them, to Him, who has given His pledge, to be "the Father of the fatherless, and the widow's God," and she confided, fully, in the protection of that Almighty benefactor and friend. Hers was not, however, a trust which led to the belief that she had nothing to do but wait for manifestations of God's goodness. She believed she should be assisted in the attempt to perform her duties, and wasted not the energies of her mind in useless repinings, nor in comparing the dark and stern realities of life, with its brilliant promises.

Mrs. Landon had inherited, in her mother's right, a small annuity. This she sold, and, with the avails, bought the humble tenement which has been described. She selected it, because, though mean in appearance, contrasted with the stately palaces in its vicinity, it was still *exclusive*. It excluded somewhat of the din and dust of the more crowded thoroughfares of the city; and, standing back from the road,

it excluded, in a great degree, the observation of the passers by; and what, to Mrs. Landon, was of the greatest importance, it excluded from companionship with her children, such as she might wish them to avoid. Once settled in her little, obscure mansion, with her two children by her side, Mrs. Landon began to reflect upon the means by which she might support her family. Her youngest child having soon followed its father to the grave, she had now, but her eldest son and an only daughter.

With her early friend, Amelia Walsingham, she had, in all her changes of circumstances, maintained a confidential intercourse. The very contrasts in their characters, seemed, by a law of mental affinity, to draw them more closely together. In the desolation of widowhood, Amelia Walsingham (then Mrs. Newton,) had been induced to engage in responsible duties, which obliged her to keep up an intercourse with the world, and to exhibit masculine resolution, at variance with her delicate sensibility. But Mrs. Newton was impelled by the energies of her mind to be active, and her principles demanded the sacrifice of her feelings. Conscious of possessing rare powers of mind, she dared not thanklessly bury her talents, nor shrink from the duties such gifts imposed upon her.

Mary Tracy was timid in her disposition, and reserved towards all, except such as she admitted to the sanctuary of her heart's rich affections. To Mrs. Newton's suggestion that her accomplished education would enable her to succeed as an instructor of the young, Mrs. Landon replied, "that, though she might possess the ability to teach, her intuitive dread of the observation of strangers, and her natural reserve of character, were insurmountable objections."

"Any thing," said she to Mrs. Newton, "that I can do, by myself, I am willing to attempt. I can draw and paint; and can do ornamental work, or plain sewing. I could pursue such employments, at home, with my children by

me, and none about us to interfere with our mutual confidence, or disturb our domestic arrangements. To you, Amelia, a more distinguished course is opened. You have the energy, and the strength of character to pursue your higher destiny. I can admire, but not follow you; nor do I envy (were it possible for me to envy you) your elevation. The storms that beat upon you, in your higher position, will not descend to my lowly abode; the stings of injustice, and ingratitude which pierce you, exposed, from so many points, I shall be preserved from, by my obscurity."

Mrs. Newton, feeling but too deeply the truth of these remarks, the more readily acquiesced in the humble views of Mrs. Landon, respecting herself.

Years had passed on. Mrs. Landon in her cottage, had, in various ways, labored successfully. The exquisite manner in which her ornamental needle-work was performed, always secured for it a ready sale among the upholsterers, who were glad to buy her elegant designs, for the covering of chairs, and ottomans. Her embroidered handkerchiefs were purchased by Broadway merchants, and sold as the latest Parisian importations.

Mrs. Selby was among the very few of Mrs. Landon's former acquaintances, who were conscious, that the elegant, beautiful, and once admired Mary Tracy, was a poor widow, living in obscurity, and dependent on the labor of her hands, for the support of her family. Mrs. Selby, notwithstanding she had always enjoyed prosperity herself, had a sympathising heart, and was a judicious friend. To her friendly efforts, Mrs. Landon, without knowing it, had been indebted for many kind offices. It was Mrs. Selby who had informed Mrs. Norman where Mary Tracy lived, and who had induced that lady to employ her in doing fine needle-work.

Very different, indeed, was the deportment of Mrs. Norman towards an early school-mate, and one with whom she

had once been proud to associate, from that of the noble-minded Mrs. Newton, and the sensible Mrs. Selby.

There are some, who seem not to be able to enjoy fortune, or elevation, except in the humiliation of those less favored. Of all Mrs. Landon's trials from the world, few had been so bitter to her, as the patronizing air of Mrs. Norman, when she came to give orders respecting her work. On her first visit she did, indeed, recognize in Mrs. Landon an acquaintance. "Who would have thought," she exclaimed, "that had seen you mistress of your father's elegant establishment, that you would ever have been so reduced as to be obliged to live in a house like this;—you had an elegant harp and piano, what has become of them?"

Mrs. Landon colored, but answered with as much firmness as she could command, "Excuse me Mrs. Norman for not attempting explanations, which, though useless to you, would be very painful to myself." "You are quite excusable," said Mrs. Norman, "of course it does not concern me, only I am very sorry to see one who has been in the very first society, now reduced to a level with the lowest classes."

"Is your call one of business?" said Mrs. Landon, with calm dignity, "my time is of consequence; if you have any orders, I shall be happy to execute them."

Mrs. Norman was abashed; she felt that Mrs. Landon, low, as she had been disposed to class her in society, was her superior in all, except in outward circumstances. She handed her a package of the finest linen, desiring her to embroider six pocket handkerchiefs like the one she had done for Mrs. Selby.

"If I do them, my price will be twenty dollars each, said Mrs. Landon; "the work is very elaborate, and has proved injurious to my eyes. I have feared I should not be able to do any more of this kind of work."

"I don't mind the price," said Mrs. Norman. "I suppose

you can do them for me, as well as for Mrs. Selby; I can afford to pay as much as she can. She recommended me to come here, and I presumed you would be very thankful to get employment."

Willie and Laura were, at this period, old enough to understand something of their mother's trials; the one, sitting with his book, and the other at her work, had heard this conversation. They had been surprised at the ostentatious, patronizing air of Mrs. Norman towards their mother, usually approached with so much respect, even by strangers, who, if possessed of any penetration, or knowledge of the world, never failed to be struck with the refinement and dignity of her manners.

As soon as Mrs. Norman had left the house, Willie exclaimed, "Mother, I think she is an impertinent woman; why did you not tell her to take away her handkerchiefs?" Laura stood by her mother's side, and clasping her hand looked wistfully in her eyes, where the big tears stood trembling. Mrs. Landon seldom gave way to her emotions, but her wounded heart now found vent in a flood of tears; and seating herself, and taking a hand of each of her children, she sought to calm their feelings, and, in so doing, became herself composed.

Years had elapsed since that period, and Mrs. Landon in her humble dwelling was still the same, industrious, patient, and resigned. It had been a great trial to part with her daughter; but she highly appreciated the advantages of education offered her by Mrs. Newton, and cheerfully bore the loss of her society and assistance. William was, now, receiving a small salary as clerk, besides the payment for his board; and was thus able to do something towards lightening the burthens of his mother.

Mrs. Landon had for some time been anxiously expecting the return of William from Science Hall. The tea-table was set and the kettle hissing by the fire, when Serena, the

humble friend, companion, and servant of Mrs. Landon, who had been looking out of the window once in five minutes, for the last two hours, exclaimed, "Willie is coming, he is bringing home company;—a very fine looking youth, of about his own age."

Mrs. Landon had scarcely time for a remark, before the outer door opened into the little front entry, and her son, with Louis Norman, appeared. It had been some years since Mrs. Landon had seen Louis, and, at first, she did not recognize him.

"Mother," said William, with a slight embarrassment, "this is Louis Norman, he has come to stay with us, over Sunday."

Mrs. Landon's countenance expressed, for the moment, some surprise, but touched with the air of sadness that was perceptible in the countenance of the young man, she extended her hand to him, and with much tenderness said, "It will give me much pleasure, Master Norman, to entertain you, if you can put up with our humble accommodations."

Louis pressed her hand in silence; but, at length, summoning resolution, he briefly related that his mother was dead, his father a bankrupt and dishonored, and himself and sister left friendless upon the world. "Not friendless while I live Louis," said William; "mother, you will, I know, be his and Ida's mother; and she is now as a sister to Laura."

Mrs. Landon, much moved by the simple, but affecting story of Louis, assured him of the deep interest she should feel in him and his sister. "But our sympathy, Louis, can be of little use to you. Are there not, among the powerful and distinguished friends of your family, some, to whom you can look for assistance, in helping you forward in life?"

"I shall ask for none," said Louis, "I will be no cringing suppliant for favor, at the doors of the great. My father's former friends will, now, be his bitterest enemies; for he had

few, but political friends, and as he has no longer influence to aid his party, they will wish to hear of him no more. No, my father's name and distinction will but render the disgrace of his family the more conspicuous and fatal."

Serena, who had busied herself in completing the arrangements for the simple meal, summoned the family to the table, seating herself opposite Mrs. Landon, while the young men were placed on the vacant sides. Mrs. Landon looked at William, as if to signify that they should follow their usual custom; and in a solemn tone, "The only son of his mother, and she a widow," implored a blessing on the repast. Notwithstanding the weight which pressed on the heart of Louis, he felt himself becoming calm and resigned under the influence of the scene. The perfect confidence which seemed to exist between Mrs. Landon and her son, the air of contentment which reigned throughout the little household, with the comfort, neatness, and even taste, which were exhibited in the arrangement of the simple furniture; all was refreshing to his spirit. He thought of the splendid dining rooms, saloons and boudoirs of his early home; and of the gloomy ambition of his father; the listlessness and indifference of his mother, with her occasional, bitter complainings at the little attention paid her by his father—and he said to himself, "what is life without love, and with it what condition may not be borne?"

Mrs. Landon became more and more interested in Louis as she watched the varying shades of his countenance, and with ready tact, perceived that he felt himself at home with them. She did not, for one moment, reflect on the needless pain which Mrs. Norman had formerly caused her, by her unfeeling remarks and condescending airs; she regarded her son with the tenderness that she would have wished should be felt for her own Willie, were he in affliction and want.

The rest and quiet of the Sabbath proved as balm to the wounded heart of Louis. He attended the worship of the

sanctuary with Mrs. Landon, and heard a discourse that deeply affected him, from the words, "I write unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and have overcome the wicked one." It seemed to Louis as if the speaker addressed him personally, so suited were his words to strengthen and comfort the bruised heart, and to make a spiritual improvement of the trials and sufferings of this life.

Mrs. Landon had foreborn to ask Louis respecting his plans, intending after the Sabbath was over, to introduce the subject, and make such suggestions as, in her judgment, might be useful to him. But Louis having left with William an apology to be delivered to Mrs. Landon for leaving her house at so early an hour, had departed just as the faint rays of the sun were tinting the eastern horizon. Good Serena was sweeping the passage, as Louis entered it to pass out at the street door. He paused to bid her good morning, for her kind manner had touched his heart.

"You will be back to breakfast, Mr. Norman?" said Serena.

"No," said Louis, with a sigh, "you must not expect me; I am going out into the world to seek my fortune. Good-bye, Serena; do not forget me."

Thus did Louis go forth into the streets of the city, impatient to begin his business operations.

CHAPTER XIX.

EARLY DAY IN NEW YORK.—LOUIS' FIRST ADVENTURE.

On reaching Broadway Louis found his impatience had led him there too early. He wished to find a jeweller's shop, but none were yet opened. The carts of the milk venders were seen passing in the streets; the little chimney-sweeps were trilling forth their peculiar notes; here and there, an industrious servant was seen washing the marble steps of a princely dwelling, or an idle one holding on by the street door, and gossiping with a neighbor's servant loitering on an errand. Market-wagons rattled through the streets; and hacks towering with travelling-trunks and carpet-bags, and filled with gentlemen in surtouts, and ladies with travelling dresses and green veils, were seen going in various directions to the depots of steamboats and railroad cars.

Louis looked to see if one face betokened sadness like his own, but all appeared to him, happy. "The poor chimney sweep," thought he, "has some home to go to, when his daily toil is over. I am a wanderer and an adventurer, embarked on an unknown sea, not knowing the course before me, or the rocks upon which I may be driven." Tears filled the eyes of Louis and his courage had well nigh failed, but the supporting arm of faith was held out to sustain him; and with a smile of hope, he whispered to himself, "My Father's at the helm."

As the morning advanced, seamstresses, clerks, and men of business began to appear; omnibusses rattled through the streets, and New York, as a giant refreshed with sleep, was awake, and in motion.

Louis soon saw a jeweller's shop, open; he entered, and

perceiving a young clerk, who stood by the counter rubbing his eyes, he inquired, "Is the master of the shop within?" for as he wished to make sale of his watch and some other articles of value, he supposed a clerk might not be the proper person to address.

"How do you know, mister, but I am the boss?" replied the hopeful youth, "I guess you hain't seen through a mill-stone yet, for all your fine broadcloth."

"A bad beginning," thought poor Louis, as in anguish of heart, and without answering, he turned away. He walked on, and entered another shop. A man with sandy-red hair and whiskers stood waiting for customers prepared to pounce upon his victim, somewhat as grimalkin may be seen watching for a mouse. Louis did not like the aspect of the man, but was anxious to accomplish his business; and he asked, somewhat hesitatingly, if he wished to buy a gold watch, and diamond ring and pin.

Looking inquisitively and suspiciously at Louis, the jeweller said, "Let me look at 'em, I can tell better whether I'll buy, after I've seen 'em." Louis handed the box containing the articles, and the man grasping them closely, said, "I'll see what you have got here; no doubt, though, they are either false, or stolen goods."

A feeling of resentment rose in the breast of Louis, suffocating and oppressive. As the jeweller was opening the box, he continued, "You are rather a young rogue, but I'll examine your trumpery, and see if 'tis good for any thing." As the rich diamonds, with the heavy chased watch and chain of solid gold, met the eye of the man, he grasped them still closer, exclaiming, "I said, if they were not false, you must have stolen them; I pronounce them to be genuine, and this proves you are a thief. You expect me to buy these things, do you? You need be thankful if I do not seize you, and send for an officer of the police to put you in prison."

Louis was thunder-struck; the possibility of such an accusation had never occurred to him—his property in the hands of a villain, and himself liable to be taken up as a thief! The dangers of his situation flashed upon his mind; but conscious innocence gave him courage, and prudence suggested the necessity of suppressing his indignation.

"If you do not wish to buy these articles, sir," said Louis with dignity, "you will at least return them to me; they are all I am worth in the world, and I wanted to sell them to pay a debt."

"Now, young man," said the shopkeeper, "you need not attempt to come over me, in this way; I have seen rogues before you. Folks dont give boys such jewelry as this; you may as well be honest with me, and own where you got these things; and, between ourselves, if you will just be candid and confess, I'll try to keep you away from the police, (which will be no very easy matter, for they are cunning enough, I tell you) and we'll go snacks."

The baseness of the man struck Louis with horror. He saw that it was useless to urge him to restore his property, for he clutched the box, closer and closer, and his eyes became more and more glowing, and serpent-like. A sudden thought occurred to Louis;—"and so, you will give me part of the money, and screen me from punishment, if I confess where I got these things; it is rather hard, but I will go and see what somebody else says about it, and let you know."

"Who do you mean by somebody else, you young rogue? and so you've got an accomplice, have you? You must be well trained in your business, to get at such treasures. Well, every body has talents for something; if I had not taken to an honest calling, I think I should have made a pretty cunning rogue, myself."

The man chuckling at what he meant for wit, again contemplated the tempting contents of the box; when he looked up, Louis had disappeared.

CHAPTER XX.

EPISODE OF MRS. GOODWIN AND HER SON TOM.

As Louis escaped from the wicked jeweller, he had the precaution to make a memorandum of the number of the shop, with the name on the sign. So sudden had been this new misfortune, that, until he had walked some little distance, instinctively desiring to escape from the presence of a villain, he had formed no plan, whatever, for attempting to recover his property. The thought of Mrs. Newton's interest in him, and of the kindness of the Landons presented itself; but he rejected the idea of troubling them, in an affair where they could give him no assistance.

The effect of this new misfortune was not to sink Louis into a state of despondency; but, on the contrary, he seemed animated with new resolution; his object now was no longer, one from which his heart revolted, the disposing of what was dear to him from a thousand associations; but to recover those valued gifts from the grasp of a knave, and to bring him to justice; and now, that he was called upon to act a manly part, his spirit grew strong within him. He was certain there was a way in which he could recover his property, though too little versed in legal operations to understand, exactly, how to proceed. His teachers and school-companions could prove the articles to be his, as the possession of such valuables by a school boy, had been a fact of some notoriety, and Louis had often been requested to exhibit them as curiosities.

But though his redress must be sought for in the law, Louis had no money to fee a lawyer; he had given his last dollar to his sister, when he left her in her sick room, on Saturday. Searching his pockets, he found a few pennies,

which he regarded with more satisfaction, than once he would have felt, at the possession of heaps of gold. He began to feel faint and hungry, and these pennies would enable him to buy some bread for his breakfast;—the thought of Dr. Franklin, eating his penny-roll in the streets of Philadelphia occurred to him, and hope again gave him courage. Looking about for an eating house, he saw, in a window, a cooky and a loaf of bread; and entering the little shop to which they furnished a sign, he addressed a good-natured looking woman, as he laid down his pennies, desiring her to give him a roll. The woman surprised at seeing a youth of his appearance enter her little shop which was chiefly frequented by the poor, and that he should only call for bread, asked him if he would not also take a cup of coffee—the coffee was tempting, but Louis had no more pennies, and declined the luxury.

"You had better take it young man," said the woman, observing that Louis looked wistfully towards the coffee-pot, "dry bread won't taste very good."

"I have no more money, good woman," said Louis.

"Well, I hope you won't be affronted with me if I ax you to take the coffee; I don't think I should ever be the poorer for't; you look tired, and had better come and set down and rest, while you drink your coffee."

"Thank God," mentally exclaimed Louis, as he gratefully accepted the proffered kindness, that disinterested benevolence exists among mankind. "You are very kind," said he to the woman, "and just now, I have great need of friends."

"I was afeard you did," said the woman, "you looked sort o' troubled, and that was what made me venter to ax you to take the coffee. I should be dreadful sorry if Tom Goodwin, (Tom's my son, and I guess he is about your age,) should want for sunthen to eat and drink, and nobody

warn't willen to give none to him, 'kase he did'nt have no money to pay for't."

"What does your Tom do, for a living, kind woman?" said Louis, "for I suppose he has to labor."

"To be sure Master he does; for you see, as how, Tom's the oldest of ten children, for I am a widder, and his daddy's ben dead a good many years, and Tom's ben all my dependence."

"But," said Louis, "what could Tom do when he was a little boy, for you say he is only about my age now, to earn money to help you to support the other children?"

"Why, you see, Tom got into the newspaper line, and as he was a good behaved boy and all'us mannerly, folks would suntimes buy to encourage him; or them that had plenty o' money, would give him a sixpence, or a shillin for a penny paper, and tell him he might keep the change himself for his good manners. And the newspaper folks when they see'd that Tom all'us paid for his papers, trusted him more, and gin him a chance; and you can't think how comfortable it was to his poor widdered mother, to have her little boy bring home, at night, a heap of pennies, and suntimes a hull dollar, clear of all expense. Besides sellin papers, which he done mostly in the mornins and evenins when the boats was startin off, he use'ter run of arrants, and made a good deal in that way, as jinerus folks would give him a few pennies for callin a carriage, or carr'in a bundle."

"But now, my good woman," said Louis, "Tom is older, what does he do? does he still sell papers?"

Mrs. Goodwin's face brightened, "I'd be sorry to have you ax Tom that, for though he ain't ashamed of his former callin, he don't say much about it. Tom is now, the iditur of one of the very papers he used to sell, and gits a good salary, but he works jist as hard as ever; he's up airly and late, and watches the forin vessels for news as close as he use'ter watch the startin off of the steamboats and cars; and

they do say, Tom is sunthin of a politishun, and like enuff suntime or 'nother he will git into office."

"I would advise Tom," said Louis, "to keep out of politics, and beware of a taste for office; he had better have kept to selling newspapers, for that is an honest calling, than be an office-seeker." Louis rose to go, and taking the woman's hard hand pressed it, gratefully, thanking her for her kindness, not with words merely, but with eyes moistened with tears of gratitude. "I hope," said he, "for his mother's sake that Tom will be a good and prosperous man; and in return for your kindness to a stranger in want, I will ask you to tell your son, that you fed, this morning, the hungry son of a man who has held the first offices in the country; and who, but for politics, and success in his schemes of political distinction, might have been the protector of his children, who are now, with habits wholly unfitted to do any thing for themselves, thrown upon the world with a dishonored name!"

Louis staid not to hear Mrs. Goodwin's exclamation of "the dreadful suz! you don't say so! I hope Tom won't git to be a great man, if that's the way with 'um, to let their descendrants go about hungry, like wagabounds. Well he's a ra'al nice young man, and its a despret pity his suffrins is so great on his daddy's account."

CHAPTER XXI.

AN HONEST LAWYER.—LOUIS FINDS A FRIEND.

THE bitter reflections called up in the mind of Louis, by the train of thought into which he had unconsciously been led by Mrs. Goodwin's simple account of her son Tom, for the moment depressed his spirit;—but strengthened by his simple breakfast and cheered by the beams of the morning sun, hope again found him ready to welcome her suggestions, and he nerved himself to go onward in the business before him. He saw the necessity for prompt measures in order to get his property out of the hands of the wicked jeweller, who, he perceived, rested his hopes of receiving at least a large share, upon the belief that the articles were stolen, and that being a thief, he would not dare to take any measures for their recovery. The idea that even a dishonest man should, for a moment, look upon him as a thief, humbled the pride of Louis. He had been brought up to think that among the higher classes, there was a certain air *distingué* which would inspire respect, under any circumstances. The events of the morning had proved that he was as liable to suspicion, under suspicious circumstances, as would have been Mrs. Goodwin's son, Tom. He perceived that his superfine coat, rich vest, and cap and boots of the most fashionable patterns, had proved a disadvantage to him in his first setting out in life.

The idea of applying to a lawyer though discouraged by the emptiness of his pockets, was still uppermost in the mind of Louis; and he had almost unconsciously directed his steps into a street where several eminent lawyers resided. The name, "Ashburn," caught his eye as he was walking

past a stately mansion. A thrill of joy followed the sight of that name.

Mr. Ashburn, of all his father's former, professed friends, was the one whom Louis remembered with satisfaction. Mr. Ashburn, he thought sincere, for he had heard him caution and advise his father, when they had regarded him as too young to notice conversation on political subjects.

Though Louis had been resolved to look to no one for aid or patronage, his circumstances were now pressing and admitted of no alternative; "I may meet with coldness or be suspected," thought he, "but it is possible the recollection of my father in his better days, may induce a friendly interest for his son. There are a thousand chances against me, but if Mr. Ashburn is really a good man, happens to be disengaged and does not consider me an impostor, he may listen to my story; and if he is in a pleasant humor, he may be willing to take some trouble on my account. I can but try my chance."

Louis ascended the marble steps which led to the office of Counsellor Ashburn, and with trembling hand pulled the bell. A servant came, and to the inquiry for Mr. Ashburn, replied, "his honor does not receive company so early, he has not yet taken his breakfast."

"True," thought Louis, "I might have known it; strange that I should have forgotten the late hours of those who live in fashionable style."

"I wish to see Mr. Ashburn as soon as possible," said Louis to the servant, "will you permit me to wait in his office until he can give me an interview?"

The servant hesitated for a moment, as if scrutinizing the applicant, in order to make up his mind whether it would be safe to admit him into the interior of the mansion, and then said, "you can come in, I believe some of the clerks are in the office." Louis followed, and was ushered into a spacious apartment whose walls were lined with splendid

cases filled with books in every variety of binding, from the plain calf of "Digests," "Reports," "Pleadings," &c., to the more elegant volumes of Foreign, and English Literature. Statues of distinguished jurists were placed in niches in the wall, and a few portraits of celebrated men were suspended over the book-cases.

Seated at different writing desks were two young men, so much engaged in their employment of copying from huge rolls of parchment, that they did not notice the entrance of a stranger, until the servant, pointing to a seat, said to Louis, "Please wait here until Mr. Ashburn is ready to come to the office." The clerks looking up, beheld a tall and finely formed young man, apparently about eighteen, of an elegant and prepossessing appearance, but whose coun tenance evinced anxiety and distress. Such a sight was not new in a lawyer's office; they resumed their employment, and soon seemed to have forgotten that a third person was in the room.

Louis felt himself ill at ease;—every moment his resolution grew fainter, and fainter. He, who had so independently declared that never would he hang upon the favor of the great, was now, in the very outset, waiting as an humble suppliant to ask a favor of one to whom he would doubtless appear a stranger. Every tick of the clock, every rustling of the parchment went to his heart, and increased his trepidation; he could no longer sit, he arose and walked to a window which looked out upon Broadway, now glittering with splendid equipages, and beginning to be gay with crowds of well-dressed ladies, pursuing their round of shopping, previous to the hour of fashionable visiting. In vain did Louis strive to beguile his sad thoughts by looking out upon the busy, bustling scene. He felt a feverish anxiety to be about his own business, instead of thus wasting time, every moment of which might be precious, by giving the

jeweller an opportunity to conceal his property, beyond the reach of discovery.

A dialogue between the clerks, now drew the attention of Louis.

"When are those copies wanted, McDonald?"

"At twelve o'clock this morning, we must have them completed. Mr. Ashburn gave positive orders to that effect. That is a splendid estate, Crawford, which the auctioneer knocked off yesterday to Mr. Vanderkemp. The old mansion house of the Tudors, with several other houses adjoining."

"For whose benefit is the property sold?" said Crawford.

"For the creditors of our late minister to ——, Livingston Norman, who has been declared a bankrupt; and is said, moreover to be a defaulter to a large amount to Government, leaving his endorsers to take care of themselves."

A deadly paleness overspread the features of Louis, who involuntarily turned his face towards the speakers, uttering a groan which, though half suppressed, was distinctly heard. The young men started, one of them inquired, "Are you not well, sir? you seem faint."

"It is but a slight indisposition," said Louis, articulating with difficulty, "I rose very early this morning, having some important business—I am anxious to see Mr. Ashburn, do you think he will be in, soon?"

"I presume he would have come before, had he been told you were waiting; that lazy waiter must have neglected to speak to him—sit down, I will go and call him," and McDonald left the room.

In a few minutes Mr. Ashburn entered. "You have business with me, I understand, young gentleman," said he, in a kind voice, that inspired Louis with the courage to say, "I would speak with you in private, sir."

Mr. Ashburn led the way into his private counsel-room, and asked Louis to sit down. Seating himself near a

centre-table, Louis looked up, and beheld, opposite to him, a portrait of his father. Again was he agitated, and confused; that high intellectual brow, those piercing eyes, that mouth expressive of energy and determination, were so like reality, that for the moment, he lost all consciousness of his present circumstances.

"You seem agitated, young man," said Mr. Ashburn, "what can I do for you? I hope you have not been guilty of crime, that you seem thus distressed; but innocence should have no fear. If you are guilty, I would not, if I could, screen you from the penalties of the law. Yet you are young, and may have been led into temptation. Your countenance seems familiar, but I do not recollect where I have ever seen you."

Louis attempted to speak, but his tongue refused to move, a sense of suffocation oppressed him; gladly would he have escaped into the streets, any where, from his painful situation. Must he appear, as his father's accuser? Must he confess that his father had abandoned his children, and that this abandonment had thrown him into his present distress? Must he give the last blow to his father's reputation, with one, who, it would seem, still remembered him with kindness, since he permitted his portrait to hang in an apartment apparently reserved for his private use.

"Young man," said Mr. Ashburn, observing the embarrassment of Louis, "tell me frankly your situation, and if your case is not desperate, I will try to do something for you. What is your name, and where do you live?"

Louis looked full in the face of Mr. Ashburn, and in a husky, but distinct voice, answered, "My name, sir, is Louis Livingston Norman, and to-day I am living in the streets."

"Is this possible! can it be so!" exclaimed Mr. Ashburn, scarcely less moved than Louis himself; "are you Livingston Norman's son? Yes, I see now, why, I thought I had seen you. You was once a pet of mine, and I then foretold,

that you would, one day, become a great man. But, my dear fellow, what troubles you? Your poor father, I know—" here Mr. Ashburn paused, and his manly countenance shewed the pain he felt, from the thoughts which he would not from regard to the feelings of Louis express. Louis who had proudly sustained himself under suspicion, was overcome by such unexpected tenderness, and sobbed aloud.

Long and interesting was the conversation which Mr. Ashburn held with Louis, after the latter had recovered himself sufficiently to explain the condition in which he now found himself placed.

"And what do you wish to do, my brave fellow," said his friend, "if you could have your choice?"

"I would do any thing," said Louis, "that is not dishonorable to support myself and aid my sister, even to selling newspapers, a trade which Tom Goodwin (whose simple story I have this morning listened to with interest), followed successfully, until it led him to something higher."

"No, my dear fellow," said Mr. Ashburn, smiling, "you must not set up an opposition line to the poor newspaper boys; let them have their humble gains, for yourself, a higher destiny is doubtless in store, and my predictions may yet be fulfilled. What has been the course of your education, Louis? You have, I suppose, studied the classics and the higher branches of mathematics."

"I think," replied Louis, "I have not neglected my advantages; at Mr. Delaplaine's school much attention is given to modern languages, and the belles-lettres; and I am sufficiently advanced in the classics, and mathematics, to enter the senior class in any American college."

"Very well, my son, go on with your education; I will supply you with the means."

"Excuse me, sir," said Louis, "for declining your kindness, for which I feel the deepest gratitude, but I cannot consent to incur such an obligation, as I am already in-

debted to a large amount to Mr. Delaplaine for my education; no remittances having been received by him from my father during the last year."

"There must be some mistake in this," said Mr. Ashburn, "I do not know much of that Mr. Delaplaine, but some facts respecting him have come to my knowledge, which have given me rather an unfavorable opinion of his principles. I have certainly received letters from your father within a year, and I am almost sure that he mentions having remitted to some one, a bill of exchange for the use of his children. We will look into this at a future time, after some provision has been made for your present necessities—but what are your wishes as to the future?"

"It was my intention to seek for some employment," said Louis, "that would enable me, as soon as possible, to pay my debts, and support my sister and myself. But first, I designed to dispose of my watch, and some other articles, for the benefit of Mr. Delaplaine, whom I am anxious to pay as soon as possible; but in my first business-operation I have been unfortunate, for my property is now in the hands of a dishonest jeweller in the city." Louis then related to Mr. Ashburn the manner in which the box of valuables had been seized, and that in looking to find a lawyer to advise him what course to take, he had been led to apply to himself.

"I remembered you, sir," said he, "as a former friend of my father, but much feared his misfortunes, and my own circumstances, might render me an unwelcome client."

"Ah! my son," said the good man, grasping Louis by the hand, "the world is bad enough, I grant, but you are too young to be thus distrustful. Come, we have no time to lose; I will go with you and see the man who has dared, thus wickedly, to oppress one who seemed unprotected."

Mr. Ashburn seized his hat, and the clerks who had been much surprised at his long interview with the young

stranger, looked with still more surprise, when they saw him leave the house in his company.

As they walked rapidly, down Broadway, Mr. Ashburn obtained from Louis an account of the whole transaction.

"Here is the shop," said Louis, "I took the number and the name, 'Perseverance Fox.'"

"Well, my young friend, in spite of his ominous name, we will make a short business with him."

As Mr. Ashburn and Louis entered the shop, a crowd of customers were standing around; ladies were looking at rings and breastpins, or inquiring the prices of fancy articles, and two or three gentlemen were examining watches.

Mr. Fox was standing with his back to the door, and did not observe the entrance of Mr. Ashburn and Louis. "This watch," said he, shewing the article to a customer, "is one of great value, there cannot be found its equal in the United States; it is worth two hundred dollars, but belongs to an unfortunate gentleman who is anxious to sell it, and I will let it go for a hundred and fifty dollars, which is a great bargain;—and here, ladies, is a diamond pin which belongs to the same unfortunate person, who is obliged to go for his health to the south of Europe, and is very anxious to dispose of these things, to raise money for the voyage. He was once a great nabob in the East Indies, but is now reduced;—the poor old gentleman, his story was really affecting! I shall not make one cent by the bargain, for I am doing it all out of charity and kindness. This diamond-pin ought to fetch five hundred dollars, it was never bought for a cent less;—the old gentleman says the diamonds were dug from the mines of Golconda, while he was there,—but to hasten the sale for the poor old gentleman, so that he can have the means of following the doctor's advice, I will put the pin at two hundred and fifty dollars; and here is a diamond-ring to match."

Louis having made signs to Mr. Ashburn that those arti-

cles were his, that gentleman stepping forward, said sternly, "how dare you, villain, attempt, in open day, the crime you have been guilty of. Here is the owner of the watch and the diamonds; not an old man wishing to go abroad for his health; but a youth whom you supposed to be without friends;—possibly your wicked imagination may have deceived you into a belief that he was a thief, and would be willing to share his plunder with you, as you proposed, for the sake of your saving him from justice. Louis, is this the man who took the property from you, and can you swear to the articles?"

"He is the man, sir, and I can swear to the articles," was the firm and decided answer.

The customers looked on in astonishment. Fox saw that he was caught in a trap of his own setting. He knew well who Mr. Ashburn was, and perceived that Louis was no thief of a young clerk as he had suspected, who, through fear of being exposed, would consent to any kind of imposition.

"All a joke, sir," said Fox, with ready cunning, "a mere joke."

"It may be a very expensive joke, to you, Mr. Fox, unless you instantly settle with my young friend, here, by restoring his property, and paying satisfactory damages;—otherwise, you shall be made to feel the full rigor of the law."

"I am willing he should take his property, since it is his, but I thought perhaps," ——

"No matter what you thought," said Mr. Ashburn in a voice that made the culprit tremble, "you have seized upon property which did not belong to you, and are liable in law for trespass, or rather for robbery; and I shall, at once, have you indicted unless you comply with my terms."

The ladies looked at Mr. Fox very indignantly; and his red hair seemed redder, and his red whiskers looked more ferocious;—some said, "what a shame to steal from such a

beautiful young man!" and others declared, they thought him a villain when they entered his shop.

Fox gathered together with great trepidation, the articles which belonged to Louis, and putting them into the casket, handed them to the owner, in a cringing and supplicating manner.

"There they are," said he, "every one of them—and I have cleaned them for you, too."

"Now, my young friend," said Mr. Ashburn, "what shall this man pay you for his robbery, and the distress and annoyance he has caused you?"

"I do not wish, sir," said Louis, "to take any thing from him, his own accusing conscience will be punishment sufficient."

"Mr. Fox, you may well thank this young gentleman for his forbearance—you might have been thrown into the State's prison for your offence; and I fear we are doing wrong to let such an audacious attempt at villainy, pass unpunished."

Mr. Fox's customers had all vanished, and Mr. Ashburn and Louis left him to ruminate on the profitless speculation of the morning.

"Mr. Ashburn," said Louis, with some anxiety, "I have now, through your kindness, recovered my property; and as I am quite satisfied with my attempt to act without the guidance of experience, I would ask you to direct me to some honest dealer, that I can dispose of these articles for the purpose I at first intended."

"Never mind about that, now, my young friend," said Mr. Ashburn, "come home with me to dinner—I have much to say to you; I shall examine your father's last letters to me, which I am quite certain made mention of a remittance sent for you and your sister. It may be that Mr. Delaplaine has not accounted for all the money he has received, believing the rumor that your father will not return.

But my dear Louis, I have never believed half the scandal which has been circulated by your father's enemies respecting him; he has been improvident and imprudent, but who, in this world, is faultless? I hope to see him among us, yet, able to defend his reputation and put his enemies to shame."

Louis blessed in his heart that charity which induced Mr. Ashburn to palliate his father's conduct, and speak encouragingly; but he feared to indulge in hopes which might be followed by disappointment, and resolved to persevere in his plans of beginning to earn his own living, depending on the bounty of no one, not even of Mr. Ashburn who seemed so kindly disposed towards him.

CHAPTER XXII.

DISHONESTY EXPOSED.—LOUIS FINDS A HOME.

Again did the two clerks look up from their writing with surprise, as Mr. Ashburn passed through the office into his private room accompanied by the young stranger, who now walked with a firm and manly step, and with the air of one who sees light beaming upon his pathway.

Mr. Ashburn took from a private drawer, a package of letters in the superscription of which, Louis recognised the well known, peculiar hand of his father. As Mr. Ashburn vainly examined several letters, his compressed lips and knit brow expressed the disappointment he felt, at not finding what he was in search of.

"I've found it," he exclaimed, "here it is, the last letter I ever received from your father. Let us see the date—it was written just about a year ago. Here is the paragraph about the draft:"

"'By this ship, I send to Mr. Delaplaine, the gentleman who has charge of my son's education, a bill of exchange on London, for one thousand pounds, sterling, with directions to hand half the avails of the draft to Mrs. Newton, who has the care of my daughter. I mention this to you, believing you will take some interest in my children, whom I should wish to entrust to your charge should I never return to the United States; my affairs there, are in a state of great embarrassment, my political enemies are disposed to injure me in every possible way, and I confess that I am disgusted with my native country. There is something fascinating to me in foreign manners, and I have found associations here, which bind me to this land of poetry and romance. You, Ashburn, are one of the very few whom I have loved, and in whom I have, in some measure, confided; could you ask me to return, disgraced, calumniated,—fallen from the elevation to which I had been raised in public favor. You have often cautioned me against political ambition,—it was my guiding star, it carried me to the height of popularity, and has suddenly left me in darkness. I resign myself to destiny; disappointed in youth in my dearest wishes, and now left in my more advanced years, stripped of the honors with which I sought to console myself for disappointed affection.'"

Louis forgot the draft in listening to this avowal of his father's sufferings;—in seeing thus deeper into his heart than he had ever before done, a new love for him mingled with pity sprang up in his soul, with an ardent desire to devote himself to his happiness.

This train of thought was interrupted by Mr. Ashburn, who exclaimed, "How unpardonable has been my neglect! I should have inquired of that Mr. Delaplaine about the draft, and shewn an interest in you and your sister; but my professional engagements have been so engrossing, as to leave me scarcely master of my own actions. Louis, I want another

clerk; since you refuse my aid in helping you on with your collegiate pursuits, will you come into my office as an assistant?"

A glow of pleasure lighted up the countenance of Louis, who exclaimed, "Oh sir, if I could but be useful to you, it would be to me, a most desirable situation. I have long wished to follow the profession of my father. But I know, that clerks in offices usually support themselves, at least for some time, and I have no means to do this."

"You will be entitled to a salary; I shall keep you very busy, and make you earn, what I shall give you; never fear, that I shall not, my noble fellow. I like your independence, that would not be beholden to others, but, would labor for what you have; you will make a great man Louis, I am sure of it;—my prophecy will yet be fulfilled."

"I hope not," said Louis, with an instinctive shudder, "I have a horror of great men;—mere political men, I mean; I should be glad to be morally or intellectually great, but, the desire of popularity, I hope never to feel; I have seen its unhappy effects too much in my own family."

"I grant that a thirst for popularity, is very uncomfortable, (I have felt enough of it myself, to know,") said Mr. Ashburn, "but, if a man is conscious of possessing abilities which might enable him to be useful to his country, it is right that he should desire office; and I should be sorry to think there were not, among us, many honest politicians. But we are talking, when we should be acting—I will summon Mr. Delaplaine to my office, and call on him to account for the use he has made of this draft of one thousand pounds." Mr. Ashburn having despatched a note to Mr. Delaplaine requesting him to come to his office prepared to settle Mr. Norman's account, that gentleman soon made his appearance, apparently much disconcerted at this unexpected summons. He, however, presented his account against Mr.

Norman, showing a balance of more than a thousand dollars in his own favour.

Mr. Ashburn looking at him with an expression, by no means flattering, informed Mr. Delaplaine that there was evidence in respect to a draft for one thousand pounds, remitted by Mr. Norman, the year before, for which, no credit appeared in his account. The embarrassment of the pretended scion of royalty was extreme. The principal of Bourbon Hall, a gentleman of finished manners, and an accomplished scholar, was, however, quick to see his position; and with the utmost politeness, professed much regret that he should have forgotten that circumstance; and he was really very glad to find, that young Mr. Norman would be so much better off, than he had feared. He would that moment give his check for the balance, and settle the business at once.

The cloud on Mr. Ashburn's brow, was chilling. Louis was astonished at the affair, scarcely knowing what to think; though he had never entertained a high opinion of Mr. Delaplaine, nor felt bound to him by any tie of sympathy or affection, he had not for a moment doubted his honesty in regard to the common matters of business.

Mr. Delaplaine having given his check and received a receipt for the same, addressing Mr. Ashburn in the blandest manner, said, "I hope sir, as our business is now adjusted, you are entirely satisfied respecting the draft; I remember now, that it was received at a time when I was deeply engaged in important duties, and I trust there is nothing remarkable, or peculiar, in the fact of its having been overlooked. I am sure, Mr. Norman, you, who have lived with me, and know the importance of my usual avocations can well understand, how so small a matter,—small I mean, comparatively speaking, should have escaped my memory?"

"Indeed sir," said Louis, in an extenuating tone, "since I find myself clear of debt, I am too happy to be disposed

to think evil of any one. For your attention to me and the advantages you have afforded me, I owe you my gratitude; and Mrs. Delaplaine has been kinder to me, than I, probably, have deserved. I shall call and pay my respects to her and see my school companions as soon as I get settled, and can hold up my head like a man"

Shame and remorse were evidently awakened in the mind of Delaplaine by the noble ingenuousness of Louis, and the delicacy of his conduct in respect to himself; he was conscious that his own coldness towards the young man had deeply wounded his feelings; for, after having conceived the plan of defrauding one whom he thought unprotected, (believing that Mr. Norman would never return to call him to account for the draft,) he had viewed Louis with a dislike, he had taken little pains to conceal. In fact, he had wished to shake him off, and, had seen him leave his house, on the Saturday evening previous, in a state bordering on desperation, without making the least effort to detain him.

And yet, this man had gained the confidence of the public, and parents entrusted their sons to his care. He first became popular through the patronage of some influential persons, who regarded his nobility, (and this might not have stood the test of scrutiny) his polished manners, and above all, his Parisian accent, as entitling him to the highest rank in his profession, of an educator of young gentlemen. The ball once set in motion continued to move, and the school of Mr. Delaplaine commanded the patronage of the rich and exclusive, so that he was able to confine himself, wholly, to the sons of that class; and at length, rendered it a kind of Almack's; admission into it being considered a patent of high aristocracy. We have before said, that Mr. Delaplaine was a man of learning, and here, at least, there was no imposition. His pupils did improve greatly in the French, and other modern languages; and they became graceful in manners; they learned to use silver

forks, and to eat an egg genteelly, to dress and behave as gentlemen, and to hold themselves above such as had not been initiated into the refinements of polished society, nor the mysteries of Parisian manners. But the heart, the moral principles, the religious sentiment, all which truly forms the man, which should receive the first and last attention of the educator, these were of no account in the system of Mr. Delaplaine. Moulded on his plan, a pupil might be, in a mere worldly sense, an accomplished gentleman; but, if he proved a patriot, a useful citizen, a philanthropist, or a Christian, it would be owing to extraneous circumstances, and in spite of the unfavorable influence of the fashionable system of education.

Louis Norman, having been placed by his father under the special guardianship of Mrs. Newton, she had faithfully performed towards him a mother's duty, by carefully directing the development of his moral powers and emotions. His Sundays having been usually passed at Mrs. Newton's, an opportunity had been given her for salutary influence in respect to his religious habits and feelings. Thus had Louis Norman's inner man been probed and quickened, and made to assume that command over the outer and material, which was intended by the Creator when he formed man with a double nature.

But, to return to the finished and polite Mr. Delaplaine; he saw well, that, however, Louis Norman in his kindness of heart, and with the ingenuousness of youth, might be willing to palliate his guilt, by Mr. Ashburn he was understood; and he trembled lest his towering edifice of popularity might be overthrown, by an exposure of his conduct to Louis.

Concealing his uneasiness as well as he could, Mr. Delaplaine talked with Louis familiarly, and was even facetious, shewing in his smiles at his own witticisms, his perfect teeth, (they were his by purchase,) and appearing quite hilarious in the excitement of his feelings.

Thoroughly disgusted with this hypocrisy, Mr. Ashburn became very uneasy, making sundry movements in his chair, coughing, and walking to the window; at length he took out his watch with an air which the very accomplished gentleman dared not misunderstand, who looking at his own watch, was surprised to find it so late; he had an important engagement, was sorry to be obliged to go, hoped Mr. Norman would still feel himself at home at Bourbon Hall, where he would ever be received as a welcome guest.

Mr. Delaplaine having bowed himself out of the apartment, Mr. Ashburn exclaimed, "And such a scoundrel is allowed to educate youth; but he shall be unmasked, I owe it to society to make his character known—a wolf set to guard lambs! Ah, Louis, you treated him too well; but 'the merciful man is blessed.' Well, my son, we have done a good morning's work; scathed two villains, and made an honest man richer than he supposed himself to be. Instead of the destitute and forlorn fellow you considered yourself this morning, here you are, with watch and diamonds, and a check for a thousand dollars. What do you intend doing with all this money? I fear you will consider yourself too rich to accept of a humble clerkship in my office,—you might spend a fashionable season at Saratoga, Niagara, &c., with such a sum,"—and Mr. Ashburn waited with some degree of anxiety for an answer.

So rapidly had events succeeded each other within the last few hours, that Louis could scarcely realize his altered condition, or believe in his own identity; but Mr. Ashburn's question recalled him to himself, and to the thought of Ida; and he became impatient to hasten to her to communicate the pleasing intelligence that their father had been far less culpable than they had supposed, in respect to neglecting to make provision for them; he began to feel that they might again be re-united, "at least," thought he, "if my most strenuous efforts can be of any avail in rebuilding the

broken fortunes of our family, they shall not be wanting; for, to this object will I devote, and consecrate myself, with such energies and abilities as I possess." These thoughts passed rapidly through the mind of Louis, but starting from his reverie, he exclaimed, "Excuse me, sir, you asked a question which awakened a crowd of thoughts,—pardon my seeming inattention, and perhaps apparent irresolution as to the appropriation of this sum, by your kind agency put into my possession. But it is not mine; it was intended for my sister's use. It will afford her and myself the greatest satisfaction to transfer it to the excellent Mrs. Newton, who has, I fear, been led by her generous disposition, to go beyond her means, in what she has done for my sister, on whom she has long bestowed care and support without expecting compensation; and to me, too, she has been a mother; for to her, I owe my true and best education, that of the principles and the heart."

"Mrs. Newton," said Mr. Ashburn, "is one of those few noble beings who reconcile us to human nature, who are truly, 'The salt of the earth.' Your father did well in leaving his daughter in a school where she might be taught something besides dress, fashion, and French. But now, my young friend, we have planned a good disposition of the check, we will talk of your immediate affairs. Since you do not conclude to spend that money in a pleasure excursion, I suppose you intend to be my clerk, and go to work. I shall allow you a moderate salary for your support, the first year or two, after which we will see what can be done for you. We have no children," here Mr. Ashburn wiped away a tear, "you must live with us, and I doubt not you will be a favorite."

Louis was affected deeply by such kindness, but with more sincerity than politeness, he replied, "I had rather not accept any favors, sir, but such as I shall merit."

"Yes, I see you are very independent—but you are right, my good fellow; make yourself necessary to people,

and they become dependent on you; this is the true source of power. But come with me to Mrs. Ashburn's parlor," and leading the way through a private entrance, Mr. Ashburn ushered Louis into an elegant boudoir, where was seated a lady of middle age, whose sweet, though somewhat sad expression of countenance bespoke a kind and sympathetic heart. The voice of Mrs. Ashburn fell on the soul of Louis like plaintive music, it was so gentle and touching. As Mr. Ashburn briefly related to her the trials of Louis, and the events of the morning, she listened with deep attention and varying emotions. The crafty dishonesty of Fox, the benevolence and simplicity of Mrs. Goodwin, and the injustice of Delaplaine, all called forth answering sympathies, as she imagined herself in the different situations of Louis. The story being ended, she extended her hand to Louis; and with much tenderness, said, "You want parents, and we want a son. With us you will be happy, for we shall love you, and you will love us in return."

Thoughts of his departed mother rushed upon the mind of Louis; he thought of the night, when after some little dispute between Ida and himself, she called them to her and spoke of their coming separation; how his father came and embraced them; and the effect which this scene had upon the feelings of himself and his sister. Though sensible of his mother's failings, he knew she loved her children with a mother's love, and that their happiness had been the darling object of her life. Mrs. Ashburn's words seemed to him dictated by a mother's kindness, and they awakened within his heart an answering emotion of filial affection.

"If," said Louis, taking Mrs. Ashburn's proffered hand, "I can but prove myself worthy of such a reception, I shall be but too happy."

Dinner was announced, and Louis, seated at the sumptuous table of Mr. Ashburn, where rare dishes were served up in massive silver and the richest porcelain, thought of

the breakfast of that very morning eaten from a barrel in Mrs. Goodwin's little shop. His Father in heaven had conducted him to friends, and made his cup to run over with blessings, and his heart swelled with gratitude and thankfulness. Mrs. Ashburn perceiving that in the fulness of his feelings, Louis had little disposition to partake of the delicacies before him, with ready tact, forebore to press him to eat.

After dinner, Louis was conducted by a servant to his apartment, where he found his trunks and some other articles belonging to him, which Mr. Ashburn had directed to be brought from Mr. Delaplaine's establishment; and the latter gentleman had scrupulously sent all, even to the smallest trifle, for he wished to be thought *honest*.

"And can I," thought Louis, "be useful to Mr. Ashburn, so that I may feel that I do not eat the bread of dependence? for without this, I could not be contented, even here. And then, again, how shall I be able to do what I wish for Ida, that she may have a home? And oh! that I could hope to pay my father's debts, so that he might be permitted to come to his native land, and spend the evening of life with his children! I cannot, I will not believe that my father has become the bad man his enemies represent; he may have erred, he doubtless has,—but, may his son never be so base, as to abandon him."

In the solitude of his chamber, Louis knelt, and returned thanks for deliverance from the wicked, and for other blessings granted him; he prayed for his father, that he might be led to forsake all evil ways, and become an humble penitent, caring not for the applause of men, but the approbation of God. This act of devotion, and filial piety performed, Louis felt his heart lightened of a burden, and that with renewed courage he was ready to begin his duties.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

IDA NORMAN A TEACHER AT SCIENCE HALL.

YEARS passed on, and Ida Norman had become a teacher in the school of her friend and benefactress, Mrs. Newton. Her proud and haughty spirit, subdued by trials, was softened into submission; and the seal of piety had become impressed upon her character. Who that saw her now, bearing patiently with the obstinacy and petulence of others, calm, meek and uncomplaining amidst the toils and privations of her situation, would have recognised the self-willed, imperious and violent Ida Norman, as she first appeared at Science Hall?

But think not her spirit was crushed, her independence of thought destroyed. No, Ida Norman in her carriage and deportment was lofty and commanding, it was in her nature to be so; but the meek graces of her subdued spirit so tempered her sterner qualities, that while she commanded respect, she inspired love and confidence. The youngest pupil in the school would ask Ida to share in her little sports; and many a doll received a finishing touch to her toilette from Ida's tasteful hand. In trouble, she was a sympathising friend, and in perplexity, a judicious adviser; but when her duty obliged her to command, she was decided and inflexible.

"Do tell me, Miss Ida," said little Rosa Lansing, as the

child sat on her lap, and looked up in her calm, serene eye, "what makes you so good? Every one loves you, and Mrs. Newton tells us we must try to imitate you; it seems to be so natural for you to do right. I do not believe you ever knew how to be bad."

"Ah! my dear child," said Ida, while the tear trembled in her eye, "you little know how very bad I once was, and how much I have tried to overcome my bad temper, and to do my duty; and even now, dear little Rose, I am far from being such an example as I ought to be."

Little Rose nestled closer to Ida, and looked surprised at the falling tears. "I am glad to hear," said she, "that you was ever a bad girl, for it gives me courage to hope that I may grow to be a good young lady too. But was you punished a great deal, when you was little, and what did they do to you; did they shut you up, or make you go to bed and lie all day and live on bread and water, or learn a great many extra lessons, or hymns, or chapters from the bible?"

"I received little correction for my faults, either at home or at school, but my Father in Heaven punished me."

Rosa looked surprised. "What did He do to you, Miss Ida?"

"He humbled my pride, Rosa; he made me feel that in this world, I had no home and no parents, and that I must look to him alone for care and protection."

"And did you love God the better because he punished you, my dear Miss Ida? I love best those who are kind to me."

"But, my child, did you never think that kindness is often shewn, in making you suffer?"

"How can that be?"

"You remember, Rosa, when you was so ill last summer, that the doctor gave you bitter medicine which made you well; was he not kinder in doing this, than if he had given you sugar plumbs, which would have been pleasant

to the taste, but would have increased your disease? So our Father in Heaven sends bitter trials to those he loves, that he may cure them of mental diseases."

"But could not God make us good, without the bitter medicines, if he wished?"

"God leaves us to our own choice as to our conduct; if he acted for us, or made us act, we should not be as now, free agents; we should be like machines,—but we have souls, and our actions must be governed by our own wishes, or we should deserve no rewards, we should merit no punishment, there would be no such thing as good or evil. We do not think the fragrant flower, the luscious fruit, or the beautiful landscape, deserving our love and esteem on account of their perfection, which is merely physical;—but moral goodness commands our regard, because we know it proceeds from choice or principle. Should I care for the love of my little Rosa, if I did not think it came from her own heart; that she loves me voluntarily, and not because she is acted upon like a machine and made to be affectionate?"

"Rosa, Rosa Lansing, come here," cried a little girl from an adjoining room, "Abigail Pry says she wants to tell you a secret that she has just heard from Dolly Crump."

"Shall I go Miss Ida?" said little Rosa, "I believe you do not think those girls are good companions for me; I have heard that their sisters were very troublesome in school, and that they are just like them."

"They are not always good children—you had better go, as they ask to see you; but I should not wish you to be made a confidant of their secrets; and never promise not to reveal what they tell you, for it might be something which it would not be right for you to conceal. When I was a little girl, I suffered much from the teasing, ill-natured dispositions of the sisters of these children, but I think they were sorry afterwards, that they made me unhappy;—but go Rosa, Miss Landon and myself have an engagement this evening. Re-

member that you cannot be good, without you try to be so and that we make ourselves what we are."

"Good bye, dear Miss Ida," said Rosa, "I had rather hear you talk, than to play with any of the little girls; I am always best when I am with you."

"Good bye, my sweet little friend, may you never need severe trials to make you what you should be."

Ida looked after the little girl as she playfully ran along the passage, and a sad feeling arose that her youthful buoyancy must be so soon checked by the stern realities of life. She did not like for her the companionship of the two girls who had succeeded their sisters, Sally and Maria as pupils in the school, and who like them were addicted to tattling and mischief.

In a few minutes, Rosa came running, till she was out of breath, exclaiming, "Oh Miss Ida, Abigail Pry says that Dolly Crump has just received a letter from her sister Maria; and she has written to her, that your brother, Mr. Louis Norman, is engaged to the rich Miss Selby—that this is the talk of the whole city; and she thinks Miss Laura Landon will feel very unhappy, when she knows about it."

"Hush, Rosa, dear, do not repeat such nonsense; I am astonished that Miss Crump should be writing in this way to her sister, a little school girl."

"I am sure, Miss Ida, we all think Miss Laura Landon and your brother were made for each other; and I should not think he would chose Miss Julia Selby, just because she is rich."

"You little girls should not be thinking about such things, Rosa. My brother has been long attached to Miss Landon and Miss Selby, as friends, and for my sake. Do not, my child, listen to those who would fill your little head with idle stories about that, which they, nor you, can know nothing."

Ida then went to seek Laura Landon, who, like herself,

was still an inmate of Mrs. Newton's family, and a teacher in the school. She knocked gently at Laura's door; no one spake, she attempted to open it but found it locked. In a moment, however, Laura opened the door, she had evidently been weeping, though she attempted to conceal this from Ida's observation by averting her face as if busied with some arrangements about the room. "Laura, dear Laura," said Ida, "what has happened? you cannot deceive me, you have been weeping; are we not friends, and should I not share your sorrows, if you have any? Has any thing happened to Willie? It is but a few days since we heard that he and Frank Selby were well, and hastening their preparations to return home."

"You saw my brother's letter from Italy, Ida. I have had no later intelligence."

"But I thought you were putting a letter in your pocket as I entered;—pardon me, my dear Laura, you know I never conceal any thing from you; and should we not still confide in one another, as we have ever done?"

Laura embraced Ida with affection,—"do not speak thus," said she, "there may, sometimes, be feelings in our hearts which we would hide even from ourselves; and such only would I keep from your knowledge, my best and dearest friend. But Ida why are you not dressing for Julia's birth-night party? Mrs. Newton always likes to go early, and you have so far to go."

"You have not yet commenced your own toilette, Laura."

"Will you not excuse me to-night, dear Ida? I have some things to do at home, and if you go with Mrs. Newton we shall be well represented there. I am sure no one will observe my absence."

"That is the most unkind speech, dear Laura, I ever heard you make. What can have given you such sad and distrustful feelings? You know that Julia would be much hurt, should you not go."

"No, Ida, I do not know that;—Julia Selby, the reigning belle of New York, cannot think of us, as we think of her; it is impossible she should not be affected by the homage she receives. She is beautiful, accomplished, amiable, and rich,—no shade of sorrow has ever yet touched her heart; May she never need trials to refine or elevate her character! For this world, Julia is perfect, but she has never yet felt that this world is not her home. If my prayer for her might be granted, she would ever be preserved from sorrow, and at last translated to heaven, without being obliged to pass through the fiery furnace of affliction. Julia was ever kind to the poor obscure Laura Landon, and Heaven forbid she should not rejoice in her felicity! But, Ida, I would that I might be excused from going out to-night. I fear, however, it would grieve Mrs. Newton should I decline going; and you, dear Ida, wish me to go; so I will make the effort, though, indeed, my head aches sadly."

CHAPTER II.

CHANGE IN THE CHARACTER OF JULIA SELBY.—STATE OF AFFAIRS BETWEEN LOUIS NORMAN AND LAURA LANDON.

Julia Selby had made a brilliant entrée into society, and was then, "the bright, particular star" among the throngs who crowded the gay saloons of New York. She had never, herself, known that she was fond of admiration until the danger came. Naturally generous and noble in her disposition, she had in her school days ever been ready to take the part of the injured, and had held herself above the petty jealousies which would often break out among her

school-companions. Her correct deportment, her generous friendship for those whom it was in her power to serve, and her command over her own passions, gained for Julia Selby the praise of all whose praise she valued.

But though by human eye, the fault was unseen, though by herself it was unsuspected; in the sight of Him who searcheth the heart, she was guilty of a sin that dimmed the lustre of her virtues, and took from them their chief merit;—an inordinate love of praise, wordly ambition, and the desire for admiration, were the ruling passions of her soul. At school, she had been greatly influenced by the power which Mrs. Newton wielded over her mind. To render herself such as she could love and esteem, to come up to her standard of perfection, was then her aim. She imbibed her tastes and modes of thinking to a certain degree, and often said, "when I leave school, I will consult Mrs. Newton about my course in life; I shall desire to be under her guidance."

Mrs. Newton loved her gifted and obedient pupil with a mother's tenderness, but she never felt that she was possessed of the master-key of her mind. She sought to lead her to religion as the source of all true happiness; but here her efforts were baffled. Julia agreed to all matters of faith, gave serious attention to all the external duties of religion; but she shrunk from that meek and child-like reception of divine truth, which works silently and deeply in the heart, and purifies the affections. Under the plea that she was not as good as she should be, she forbore to claim the privilege of enrolling herself among the professing children of God; always saying, that she only deferred it, until "a more convenient season."

It was not without fears and misgivings, that Mrs. Newton saw her lovely pupil go from her care, to encounter the flatteries and temptations incident to her position in society, as the only daughter of the rich Mr. Selby, known as one of the millionaires of the city.

The death of her mother, which occurred about two years before Julia left school, had been felt by her as a deep affliction; but such events, when not followed by any change of condition or loss of fortune, do not always make a lasting impression on the young mind. Julia had loved her mother tenderly, and shed bitter tears over her grave; but grief in the heart of the young, is soon effaced by new scenes, and new events.

Julia Selby her own mistress, with uncontrolled power over her father's affections, and purse, and urged on by an unbounded ambition, stood in a dangerous position. She still, often asked Mrs. Newton's advice; she still, loved her early friends, Laura Landon and Ida Norman; and often stole away from the fascinations of society, to spend a quiet day at Science Hall. But her visits became less and less frequent, and the perfect confidence which had existed between herself and her friends at the Hall seemed gradually on the wane.

Laura Landon with all her warm love for Julia, had early seen that she was never pleased when Louis Norman bestowed on her any marks of attention. Laura, who was too humble in her pretensions to believe for a moment, that Louis would not prefer Julia to herself, had sought to repress a growing partiality for him, and prudently avoided, as much as possible, occasions of meeting him, or being in his society.

Louis in reference to this conduct on her part, reproached her for her coldness, avowing, in plain terms, that she had long been an object of deep, and peculiar interest to him. "I only wait," he said, "Laura, to have the unhappy fate of my father ascertained, and to see his affairs honorably settled, in order to place myself at your disposal, for life."

Relying fully on the honor of Louis Norman, Laura after such a declaration, had allowed greater indulgence to her feelings, and friendship had gradually ripened into emotions

of a more tender kind. Louis and she read together the same books, sang together the same songs, admired the same prospects, and their minds seemed to produce, by their union, sweet and thrilling harmony.

Louis had no other prospect before him, but that of making his way in life by his own talents and industry. Laura also was poor; there was, therefore, no inequality in their conditions.

Ida never seemed happier, than when she saw her brother and her friend happy in the society of each other. Thus had stood affairs between Louis Norman and Laura Landon, when Ida discovered the latter weeping in secret.

A letter had, in due course of mail, been received by Laura, the superscription of which suggested the well-known hand of Louis. They had never corresponded, but Laura, from his professions, was justified in expecting a more explicit declaration. It was, therefore, with a light heart, and a glowing cheek, that she opened this letter, which she deemed the harbinger of future happiness. The first sentence almost petrified her with astonishment;—indignant, she cast the letter from her, and for a few minutes she might have been taken for a marble statue, so cold, pale and motionless, she sat; but summoning resolution, she at length finished reading the epistle, which ran thus:—

"I am sorry, Miss Landon, to be obliged to address you these lines, but having observed in you, various indications of partiality for me, I think it right to inform you that it will be in vain for you to hope to gain my affections. Had you wealth, I acknowledge I might think a future connexion desirable, but my own want of fortune, renders it the more necessary that I should select for my future companion in life, one who can remedy this deficiency. I hope this honorable avowal on my part, will not interrupt the friendship which has existed between you and my sister, as I should be very unwilling to believe that your professed attachment

to her, had been founded on the hope of obtaining the hand of her brother. With esteem, I am respectfully yours, &c.,

LOUIS NORMAN."

Again did Laura cast the note from her, scarcely knowing what she did, and regarding it with that kind of horror which one would feel to see a venomous reptile crawling near his person, from which he has no hope of escape. Tears at length came to her relief, and she wept long and bitterly over the wreck of cherished hopes; and what was even more agonizing than slighted love, the loss of esteem for one whose character she had long regarded with the highest degree of admiration.

Laura wished not that Ida should see her tears; she would not pain the heart of her friend by exposing her brother's meanness; and when obliged to admit her into her apartment, she sought to conceal her grief and agitation. At first, she thought it would not be possible for her to go to the birth-night party. Louis was to be there, he had promised to be in waiting for them in the vestibule. How could she meet him, with her present feelings; or how could she summon fortitude to go at all? But this was not Laura's first trial; she had been taught in the school of affliction, and the question, "What ought I to do?" was that which influenced her to action, rather than "What can I do?" or "What would I prefer to do?" So she determined to dress for the party, and not to disappoint the kind Mrs. Newton, or render Ida unhappy by her refusal to go.

Though Mrs. Newton had little taste for gay society, she was too deeply interested in her former, beloved pupil, Julia Selby, not to wish to be near, and observe her, in her debût in society. Of all her pupils, Julia had been to Mrs. Newton the most of an enigma. So perfect had she seemed at times, so noble in thought, so amiable in feeling, so generous and lofty in disposition and principle, that one might almost have deemed, she was exempt from any blemish of human infirmity.

But the question would oft arise in the anxious mind of Mrs. Newton, "Is her heart deeply imbued with these good qualities, or do they merely adorn the surface?" She knew that Julia had read many works of imagination, and sometimes feared that she studiously modelled her character after the heroines of romance. Year after year, had Mrs. Newton found in Julia Selby the same attentive listener to her counsels and instruction, the same lovely and interesting girl, attracting the attention of strangers by her intelligence and ease of manners, and carefully attending to her required duties, a pattern and example to her companions. But the motive, the end and aim of all, was not fully understood by Mrs. Newton; and much she feared the effect of the world, and its allurements upon the heart of Julia.

The affection of Miss Selby for her two school friends, Ida Norman and Laura Landon, led her often to solicit their society, and Mrs. Newton was not unwilling to permit them to see enough of fashionable life to form their opinions as to its effects on human happiness. She was satisfied with regard to them, that they would never become intoxicated with pleasure, so as to forget the claims of duty, or put to shame their christian profession. With a mother's pride, she desired too, that they might have an opportunity of being seen to advantage, conscious that their personal attractions and their accomplishments would not pass unnoticed.

CHAPTER III.

JULIA SELBY'S PARTY.

Mrs. Newton's carriage drove up to the brilliantly lighted, town residence of Mr. Selby in Mannering-Place, at nine o'clock, and the ladies were met in the entrance by Louis Norman. He shook hands with Mrs. Newton, saluted Ida affectionately, and coldly bowed to Laura from whose cheeks the wonted roseate tint had faded, and left them colorless as Parian marble.

"What ails you, dear Laura?" whispered Ida, as they went into the dressing-room to lay aside their wrappings; "you have not spoken during the whole drive, and you have lost all your color. Why did you and Louis meet so coldly?"

"Nothing, Ida, nothing ails me; if you love me, do not notice my appearance, Mrs. Newton will hear you and will become alarmed."

Mrs. Newton did not hear, but she saw that Laura was pale, and attributing her indisposition to the motion of the carriage, led her to an open window. Laura soon affirmed that she felt quite well, and was ready to go to the drawing-room.

Mrs. Newton entered the drawing-room with Miss Landon, while Mr. Norman and his sister followed. Ida had insisted that Laura should enter with her brother; Laura said coldly, she preferred to go with Mrs. Newton, and Louis very formally remarked, that the ladies could arrange the matter as they thought proper. Mrs. Newton was surprised at the *nonchalance* of Louis, and still more at what she deemed Laura's caprice, so unlike any thing in her conduct she had ever before witnessed; but there was no

time for remark or inquiry, and they passed with the crowd into the reception-room.

Julia Selby, amidst all the splendors of the most elegant suite of rooms which New York could furnish, and standing amidst an admiring circle of its *élite*, saw her friends advance, with a sweet and *becoming* smile.—To honor and love a woman like Mrs. Newton, was to reflect honor upon herself; and to have two such lovely friends as Ida and Laura, was a proof that she did not fear being eclipsed by their beauty, and was above the meanness of envy. Moreover, the dignity and grace of Mrs. Newton, the loveliness of Laura, the blonde, and Ida, the brunette, were additions to the *tout ensemble* of her *soireé*. There was the greater *éclat*, as hers were the only parties that Mrs. Newton, with her two admired *protégées*, ever attended.

But a belle at her own birth-night celebration could not be expected to bestow more than a passing attention upon any female friends;—and Miss Selby, lustrous with rich jewels, and radiant with smiles and animation, taking the proffered arm of Mr. Norman, moved with queenly dignity to meet a party who had just entered the saloon, and were advancing towards her.

"How beautifully Julia looks to night," said Ida in a low tone to Laura.

"Oh very sweetly, she is always lovely," was the answer, "and no wonder that she is loved;" the sigh that accompanied this remark, was so low and smothered that Ida heard not its faintest breath.

But hark! "what fairy-like music," steals upon the ear? Julia Selby is at the harp, and by her side stands Louis Norman:—a shade of sadness, at variance with the gay scene, passes over his fine features but soon disappears; and, as he turns over the music, he bends and whispers to Julia, words which bring a brighter carnation to her cheeks.

"Who is that elegant young man standing by Miss

Selby ?" said a gentleman near Laura Landon, to a lady who was leaning on his arm.

"Is it possible, Mr. Binns, you do not know Mr. Norman, the young lawyer, who has recently made himself so distinguished at the bar, by his eloquence? Though he has but just completed his studies, he is becoming quite celebrated, or *notorious*, as I heard a boarding-school girl lately say of an illustrious man. I dare say you recollect the clamor which, a few years since, was raised against the father of this gentleman, who was at one time a leading politician; but he was sent on a foreign mission, and suddenly disappeared, nobody knew how, or where."

"You must not go very far back, Miss Ninns, if you expect me to remember; I rank myself among the juveniles."

"Oh yes, you have done that these thirty years, Mr. Binns."

"To your certain knowledge and observation, Miss Ninns; is it not so?"

"Suppose we change the subject, Mr. Binns; you know we should never make disagreeable allusions, especially in society."

"'Those that live in glass houses,' you know, Miss Ninns."

"I declare, Mr. Binns, you are getting worse, and worse," and Miss Ninns, in affected anger, patted his arm with her feather-tipped fan; "but hark, Miss Selby is going to sing again, and young Norman is all attention."

"He seems the favored admirer," said Mr. Binns, "they are certainly a superb looking couple."

"I have heard," said Miss Ninns, "that Mr. Norman was engaged to a young lady residing with Mrs. Newton, at Science Hall, I believe a kind of teacher there, but I dare say it is mere rumor, he certainly appears very devoted to Miss Selby."

Laura had turned towards a window, and was stooping to

inhale the fragrance of a vase of camelias and moss-rose buds, when this remark was made,—to her relief, Mr. Binns and Miss Ninns soon walked towards the harp, and her agitation passed unnoticed.

Mrs. Newton was conversing with a few friends whom she had not met for some time, and Ida, who had been urged by Laura, to leave her at the conservatory window, had joined a party in an adjoining saloon. Thus was Laura left to bear, as well as she might, with no relief nor support, the painfulness of her situation. While watching for an opportunity to escape from the room without observation, she saw Julia Selby and Louis Norman advancing towards her.

"My dear Laura," said the former, "why are you alone among so many beaux? but you must come and take my place at the harp, for Mr. Norman insists that I must dance with him the next quadrille, and you know he dances so seldom, I cannot refuse. Mr. Harcourt begs the honor of conducting you to the harp. I am happy, Mr. Harcourt, to introduce you to my very particular friend, Miss Landon."

Laura made a strong effort to control her feelings, and without a glance at Louis, took the proffered arm of Mr. Harcourt. Instead of singing, which she felt to be impossible, she played a popular march; and then, little heeding the compliments of Mr. Harcourt, desired that gentleman to conduct her to Mrs. Newton.

The striking beauty of Ida Norman commanded much attention, and she had little opportunity during the evening of observing Laura, or the sadness which, notwithstanding all her efforts, had appeared in her countenance. Sick at heart, and exhausted with her efforts to disguise her feelings, Laura requested Mrs. Newton to call their carriage that she might go to her mother's residence to pass the night, as it was nearer than the Hall, and she still felt indisposed.

Mrs. Newton insisted on going with her; Ida, also, proposed leaving the party and accompanying her, but Laura

begged they would remain, that her going before supper might be the less observed. Mrs. Newton now suspecting that something unpleasant had taken place between her and Louis, was glad to give them an opportunity for an explanation.

They proceeded for a time in painful silence, at length, Louis remarked, "You may be pleased to know, Miss Landon, that I have, to-day, received a letter from your brother, in which he tells me, that having accomplished in Italy, the mercantile negotiations for the firm of Selby & Co., and visited most of the interesting works of art in the principal cities, he intends returning, soon."

"Oh that he were here!" said Laura, "he has been gone so long."

"Length of time to me," said Louis, "seems not to depend on days, or years, but events,—sudden changes make us seem to have lived years, in moments; but of all changes, a change in the feelings of those we love, is that which most embitters life!"

"Do you think so?" asked Laura, scarcely knowing what she said, "I am sorry, Mr. Norman, you left the company to come with me, it was not necessary you should have done so;—but there is my mother's cottage, with a glimmering night-lamp in the little parlor."

The carriage stopped, Louis assisted the trembling Laura to alight, and as they walked across the little court-yard, he said, "I well remember the first time I came here, I was then, friendless and unhappy. Since then my fortunes have changed, but I am, at this moment, more wretched than I was then, for I was cheered by hope, and confided in the affections of those I loved."

"Can there be love without fortune?" said Laura, ironically, and with emphasis.

"Such a sentiment from you, Laura, I had not expected; but henceforth I will trust to no one; even your brother

who has been my bosom friend for so many years, may become my bitterest enemy."

"My brother's principles, Mr. Norman, will secure you from his enmity, though he will doubtless feel sensibly, the insult you have this day offered his sister."

Louis, thunder-struck, found himself standing alone on the steps of Mrs. Landon's house. Laura had rung the bell, Serena had opened the door, and the cold "good-night" of the former sounded in his ears, as the door closed and the bolts were drawn.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MYSTERY THICKENS.—A YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S OPINION OF A COQUETTE.

Mrs. Newton and Ida Norman called early on the following day at Mrs. Landon's to inquire after Laura;—the agitation of the previous day, with her unnatural energy and forced composure, had thrown her into a fever; a physician who had been called in had prescribed rest, and ordered that the patient should see no one but her attendants, pronouncing that there was great danger of a brain-fever.

Mrs. Landon could only say, that soon after Laura arrived at home the night before, from Miss Selby's party, she was seized with chills and spasmodic affections, which were followed by fever and a tendency to delirium. Ida begged Mrs. Landon to allow her to remain and assist Serena in the kitchen, that Mrs. Landon might the better devote her whole attention to the care of Laura. "I can also some-

times watch her when she is asleep," said Ida, "and be ready, as soon as the Doctor will permit, to stay with her entirely."

Mrs. Newton, with a heavy heart, left Mrs. Landon's, fearing greatly the result of so violent an attack, but her duties called her home, and she could do no good by staying. As she seated herself in her carriage, she thought of Louis Norman, and the singular manner in which he and Laura had met, after so many years of friendship, to say nothing of a closer tie.

"Drive to the office of Ashburn & Norman," said Mrs. Newton.

On arriving there, she was informed that Mr. Norman was ill, and could see no one. Mrs. Newton sent in her name, and was immediately admitted into an appartment fitted up with exquisite taste, with books, pictures, statuary, and the portrait of the elder Mr. Norman still occupying the same place as when Louis first entered this room.

"And is this your sanctum, Louis?" said Mrs. Newton.

"Mr. Ashburn," replied Louis, "has resigned to me this pleasant apartment, with the entire charge of the business affairs of the office."

"A great proof of confidence in one so young, for you are yet young Louis, to occupy so high a position. Mr. Ashburn's reputation is unsurpassed by any in the profession—But I am sorry to hear you are indisposed this morning. I have just left our dear Laura, quite ill,—the physician says with a brain-fever."

"A brain-fever, Mrs. Newton, is it possible!"

"Louis, since your father committed you to my care, I have watched over you with a mother's tenderness, I am now about to use a mother's freedom,—bear with me while I ask you some questions, and answer me candidly. Why did you meet Laura so coldly last night at Mr. Selby's, has she given you any cause of offence?"

Louis walked the room for several minutes, much agitated, and without speaking; then taking from his pocket a letter, he handed it to Mrs. Newton. "I acknowledge, dear madam," said he, "your claim upon my confidence; and as the friend and protectress of Laura Landon, you ought, also to be made acquainted with the contents of this letter which I received yesterday, and which has rendered me wretched beyond any power of description. Indeed, I have been ready a thousand times to believe it a forgery, and but for Laura's coldness when we first met last night, and her singular behaviour afterwards, with her strange charges and insinuations, I would have thrown the letter into the fire, and tried to forget it."

Mrs. Newton took the letter, and read as follows:

"To Louis Norman, Esq.

Sir:—You have, I perceive, flattered yourself with the thought that I am interested in you, but you are mistaken. Had you a fortune, I would be willing to marry you; but you permit your sister to be a teacher, which shews you to be mean-spirited. If I have ever encouraged your addresses, it was with certain views and expectations of your father's return to the country, and clearing up his character; but there seems no prospect of this, and I do not wish you to think of me more, nor ever to speak to me on the subject of this letter,—my resolution is unalterable. If we meet at Miss Selby's party, it must be as mere acquaintances; I wish the public to be undeceived in respect to our mutual relations.

With unalterable resolution, Laura Landon."

"Is it possible Louis," said Mrs. Newton, almost in anger, "that you could have believed, for one moment, this production, coarse and low as it is, to have emanated from one so delicate, refined, and noble hearted as Laura Landon? It is a base forgery, and you should have known it for such." "Blame me as you will, my dearest

madam, the more, the better," said Louis, grasping her hand, "for oh if I could but forget this troubled dream of yesterday, and last night, I might again be happy; at least" added he with a sigh, "as happy as I can ever hope, or desire to be, while the fate of my unhappy father remains a mystery. But Mrs. Newton, this is surely Laura's writing; you know she has a peculiar hand, difficult to imitate, and besides, who could wish to injure one so lovely, or to inflict a wound like this upon my feelings!"

"It is a very close imitation of her hand, and it might well have deceived you, only you ought, almost, to have doubted the evidence of your senses, rather than to have condemned one whose whole life and character have been free from all reproach. The signature was doubtless traced over her own writing, which might easily have been done, as the paper is so thin. Give me the letter, and I will endeavor to find out the author or authors. I strongly suspect two former pupils, who have been the occasion of much trouble to me, and annoyance to the different members of my family. One of them readily imitated almost any writing, and formerly shewed a great propensity to do mischief in this way."

"But Laura's conduct towards me last night, how can that be accounted for?"

"Is it not possible, that she too may have been imposed on in a similar manner; and that your treatment of her was confirmation of some change of feeling in respect to her? You was very marked in your attentions to Miss Selby last evening; and I doubt not, by this time, the intelligence is extensively circulated, that you are a candidate for the favor of the rich heiress. Are there no attractions to you, Louis, in the splendid fortune of Julia, united as it is with rich personal and mental endowments?"

"Spare me, my dear madam, spare me," said Louis; "is it possible that you do not know me better than to suppose

my heart could be bartered away for gold? I admire the wit and elegance of Miss Selby, and have formerly thought more highly of her moral qualities than I do at present, for it is but too evident, that like Alexander, she is never satisfied with conquest. Piqued by the contents of this hateful letter, and most of all by the allusion to my father, I stooped for once to act the hypocrite; and bowed to the bright star of the evening."

"But Louis," said Mrs. Newton, "was it right for you to deceive Julia with respect to your feelings, and thus endanger her future happiness?"

"You need have no fears Mrs. Newton," replied Louis, "for Julia Selby's heart; had you not been blinded by your partiality for your pupil, (excuse my freedom) you would, before this, have seen that she is too great an admirer of herself, too fond of the homage of the many, to be in danger from that passion which leads the thoughts from self to the beloved object. But I trust you will now absolve me for what may have seemed wrong in my behaviour last night, both as respects Laura and Miss Selby; your supposition that Laura may have also been imposed upon with a forged letter, would solve the mystery in respect to her conduct; I fear she has indeed been unhappy.—How could I have believed, for a moment, such sentiments were ever expressed by her? But can I not see Laura?"

"No, Louis, not at present; I have not been permitted myself, to see her this morning; but Ida remains to assist and comfort her mother."

"Dear, kind sister," exclaimed Louis, "how much do I owe her!"

"I must now go," said Mrs. Newton rising, "but compose yourself, or you too will have a brain-fever. Did you get any sleep last night?"

"I was in no state of mind to sleep."

"I advise you now to take some rest, you may depend on

having every thing explained. After dinner, you can call at Mrs. Landon's; by that time, Laura will, I doubt not, have become more composed, and I hope, may be well enough to receive and make all necessary explanation."

"Words are too feeble to express my thanks to you, my ever dear friend, my more than mother," said Louis, "you have removed from my heart, by your suggestions and assurances, a burthen which was insupportable."

"I need no thanks Louis, I only wish to see you all happy, and I may add, doing right. But take care of yourself, and meet me at Mrs. Landon's this evening, at sun-set."

Mrs. Newton pursued her pleasant ride home, with the consciousness of having prevented evil, and of being made an instrument in the hands of Providence of promoting the happiness of others.

CHAPTER V.

THE BELLE AT HER MORNING RECEPTION.—THE DISAPPOINTMENT.—SECRET MUSINGS.—DETERIORATION OF CHARACTER, OR THE SAD EFFECTS OF VANITY.

The morning after Miss Selby's splendid party, her drawing-room, at twelve o'clock, began to fill with gentlemen, who according to etiquette, called to learn the state of her health after the excitement of the party. She was elegantly attired, in a morning costume of studied and becoming negligence, and her face was radiant with smiles.

Her lively wit, and pleasant conversation charmed many an admirer, who came to the conclusion, that Miss Selby would be very well, even without a fortune; but with one,

was quite irresistible. As each new visitor was announced, and many had taken leave, Julia began to appear anxious, and to look more and more earnestly towards the door;—and when the calling hour was passed, and among the crowd Louis Norman had not yet appeared, her spirits sank. She scarcely attempted to disguise her weariness and ennui from the few visitors who still lingered; and when the last one had gone, she gave way to her feelings of mortification and wounded pride,—throwing herself upon a sofa, and covering her face with her hands, she mentally exclaimed, "why should he, whom most I wished to see, have absented himself at this time? Louis Norman, last night, for the first time, gave me his attention—after so long endeavoring to interest him, success seemed to have crowned my efforts, his reserve and coldness vanished, he left Laura Landon to be my side; almost for the first time, he seemed delighted with my singing, and to admire the beautiful style of my dress. For his attention, I sacrificed that of others; he must have seen it, and yet he fails to come at this time when he knows I should expect him! what will be thought of his absence?

"But perhaps, he wishes to see me alone. He certainly would not have left the party with Laura Landon, if Mrs. Newton had not requested it. But he might have returned, yet he did not, and he has not chosen to come this morning. What avails to me the profusion of gifts showered upon me on my birth-day, if I am to be humiliated, mortified and disappointed?

"Louis Norman is, I know, proud; perhaps, fearing he may be considered mercenary in seeking my regard, he is sometimes led to avoid me;—possibly, I have not given him sufficient encouragement. He would never be influenced by the motives which actuate many; and it is this belief that leads me to wish to see him among my admirers. Without fortune, or any of its advantages, would I fear competition

with Laura Landon?" and Julia, mentally, compared their persons, talents and accomplishments, with a satisfied complacency.

"If Louis Norman, cares for Laura Landon," continued Julia, in her soliloquy, "why did he so pointedly neglect her last night? if he does not, why should I have looked in vain, for him this morning?"

Julia did not now, as in past times, ask herself what Mrs. Newton would think of her feelings. She had determined to gain the attentions of Louis Norman, not from any particular regard for him, but from a desire of power over the hearts of others, and for the gratification of vanity; and the less Louis had seemed disposed to yield himself to her sway, the more deeply she had become interested in the seige she had laid upon his heart.

William Landon had been the hero of Julia's early dreams; she had, when a school girl, thought she loved him; and was, even now, awaiting his return from abroad with fond expectations, that he would, if duly encouraged, become her acknowledged admirer, and consider himself honored, even by being rejected by Miss Selby.

Thus had vanity and ambition made strange havoc in the heart of one, who as a child, and even on the verge of womanhood, had seemed almost a perfect pattern of justice and honor.

She, who had not cared for the pleasures which wealth could purchase, and who had been generous and kind to the children of sorrow, suddenly became a coveter of hearts, a miser in respect to admiration, to gain which, she was not only prodigal of time and money, but sacrificed her best and noblest aspirations. She sacrificed too, her own self-esteem, and when with Ida and Laura, at Science Hall, or in Mrs. Newton's society, she felt that she was changed, and sought to hide from her friends, the dark spot upon her heart.

Julia Selby deceived herself in thinking that she really

loved Louis Norman; the difficulty of the conquest only had made her eager to accomplish it. Though she still loved Laura Landon, as far as an *egotist* can love another, and would still, as in former years, have defended her against any one who should speak ill of her, she could not yield to her, on a point where her own pride and ambition were concerned. But Julia Selby, though she had in a degree, lost the noble ingenuousness, and honest simplicity of childhood, did not fully understand the deceitfulness of her own heart, its envy towards one whom she called her friend, and its grasping desires, which could not be satisfied while one object was beyond her reach.

CHAPTER VI.

WHY MRS. LANDON PREFERRED HER HUMBLE DWELLING TO A BETTER ONE.—WHY MRS. NEWTON DID NOT LIVE AN EASIER LIFE.—THE MYSTERY OF THE LETTERS SOLVED.—TWO PUPILS DISMISSED.

Mrs. Landon's humble dwelling of former years, endeared to her by many associations was still her home; though her son, now a partner in the great mercantile house of Selby & Co., had often urged her removal to a habitation better fitted to the improved circumstances of the family. But her habits of living in a plain and simple manner, were so fixed, Mrs. Landon said, that she preferred to remain in her present situation, at least till William's return from abroad.

The faithful Serena still lived with her: but though a servant, able to do the work of the small household, was now added to it, Serena would scarcely permit any thing to be done without her assistance, or supervision.

Mrs. Landon had permitted Laura to remain with Mrs. Newton beyond the time specified in their arrangement, both for the improvement of her own mind, and because she considered it incumbent on her daughter, to aid in duties which the impaired health and advancing years of her friend and benefactress, rendered more arduous.

From year to year, Mrs. Newton had promised herself and the friends who anxiously regarded the sacrifices she was making, that the next year she would dismiss her school, and allow herself that repose from labor, which the state of her health, and her advancing age rendered desirable. But as she saw the path of usefulness, widening and extending before her, she deemed this an indication that her Heavenly Father willed for her, farther labors.

The society of her young friends and daughters, as she fondly called Laura and Ida, was to Mrs. Newton a great source of happiness. She had watched the unfolding of their characters with maternal anxiety; with a mother's pride, she had marked their maturing virtues and loveliness; and many of her thoughts were occupied in plans for their welfare.

She had hastened homeward, bent on penetrating the mystery of the letter to Louis Norman, and of Laura's unhappiness and illness, with strong suspicions, as to the persons with whom the plot, (for evidently there was a plot,) had originated.

On her arrival at the Hall, she requested that Miss Wentworth, still her assistant and trust-worthy friend, might be called to her apartment; to her she shewed the letter which had been sent to Louis, and explained the circumstances connected with it; inquiring of Miss Wentworth, whether she had observed, on the preceding day, any thing peculiar in Laura Landon's conduct or appearance.

Miss Wentworth informed Mrs. Newton, that when the post-boy delivered his letters, one of the girls said, "here is a letter for Miss Landon superscribed in a gentleman's hand,

let me carry it to her, for I do believe it is from Mr. Norman;" that soon after this, she saw Dolly Crump open a letter, and after reading it, hastily, she heard her exclaim, "No indeed, I do not believe Mr. Norman would write to Miss Landon, for I have just received a letter from my sister Maria, in which she says, that Mr. Louis Norman is engaged to the beautiful and rich Miss Selby."

Miss Wentworth further informed Mrs. Newton, that feeling some interest respecting the letter, as she had for some time expected Mr. Norman would formally declare himself to Laura, she went to her room, where she found her in tears, with a letter in her hand. "After urging her for some time," said Miss Wentworth, "to communicate to me the cause of her grief, she put into my hand a letter, saying, 'when you have read this, you can judge whether I have not cause to weep. An insult from such a source, who would have expected!'"

Miss Wentworth then produced the letter, soiled with tears, which Laura had left in her possession, observing, "the more I have reflected, the more strongly am I led to think there is some iniquity connected with this letter; though at first, I was so confounded that I could say nothing, knowing as I do, that Julia Selby has long sought to divert the attentions of Louis to herself, and that, what she attempts, she usually succeeds in."

Mrs. Newton and Miss Wentworth, were astonished to find the imitation (for such they doubted not it was,) of Louis Norman's hand so very close and exact. And on comparing with Laura's writing, the letter which Louis had received with her signature, they wondered not that both had been deceived.

"Have you any idea Miss Wentworth," said Mrs. Newton, "who could have conceived and executed such an iniquitous plot as this, to destroy the happiness of two worthy young persons?"

"I have," replied Miss Wentworth, "a strong suspicion that this is the work of that poor, wretched girl, Maria Crump. You know her envious disposition; and especially how much ill-will she manifested towards Laura, during the whole time she was here; and that she has continued her persecutions since she left school. She was not, of course, invited to Julia Selby's party, and her wicked imagination set itself to work;—she could not endure to think that Laura would be there, attended by Louis Norman. Among her few accomplishments, you may remember she had the faculty of imitating the hand writing of others, with surprising exactness, and that she was frequently detected in writing anonymous, and forged letters, to the school girls, and even to persons in the city."

"It is sad indeed, dear Miss Wentworth, to think of such depravity among the young, and especially those who have enjoyed advantages for moral instruction; of all our pupils, Maria Crump and Sally Pry, were the only ones, who seemed beyond the reach of moral culture. This affair decides me as to a course upon which I have for some time pondered; which is, to request the parents of the two younger girls, who I fear are no better than their sisters, to take them from school. For though unwilling to give up any pupil as incorrigible, I ought not to expose others to the contagion of bad example."

"Few objections will be made to this," said Miss Wentworth, "I have been disposed to advise to this measure for some time; for those younger sisters, one would think, were kept here as spies upon us, all. Shall I send, to-day, to have them taken home?"

"You have my consent," said Mrs. Newton, "but I must leave this to you. I am very anxious to know how Laura is, and to relieve her mind from its burthen of sorrow by exculpating the noble and generous Louis from the disgrace of being the author of a gross insult."

"Do you not think, Mrs. Newton," said Miss Wentworth, "that Julia Selby should be cautioned respecting her very marked preference for Louis Norman, since she has every reason to believe his affections are engaged? I used to doubt whether she preferred him or William Landon, but since the latter went abroad, I have observed she takes much pains to attract Louis. Ought she not to be advised on the subject?"

"How could any advice have been given, my dear Miss Wentworth, so long as affairs were in a state of suspense? Louis was determined to place himself in a situation to live independently, before attempting to seek the affections of any one,—and moreover, he desired to take further measures for learning the fate of his father, before forming new ties. His own partialities for Laura Landon, and his ingenuous disposition, had, however, led him to expose to her the state of his affections, beyond what he had intended; at least, so I had inferred from his own candid avowal to me, and from Laura's remarks. But I was not authorized to say to Julia Selby, she could not win the affections of young Norman; all I could do, was to tell her in general terms, what I thought of the relation existing between him and Laura, and to caution her against indulging an attachment for any gentleman, until certain of his preference for her. But I fear that Julia may, one day, fall a victim to her desire of power over the affections of others. Most deeply do I regret that her heart has hitherto steeled itself against those religious influences, which alone could have checked her inordinate thirst for admiration, and directed the energies of her mind to ennobling pursuits; alas! the world has found in her heart, but too favorable a soil for the growth of poisonous weeds, which more and more choke the good seed we so long strove to sow. Poor Julia! her trials are yet to come; she is, I fear, preparing them; and bitter will they be to one so wholly unused to defeat or disappointment."

CHAPTER VII.

IDA NORMAN IN THE KITCHEN.—MRS. NEWTON'S FEARS.—A DECLARATION.

AGAIN was Mrs. Newton seated in Mrs. Landon's parlor. She found Laura much refreshed by sleep, and able to sit up. Mrs. Landon had been so greatly shocked by her daughter's sudden illness, and her singular appearance on returning from the party, that her usual fortitude had nearly deserted her. She forbore to question Laura, because she saw that whatever might be the cause of her distress, it was something she wished to conceal;—but now that her child was better, and her countenance, though sad, was again serene, Mrs. Landon's composure had returned; and she met her dear, and tried friend, Mrs. Newton, with her usual sweet smile, and affectionate welcome.

"And where is Ida?" said Mrs. Newton, after Mrs. Landon had informed her that Laura was now reclining on a couch in her bed-room, having insisted on being permitted to rise, and put on a wrapper; "I hope she has made herself useful."

"Oh she is with Serena in the kitchen;" replied Mrs. Landon, smiling, "she wished to have the direction of the dinner to-day; and you will be an unexpected guest, for you will, of course, spend the day with us."

"Certainly, I would not fail to partake of Ida's dinner," said Mrs. Newton. "She has a great fondness, and talent for domestic management."

"She has a talent for every thing good, I believe," said Mrs. Landon, "how unlike she is to her unfortunate mother! She you know, had little interest in attaining excellence in any thing, save what would tend to promote outward show

and worldly distinction. When I behold the gifted and accomplished daughter, so richly endowed with intellectual acquirements, and high moral qualities, and think what she might have been without trials; nay, more, when I reflect upon the blessings, which, in my own case, followed in the train of what, at the time, seemed evil, I can adopt the language of the bard of Avon, who says;

> 'Sweet are the uses of adversity,
> Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.'

"Had Ida remained with her mother, and in a state of prosperity, how unlike would her character have been! What a different woman she will make, with her many trials, aided by a judicious education!"

Leaving the two ladies in the parlor to discuss Ida Norman's excellencies; let us go into the neat, carpeted kitchen, with its brass-headed andirons, its mahogany clock of olden time, and every thing necessary and convenient for culinary purposes.

Ida Norman has borrowed an apron of Mrs. Landon, and is bustling about with much apparent satisfaction.

"Do you think Serena," says she, "this turkey is roasted? I have turned and basted it a great deal, and it has been on the fire just two hours, according to the clock."

"Yes, Miss Ida, this is nicely done, but we will not take it up until the vegetables are boiled."

"Serena, we have forgotten to make the gravy, let me make it;—where is the sauce-pan, and the butter, and flour?"

"Miss Ida please don't pour boiling water on the flour, it will make it hard, so that it will be all in lumps; you must mix it with cold water, and pour in the hot by degrees."

"That's true Serena; I learned that in chemistry, but your practical knowledge is worth all the theory in the world; however, I shall remember that next time, and a great many

other things you have told me to-day. When I keep house, dear Serena, I hope you will, sometimes, come and instruct me how to do things neatly, for I would like, of all things, to be a good housekeeper."

"Do you expect, Miss Ida, to be married, soon?" said Serena with some emphasis.

"No Serena, I do not think I shall ever be married; but I often dream of my dear father, that he has returned to his country, and that we are living in our own beautiful house, or that, which was, once, ours;—sometimes my mother is there, but I always fancy her as sick, or unable to direct about any thing, and that I have the care of the house, and am very busy trying to make all comfortable and happy; and my dear father, and mother, and Louis, all appear delighted; but just as every thing seems nicely settled, I awake, and find it all a dream; and when I recollect that my mother has long since been laid in the grave, that my father is far off, we know not where, nor in what condition; and that strangers now occupy that house, where once our family circle were united, I cannot but weep, and sob like a child."

"Oh Serena!" cried Ida, "this custard which I wanted to make so nice, for dear Laura, is burning. I fear it is spoiled."

"The stove was too hot, Miss Ida."

"Well, I will not talk any more; but you always listen to me so kindly, and seem to take so much interest in Louis and me—do you remember me, Serena, when I used to come here with my dear mother, and when William gave me a white kitten to carry home?"

"Indeed, Miss Ida, I could not forget you; you were a beautiful child, but I thought you was very proud. The only time, as I recollect that Master Willie was ever angry with me, was for my saying so—but, dear me, you have put salt enough into that little sauce-pan of soup for Miss Laura, for a whole pot of soup!"

"Ah Serena, don't blame me, my hand trembled, and I

spilled the salt over;—but you must never tell Willie of this, that is, if he ever comes back,—I do not know why I have such a foreboding, Serena, but I often think Willie will never return;—Europe has been so fatal to those who were dear to me."

"Do you think your father is still living, Miss Ida?" said Serena, in a sympathising voice.

"I have never heard of my father's death, Serena, and such suspense, for so many years, is far more distressing to me, than would be the certainty, that he was not among the living."

Mrs. Newton had noticed with much anxiety that William Landon was often in Ida's thoughts. With his superior excellencies of disposition, his truly elevated character, and his success in business, now fully established, he was certainly unobjectionable to Mrs. Newton, highly as she thought of Ida's merits and claims. But the choice which might be made by William Landon, was, in Mrs. Newton's opinion, an affair of uncertainty. She had seen the effect of the world upon the character of Julia Selby;—she knew human nature;—was it strange that she should sometimes doubt as to the future course of William Landon? travelling as one of the firm of the great house of Selby & Co., with passports of introduction to the first and most refined society, it was doubtful whether he would return with his affections disengaged, or with a preference for any American lady; and if he did, would he not find among the heiresses of New York, some one who would cause him to forget the portionless Ida Norman? Such were some of Mrs. Newton's cogitations, and queries, respecting the future happiness of her adopted child.

Ida was delighted to find Mrs. Newton in the parlor, and especially, that she would partake of the dinner which she had assisted to prepare.

The simple but excellent repast did credit to the skill of

Serena and Ida; it was partaken with thankful hearts, and seasoned with conversation, witty, sentimental, sensible and pious.

Louis Norman arrived at Mrs. Landon's at the appointed hour. Mrs. Newton saw him alone, and to his astonishment and dismay, produced the letter which had been written to Laura, in his name. Had any proof been needed to convince him that the letter he had received was a forgery, this was sufficient. His own hand-writing had been so closely imitated, that he could scarcely have doubted his signature, had it not been appended to such a paper. His cheek burned with vexation, at the thought of such sentiments having been, for a moment, ascribed to him by Laura.

He wished much to see her and explain, but as that was then impossible, he desired Mrs. Newton to do so;—and soliciting a private interview with Mrs. Landon, he expressed to her his strong and deep attachment to her lovely daughter; and his desire to be permitted to regard her, hereafter, as holding to himself a nearer relation [illegible] of his sister's friend.

Mrs. Landon, knowing something of the state of Laura's affections, and having long regarded Louis with the highest confidence and esteem, did not hesitate to encourage him with hope for the future.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

SELF-EDUCATION, OR THE EARLY HISTORY OF WILLIAM LANDON.—MERIT REWARDED.

William Landon had entered the establishment of Mr. Selby, as the youngest clerk; whose duty it was, to fold up the goods, keep the store in order, and carry home packages. He had been most thankful for this employment; as the small stipend he received, enabled him to do a little for his mother. At night, as soon as released from duty, he might have been seen engaged in study, under the direction of his mother, whose own thorough education had embraced the classics, as well as the higher departments of English literature. He made more rapid progress than most boys at school; for the reason, that all his faculties were engaged in the work of improvement. He did not sit dozing over his books, but grasped the subjects before him, with the whole force of his intellect. With Laura, on her frequent Saturday visits, he conned at night, the lessons she was learning; and, in this way, gained some knowledge of French and Italian, and the first principles of drawing.

After the incidents which brought Louis Norman to seek his friendship, William found new aid, and encouragement in his pursuit of knowledge. Louis had been one of the first scholars in his school, especially in the departments of the mathematics and the natural sciences, and a new field

was opened to William in the study of the books of his friend, under his direction.

Mr. Ashburn, perceiving the intimacy of the young men, and their manner of employing their leisure time, encouraged William to visit at his house; and was also pleased to have Louis pass his spare evenings with William, at his mother's dwelling.

In early life, Mrs. Ashburn and Mrs. Landon had been visiting acquaintances, and the former, on learning from Louis where Mrs. Landon lived, called to see her with the desire of drawing her out from her obscurity; but though she found her cheerful, and even happy, she could not prevail upon her to return her visits, or consent to renew her intercourse with society. Truly elevated in character, Mrs. Landon was above that littleness which seeks to exalt itself by contact with those of higher rank. She knew her own position, and was willing others should know it. With her, "*real* and *apparent*," were the same.

Mrs. Landon had sedulously trained up her children to entertain a just pride of character, and to regard as mean and vulgar, all attempts to conceal by artifice and management, the real condition, in which, by the appointments of Providence, they might be placed, or any of the accompanying circumstances of that condition. In order to explain her ideas of what was vulgar, Mrs. Landon, in one of her conversations with her children, related the following anecdote: "As I was, in my youth, paying a morning visit to a young married lady with whom I had a slight acquaintance, I chanced to observe from the window, a plain, country-looking man taking from a cart, in front of the house, some barrels of apples, tubs of butter, &c. The husband of the lady was standing by the cart but did not offer to assist the man in lifting out the things, or in carrying them into the house. The lady looking out, at the same time, exclaimed, 'Oh there is the servant of Mr.

Smith's mother, bringing us some nice apples, and other good things from her farm; she has such a beautiful country-seat, and such a nice farm!' This *servant*, I afterwards accidently learned, was the kind, but plain step-father of Mrs. Smith's husband, and had kindly brought from his own farm (for Mr. Smith's mother had no farm but his) these presents to the young people, just commencing house-keeping, and, as he knew, with limited means, and extravagant notions."

"Now, my children," continued Mrs. Landon, "I leave you to say, who were the vulgar in this transaction, whether the gentleman in fine broadcloth, and the lady in silk and laces, or the kind and beneficent farmer in his homespun dress."

Though Mrs. Landon had no desire to enter again the selfish and heartless world, yet, still, with a mother's pride in her children, a consciousness of their talents, personal advantages, and native grace and elegance of manners would, in spite of her piety, and her own bitter experience of the vanity of worldly favor and fortune, lead her to form high expectations for their future lives; and to indulge in weaving from the golden threads of fancy, many a beautiful and gorgeous piece of tapestry, in the foreground of whose scenes, William and Laura occupied the first place,—she, the while, looking on from some unobserved corner, enjoying, but not partaking in their triumphs. We say not, there was no inconsistency in this.—We are describing human nature as it is, not, as in a more perfect state, it might be. Yet, neither would we affirm that Mrs. Landon, as a christian, was wrong in desiring her children's advancement in the world, if procured by honest and honorable means.

As William's character developed itself, his mother was more and more struck with his resemblance, in person and talents, to his highly gifted father. But, there

was a striking difference, in one respect, as his mother rejoiced to see,—William seemed free from all morbid sensibility, and cheerfully to take the world as he found it;—his father's mind was attuned to a higher key than accorded with the notes of common life; the discord grated harshly on the sensitive nerves of his too delicate mental organization, and this, rather than physical disease, wore out, even in youth, the frail investment of that high-toned, almost celestial spirit.

"Yes," said the fond mother to herself,

> 'Bright as the manly sire, the son shall be,
> In form and face, but ah! more blest than he.'

Though William Landon, pursued with ardor and success his literary studies, and drank with undiminished thirst at the fountains of knowledge, in such times as he could be spared from ordinary pursuits; yet, in his business, he was as attentive, as if he had not a single idea beyond the folding up of a parcel, making entries on a ledger, or counting over the contents of the money-drawer;—no fine abstractions were permitted to divert his mind from the actual, and real before him;—nor had any one ever occasion to remark, that, "though William Landon might have talents and genius of some kind, he had none for practical applications," or in plain terms, that he had, "all kinds of sense but common sense."

Had Mr. Selby seen in him the least want of attention, the least forgetfulness of duty, his own rigid notions would have been offended, and his confidence withdrawn. For years, Mr. Selby observed William's actions, with that scrutiny, which men of the world find necessary in respect to the capacity, fidelity and honesty of their business-agents. In all this time, William received no praise from his employer, except the silent approbation expressed in bestowing additional confidence. William Landon had evidently be-

come a favorite with Mr. Selby, who began to entrust him with confidential business, and affairs of importance. At length, Mr. Landon was acknowledged as the head-clerk of the great establishment; a promotion which gladdened his heart, more on account of his mother and sister, than his own, as the salary he would now receive, would enable him to render them important assistance. But he still found time for literary pursuits; and had no difficulty in changing from business to study, and from study to business, but rather found his mind invigorated and refreshed by the variety.

"Mr. Landon," said Mr. Selby one day, after having observed him for some time, engrossed in the examination of a huge pile of accompt books, "you may, if you please, leave that business for a few minutes; I wish to speak with you respecting yourself."

William looked up, surprised at such an act of condescension, and a departure from a rule of the house, to permit no conversation irrelevant to business, in business-hours.—He bowed respectfully, and placed himself in a listening attitude.

Mr. Selby began, "I have long taken due note of you, Mr. Landon, and am pleased with your business talents. I think you had better begin to learn the French language, as I may wish to send you abroad. Besides, you are too fine a fellow to be always confined to the counting-house, without any opportunity of learning that there is other reading than what exists between the covers of a merchant's books. It is desirable that a merchant should be a gentleman, and a scholar. What do you say to commencing a course of classical studies, as well as of modern languages? I am willing to exempt you from some of your arduous duties, to enable you to pay attention to the improvement of your mind."

William's wonder increased; it was the first time in all

their intercourse, that his employer had ever spoken to him except upon business; and the possibility of his regarding him in any other light, than as a useful agent in his employ, had never entered his imagination.

"I am obliged to you, Mr. Selby," said William, modestly, "for thinking of me; and highly honored by the interest you take in my welfare. With respect to the French language, I have for some years practised speaking it, though my knowledge of it, is but imperfect."

"*Vraiment*," exclaimed Mr. Selby, "*vous parlez, Français? quand l'avez—vous apprès? vous vous occupez toujours de moi.*"

"*Pardonnez moi, Monsieur*," said William, "*j'ai beaucoup de temps à moi pour me perfectionner; maintenant tout l'après diner, et précédemment, tout le temps après neuf heures du soir.*"

"*Vous avez tout à fait l'accent Parisien, il est beaucoup meilleur que le mien; quoique étant jeune, j'ai vicu a Paris quatre ans afin d'y apprendre la langue Françaïse.*"*

But I must express myself in plain English;—it surprises me that you have found time to perfect yourself in a foreign language;—have you made equal advances in English literature?

"My recreation," said William, "has consisted in study. I know that, in general, young men of my age and condition in life, are in the habit of spending their leisure hours at the theatre, or other places of amusement; but I have found, as I think, a nobler, and certainly, to me, a far more interesting

* "Indeed," exclaimed Mr. Selby, "you speak French? how have you learned it? you are always at work for me."

"Pardon me sir," said William, "I have much time for my improvement; all the time now after dinner, and formerly, after nine o'clock at night."

"Your accent is quite Parisian, it is much better than mine, though when I was young, I lived in Paris four years to acquire the French language."

employment in books. My mother's early education, which was much above what might be expected from her present humble circumstances, enabled her to instruct me in English literature; and to assist me so far in the rudiments of the ancient classics, that I could continue my reading through the course pursued in colleges. My sister's advantages in Mrs. Newton's school had rendered her proficient in the French and Italian, which languages I studied with her; and young Mr. Norman, who is an excellent mathematical scholar, and well versed in the physical sciences, has aided me in those departments. Mr. Norman was, as you may perhaps recollect sir, in school with your two elder sons at Mr. Delaplaine's, where he ranked among the first scholars.—He is my only intimate friend; we spend much of our leisure time together, and usually converse in the French language. Excuse me, sir, for this egotism; I should never have thought of intruding my private history upon you, but as you have inquired respecting my education, I hope I may be pardoned for saying so much of myself."

"It is a noble history," said Mr. Selby, "and should be printed in letters of gold, as a proof of what may be accomplished by perseverance. I have for some time, Mr. Landon, observed with much approbation, your industry, freedom from false pride, and your high sense of probity and honor. With your talents, energies and moral worth, you must rise in a country like ours, where there are no barriers of *caste*, nor *privileged orders.*

"As you can speak French, what say you to going abroad, and looking into the commercial affairs of our house in Europe? And that you may feel the deeper interest in the concern, I now propose, what I have before thought of, as being an event in the distant future, that you should become a partner in the business. I shall feel perfect confidence in entrusting you with its entire management; and

as you well know, it is a heavy concern, with a capital of more than half a million.

"You hesitate, Mr. Landon," said Mr. Selby, "perhaps you have other plans; but I assure you, that to no other man living, would I make such a proposition."

"My hesitation sir," replied Landon, "proceeds from my surprise, and an overwhelming sense of the trust, you propose to honor me with;—you know, sir, I am poor."

"I know too, you are honest."

"You know I am young, and have seen little of the world."

"I know you have a mature mind, and judgment in business, almost unerring. I am not a man, Mr. Landon, to act without reflection. I am decided in my offer, which is briefly this;—that you become an active partner in my commercial business, entitled to share equally in its profits, I furnishing capital, and you labor. Do you accept?"

"I do sir," was the reply, "and may God enable me to do my duty, and to meet your expectations."

"Well then Mr. Landon," said Mr. Selby, his countenance relaxing to a smile, "as we are now *Selby & Co.*, you must go home and dine with me."

"I am sorry," said William, "to feel obliged to decline your very kind invitation; but at an era of such deep importance to me, I would seek my mother, and impart to her the great change, caused by this arrangement, in my circumstances and prospects. She has lived but for her children, it is their duty to think first of her."

"You are right, sir," said Mr. Selby. "I honor you for your attachment to your parent. I wish my own sons were more like you in this respect. However, I have not much to complain of the two elder, but Frank is rather perverse, not really vicious, nor absolutely rebellious, but giddy and extravagant. He seems to have no idea of any thing like business habits; in fact, he is not in a good way. I should

wish him to accompany you abroad;—will you take charge of him?"

"I will do all I can for him, sir; we may be able to assist each other."

"It is very little assistance Frank will ever give any one, I fear; the idea of his father's wealth has always been uppermost in his mind. But Julia is affectionate and dutiful, and loves her father for his own sake. Their mother, Mr. Landon, was a rare woman; I relied much on her good judgment, in advising her children; but she is no longer with me to divide my cares." The apparently apathetic Mr. Selby brushed away the tears, evincing more sensibility than his head clerk had supposed he possessed.

"How little," thought William, "how little of the feelings of the heart, which constitute all that renders life truly desirable, has been exhibited in the daily intercourse of business, in which, for years, we two have been engaged! How different, the inner life of man from the ostensible!"

CHAPTER II.

THE VOYAGE. — A RICH MAN'S SON. — FRANK SELBY'S SUSCEPTIBILITY.

Within three months after the generous and unexpected proposals of Mr. Selby, which at once placed William Landon in a distinguished position, among the first merchants of the country; he, in company with Frank Selby, was ploughing the waves of the Atlantic, on his way to Liverpool.

Though Frank Selby was wild and thoughtless, he had

an amiable disposition, and did not willingly commit errors; but his great faults were, a want of reflection upon the consequences of his actions, and habits of indolence. He had from childhood, been accustomed to hear of his father's wealth; and, very naturally had imbibed the notion, that he had *little to do* in the world, but *much to enjoy*. He had never applied himself seriously to any study, or pursuit, and had, hitherto, shewn little force of character.

His father, himself energetic, and the artificer of his own fortune, had been much disappointed in his youngest son, Frank; and when he proposed his accompanying William Landon abroad, it was with the design of breaking up intimacies and associations of an injurious nature. Mr. Selby had also promised himself advantages, in placing his son in companionship with one, for whose judgment, principles, and habits, he entertained an exalted opinion.

Mr. Landon improved in various ways, the leisure afforded him by his voyage. He first studied into the nature of the business operations committed to his charge, and made himself master of the principal points to be secured; he ascertained what obstacles would be likely to present themselves; and, as far as the memoranda furnished him by Mr. Selby, would enable him, learned the peculiarities of the various individuals in the different cities of Europe with whom their house had commercial relations. He had furnished himself with books of travels, and read, attentively, every thing which he could find, relative to the countries they were to visit; and traced his route upon the maps with which he had taken care to provide himself.

"That's a capital thought Landon," said Frank Selby, as he saw a map the former had projected of their proposed route, "but I never should have thought of it."

"How could we travel without a plan, Frank?"

"I never planned any thing," was the answer.

"I advise you then," said Landon, "to begin now;

make a plan for your future life, and keep to it as closely as you can, or until you find you can make a better one."

"My plan, at present, is to *enjoy* this trip to Europe," replied Frank.

"You would enjoy it all the better, my dear fellow, for arranging a plan of operations."

"Why should I plan any thing," said Frank, "my father has no confidence in me; he has entrusted every thing of importance to you, comparatively, a stranger. I cannot have a sixpence, without taking off my hat, and saying, 'please Mr. Landon, will you be so kind as to give me a little money?' This is no way to make a man of a fellow. I respect you Landon, and do not blame you for what my father has done; but ask yourself if it be not provoking to a young fellow of my age, to be treated like a child; and to see one, but a few years older than himself, placed by his father in a position, in all respects, above him; in fact, to be made a dependent on that stranger.

"Now there's our Julia, there is no extravagance she is not permitted to run into;—I saw father, last winter, pay a jeweller for her paraphernalia, a bill of about ten thousand dollars; but to my mind, she does not, when she is dressed out in all her trinkets and furbelows, compare with that superb Miss Norman, who is a teacher in Mrs. Newton's school, and who never wears ornaments. Did you ever see that magnificent young lady, Landon? but I presume you never did; for you have neither eyes, nor heart for any thing, but invoices, bills of exchange, dry goods, &c. but you have lost something, I can tell you, in not having seen that queen-like beauty. There's not a lady walks Broadway who is stared at as she is, when she is seen there, but that's not often; and then she is so innocent of the havoc she makes, and seems not even to know that she is looked at."

"I did not say Frank, that I had never seen Miss Nor-

man," said Landon, slightly coloring, "she is an intimate friend of my sister's."

"Oh, I might have known that, as they have often visited Julia together; I like your sister very much, too, and was at a loss which to admire most, but they did not seem to admire me at all;—and to tell the truth, I did not know what to say to them, for I suppose they are very literary, and so I acted like a fool.

"Do you know, Landon, whether Ida Norman is engaged? I have often thought, if I was ready to be married, I would select her for a wife, sooner than any other young lady I ever saw. To be sure she has not money; but father is rich enough to support me, and my family too, if I had one. I should not think, Louis Norman with all his reputation as a lawyer, and a good practice, would let his sister, especially such a splendid girl as she is, spend her time in teaching dunces, shut up from the world, in that gloomy prison, which I suppose Science Hall to be. I think when I sow my wild oats (which I reckon are nearly run out) father will be willing to give me one of his estates on the Hudson; and then I'll just step up to Miss Ida Norman, if I can pluck up courage to pop the question, and ask her to become Mrs. Frank Selby. Won't that be capital! And she shall have as many jewels as sister Jule, who will then, as to looks, be no more to her, than a candle to the sun—how provoked Jule would be, for she has no idea of having any one out-shine her; ha! ha! ha! Why don't you laugh, Landon? Don't you really think Ida Norman and your humble servant would make an elegant pair?" And Frank paraded before the looking glass of their state room with much complacency.

Landon seemed engaged with his books, and did not look up, but merely said, "excuse me just now, for not joining in your mirth, I do not feel in a laughing mood."

"It is plain to see Landon, that you feel no interest in

the ladies; most likely, you have not heard a word, I said; well, I suppose business habits render the heart insensible, and that is one objection I have to business.—I should be sorry to go through a hardening process; for though my *great susceptibility* causes me some heart-aches, I would not become such a stoic, as you are, even for the honor of being the junior Selby & Co."

Landon looked up, with an expression, which would have been contemptuous, had not pity given it a softer cast; but Frank, who did not look very deep, had no conception that his companion was thinking of any thing, *in particular*

CHAPTER III.

LOUIS NORMAN'S LETTER.—DOUBTS.

Besides the huge packages of business papers, letters of introduction, &c. which Landon examined, at his leisure, during his voyage; he perused with deep attention, the following letter, which Louis Norman had put into his hand, at the moment of parting.

"Providence, my friend, has drawn us together, in the closest bonds of affection and brotherhood. Through humiliation, and through toil, we have found in mutual friendship, support and consolation. We are both, now, in a condition in life, far above what we could have reasonably expected;—nay, a few short years since, it would have seemed but cruel mockery, to have suggested to us the probability of our ever occupying our present positions, and more especially, at so early a period in our lives. William Landon, the poor shop-boy, who carried bundles through the streets of New York, is now known on 'Change,' as one

of the first merchants of the city, and his name is considered 'good for any amount.' Louis Norman, the homeless out-cast, thanks to the noble and generous Ashburn, holds a respectable rank at the bar; his words are listened to, 'as words of wisdom,' among the learned, and his advice sought, by the wise, and grey-headed. He has power to defend the oppressed, and gain redress for the injured. This I say, not in a spirit of boasting, but of thanksgiving, attributing the praise to Him, who directs the issues of all human events.

"You, my friend, have urged me to accept the proffered honors, which partial friends would bestow upon me—but I would avoid political ambition; it was the 'rock' on which my father 'split.' Yet men are often led into the very paths they fear; and I beg, that you, Landon, as you love me, will never solicit me to offer myself, as candidate for office.

"But it is of my father, I wish to write.—You know that the thought of him, and the gloomy mystery connected with his fate, is an incubus upon my spirits; and that I consider myself as delinquent in not having, before this, made greater personal efforts to obtain some information respecting him. If he is dead, his children should know the place where his ashes rest, that filial love may hallow the sacred spot;—if he lives in obscurity and suffering, he should be found, and his heart, lightened of its burthen of sorrows, by the affectionate sympathy of his children. You, my dear Landon, know the history of my father; there are circumstances of a deeply painful and humiliating character, connected with it. The name of Norman has been blackened, and I have often blushed to answer to it: ah! you know not, my friend, the sinking of heart caused by a consciousness of bearing a disgraced name. Oh, if that name could but be rescued from reproach, what a load would be removed from my heart!

"I wish you, my friend, to search for my father while you are on the continent; spare not, I entreat you, time, labor nor expense in tracing him out. The last intelligence we had of him, was through letters to Mr. Ashburn, at the time he sent that draft, for the use of my sister and myself, which Mr. Delaplaine withheld from us. From the amount of the draft, greater than he had before sent at any time, and also from an intimation in his letter to Mr. Ashburn, he appears to have regarded it as a last and final effort for his children; and this would have been lost to us, but for the providential circumstance, that my father, incidentally, mentioned in a letter to Mr. Ashburn, the fact of his having made such remittance; and the no less providential event which led me to go to Mr. Ashburn, in my destitution, to aid me by his legal advice. Having experienced the care of an overruling Providence in so many of the circumstances of my own life, I cannot but believe, that my father, too, has been preserved by that same beneficient power; and that light will yet spring out of the darkness which surrounds his destiny;—using the word, *destiny*, not in the ancient, heathen sense of fortune or fate, so opposed to the christian doctrine of the special, divine providence of one Supreme Deity.

"My father's last letter to Mr. Ashburn, you will find in this package,—the hand-writing may possibly aid you in your search; and should you succeed, which may Heaven grant, the possession of that letter, might be an evidence to him that you act from friendly motives. Something whispers me, that you, my dear Landon, who are so persevering, so successful in all you undertake, will be able to gain intelligence of a man, who, wherever he is, if he be yet among the living, cannot be in such entire obscurity as to elude all search. With my father's noble nature, it cannot be that he has become abandoned to vice. Though ambition, and the peculiar circumstances of his early life, might have warped his moral perceptions, still the image of virtue was

enshrined within his heart; and to this, when his mind was unbiassed, he ever rendered homage.

"You know, my friend, that it has been the great desire of my life, to go abroad, and devote myself to this duty, which I now ask you to perform;—but with the increase of my professional business, new difficulties have opposed themselves to my project. But Providence, that Providence in whom I trust, has unexpectedly called you to embark for Europe; and your commercial affairs will lead you to Italy. When I rejoiced at your good fortune in being made a partner of the great importing house of Selby & Co., and especially at the pleasant prospect before you of this voyage, I acknowledge that I selfishly thought of the interests of my own family, with which you and yours have been so long associated: and a feeling of hope sprang up in my breast, that you was to be the discoverer of my long lost father. This hope has been so indulged (almost to expectation) that I have written to my father, the letter of introduction which is enclosed in this package. If I am, on this subject, a mono-maniac, mine is, at least, a species of insanity founded in worthy emotions, filial love, and a regard for honor;—and most joyfully would I devote all the powers of my mind, and deprive myself of every thing but the bare necessaries of life, to be able to pay the just debts of my father, and rescue the name of the family from reproach.

"You know the sentiments I have long cherished for your lovely sister; and, that, I have some cause to hope she is not indifferent to my affection. But how can I offer her a heart which is a prey to corroding suspense, and gloomy apprehensions! I have, therefore, maintained towards her a reserve of manner, which may have caused her to think me inconsistent;—the position must be as unpleasant to her, as it is painful to myself.

"I suggest nothing to your better judgment, as to the manner of prosecuting your inquiries; but only say, as you value

my peace of mind, as you love your precious sister and her happiness, seek diligently for the lost one, the beloved even if dishonored parent of your friend, LOUIS."

"It is strange, indeed," would Landon often think, when perusing, and reperusing this letter, "that Louis has scarcely mentioned Ida, nor even suggested, that for her sake, I might feel the greater interest in seeking their father. But what assurance have I, that Ida Norman thinks of me with any peculiar regard? Is it likely, that, with her lofty feelings, she would regard with tenderness the poor bashful Willie Landon, whom she once pitied, and begged her mother to send to a charity-school? Very possibly, nay, probably, Frank Selby would be more certain of her favor, than his father's late, humble clerk. Women, it is said, love the free and gay-hearted, and I have been the reverse. If I were aught to Ida Norman, would not her intimate friend, Miss Selby, know her sentiments? and if so, should I have received so many tokens of particular regard from that friend,—private and mysterious gifts, of flowers and books, sweet smiles, and encouraging words? Can this be aught but a proof that Julia Selby suspects and views with pity my hopeless attachment to Ida Norman, and would, herself, generously make amends for her indifference?"

But alas, for the spirit of rivalry which sometimes influences the female heart! Julia Selby did suspect Ida Norman's attachment to William Landon, and for that very reason, was instigated by vanity, to try her own superior powers of attraction. The usual judgment of William Landon failed him, when attempting to account for the movements of the female heart, and that, the heart of a coquette.

CHAPTER IV.

THE YOUNG AMERICANS IN EUROPE.—PARIS.

THE commercial relations of the firm of Selby & Co. in Liverpool and London, were such as demanded the close attention of the junior partner. He devoted himself chiefly to business, while in those cities, and notwithstanding the unwillingness of Frank Selby to be useful, managed to obtain some assistance from him in the way of examining bills, copying business-letters, &c. Frank was, at times, very impatient to be exploring the "*mysteries*," and enjoying the amusements of these cities, but, (as he acknowledged to Landon) he began to feel that there was, on the whole, some satisfaction in being useful.

Declining the proffered civilities of merchants, bankers, and even high dignitaries, the junior partner of the firm of Selby & Co., having satisfactorily adjusted all doubtful concerns, and arranged for future commercial operations, made rapid journeys to Edinburgh and Dublin, and then hastened to Paris. Here, business for some weeks, engrossed his attention; though he found time, as he had done in the principal cities of Great Britain, to look at the objects of most interest to travellers, to gratify his taste by a survey of the works of art, and enrich his mind by observation of manners and customs.

Mr. Selby, having no confidence in Frank, had obtained his promise that he would not resort to any place of amusement, unaccompanied by Mr. Landon, and had enjoined on the latter a close observation of the movements of his son. The office was by no means an agreeable one; but as Landon had undertaken it, he resolved, faithfully, to discharge the duties it involved. While at Paris, to gratify Frank, he

frequented the public amusements of the city more than his own taste would have prompted,—and having sent their letters of introduction, they were soon involved in a round of visiting engagements.

The young American merchant, a partner in the great house of Selby & Co., was much observed and admired. Ladies of high fashion distinguished him by flattering attentions. Many a Parisian belle playfully challenged him to waltz, or dance the polka, and was chagrined at his declining the honor.

"Why Monsieur," said a sweet little brunette, "do you not waltz? it is a beautiful dance, and so graceful." "Yes, it is very graceful," was the reply of Landon, "but nevertheless, I do not like it, I should be very sorry to see my sister thus exhibit herself in public." "Oh you barbarian! you North American savage!" exclaimed *la Parisiénne*, "you must indeed stay in Paris to become civilized."

Frank Selby was in his element; his waltzing, even in France, was acknowledged perfect, and he became a favorite in the saloons of Paris. But in the midst of some half-dozen, violent flirtations, the junior partner announced to him, that having completed his business affairs in Paris, he proposed leaving for Italy.

"Well, you can go without me," said Frank, "I am well contented in Paris,—a fine affair, indeed, just as I am beginning to enjoy myself, and create a sensation among Parisian belles, to be hurried off, over the Alps, carrying, 'at each remove, a *dragging* chain' (Frank's memory was not very good for quotations). Surely, the junior partner would not be so unreasonable towards his humble dependent and slave."

"You well know, Mr. Frank Selby," replied Landon, "that the office imposed on me by your father, of being your banker and adviser, was unsought, and I may add, very undesirable. I have endeavoured to accommodate my-

self to your wishes, as far as possible; against the dictates of my own judgment, I have often yielded to you; but I can remain no longer in Paris, and on your own account, I ought not. You are, even now, immersed in a vortex of opposing engagements, deceiving with attentions and professions, several young ladies, all of whom you cannot love, and none of whom do you know well enough to think of seriously."

"This same flirtation, which you, my wise Mentor, regard with such saintly abhorrence, is the very life and zest of society; it is like the sparkling and effervescence of champagne, that which proves its worth."

"But when the sparkling and effervescence are gone," added Landon, "the dregs are 'stale, flat, and unprofitable.'"

"Then I am to infer," said Frank, rather tartly, "that you have no intention of leaving me here with a quantity of blank checks on our Parisian banker, to be filled up as my wants may demand; now this is, really, what ought to be done, and if my father was not a mean, niggardly old ——"

"Stop, sir, if you please," rejoined Landon, "I cannot hear a son speak in that way of a father, and one so worthy and honorable as yours. You complain of your father's want of confidence in your judgment; permit me to ask you, plainly, what pains you have ever taken to gain his confidence? What have you yet done, towards establishing for yourself a character, which should entitle you to respect?"

"Your questions, Mr. Junior-partner, are, undeniably, *quite plain* and direct; but as you are a good-hearted fellow, and doubtless think this kind of schooling belongs to your office, I will endeavour to keep my temper. Indeed, if I should shoot you, it would be a bad affair, for I have not money enough at my command to give you a decent burial; and I know of no provision whatever, by which I should be kept from starvation, if you could not draw the means from bank. I should have supposed my kind and '*hon-*

orable' papa, might have thought what a condition his son would be left in, without credit for a dollar, in case of the sudden sickness, or exit of the junior partner. You may call this state of things *honorable;* it may be so to you, but it is not so to me, nor in my opinion, (always with due deference to my *superiors,*) and here Frank made a low obeisance, 'to my *honorable* father.'"

Landon essayed to speak, but Frank continued, "you have asked me some serious questions, now I do not like to be serious about any thing, but as I see you are a very *matter-o'-fact* sort of a fellow, (excuse me, I mean gentleman,) and I am under your care, I must do what you bid; so I will try to keep myself serious, long enough to consider the points on which you want information. You ask what pains I have ever taken to please my father, and to gain his confidence, or to make myself respected (very plain questions indeed sir). To tell the truth, I have no pains-taking propensities at all. I supposed though, as a matter of course, that a father would have confidence in his son; and that a rich father would give his son as much money as he wanted, and that this money would command all the respect necessary to make life go on smoothly;—but, all at once, after having had my way until I am old enough to be my own master, I am put into leading strings, led like an ape through Great Britain, suffered to dance a little while in Paris, and then whisked over the Alps, as my conductor happens to fancy."

"This conversation Mr. Selby," said Landon, gravely, "is very absurd;—any thing, and every thing, may be turned into ridicule. I am some years older than you, and have been trained in an excellent school, such as the sons of rich men are not admitted into, and therefore, I may be able to give you advice."

"What school is there in our country, that the rich cannot have access to, Mr. Mentor."

"The school of poverty," replied Landon, with dignity, "where one may learn how to respect himself, and how to gain the respect of others."

"But you have been glad to get out of that school; I suppose you have no particular wish to get back into it."

"No, but I would not part with the lessons I there learned, for all the wealth of Paris. But we have no time to lose in idle talk, we have many arrangements to make before leaving, and some visits of ceremony to pay."

"And so my Mentor is determined to take me away from the Calypsos of Paris, and break their little hearts,—well, I'll go through this figure, but when I get back to New York, I'll give the senior partner a piece of my mind, and set up for myself."

"You seem to like fancying yourself a second Telemachus, Frank," said Landon, smiling, "suppose you imitate that young man in striving to resist temptation; and, especially, follow his example of respect for his father."

"Excellent! my prudent father is, I grant, somewhat of an Ulysses:—well I'll be Telemachus in search of—not 'his father,'—for mine is safe and sound among his invoices, bills of lading, &c., in his counting-house: but I'll be Telemachus in search of a wife! and if I do not find one equal in beauty and accomplishments to Ida Norman, before I get back to New York, (and I have not yet,) why then, I'll settle down, a steady, married man, soon after."

Landon, for the moment, started at the familiar mention of a name, which was, to him, so sacred. But he was pleased that Frank made no serious opposition, as he had feared he might, to the plan of their leaving Paris somewhat earlier than they had intended. He was desirous of going to Italy as soon as possible, to commence his search after the unfortunate Mr. Norman. He had received repeated letters from Louis, since his departure, renewing his entreaties to that effect;—and his own interest in the happiness of those so

dear to him as were the children of that ill-fated man, prompted him to a speedy undertaking of his mission, though with little hope of success; he had, moreover, become extremely desirous to return to his native land.

Thoughts of Ida Norman, as Landon had been more at leisure to think, had filled his mind; and, at a distance from home and country, he had fully learned the state of his own heart. While an under-clerk in Mr. Selby's store, he had seldom allowed his imagination to whisper of a future day in which he might presume to think of Ida Norman. After having been advanced to the office of head-clerk, he had sometimes dreamed of a distant future, when he should be admitted as a partner in the firm; and then the thought of another connexion had beamed upon his mind, and bright visions of Ida Norman's image hovered around him.

Often had he purposed, before going abroad, to speak to Ida of the place she held in his affections; but the early scenes of their childhood were still fresh in his mind; the disparity which then existed in their conditions had made so deep an impression, that though circumstances had greatly changed, he could not easily overcome the reserve, that, in her presence, had become habitual.

Julia Selby had said many flattering things to him. She had assured him she should be anxious for his return; and expressed in a tender manner, the wish to be remembered by him during his absence;—in short, the manner of Ida, in late years, had been so different, so cold and reserved, in comparison, that the conviction forced itself upon his mind, that Ida Norman was indifferent to him, while self-love whispered that the elegant Julia Selby felt for him "something, than friendship, dearer."

Mr. Selby had gone so far, on several occasions, as to say to Landon, that he should prefer for Julia's husband, a man who had risen by his own merits, to one who had inherited a fortune, without habits of business. It is not in

nature that a young man in Landon's position, should not have felt flattered by such demonstrations of regard. Ida's own reserve had been one cause of William Landon's failing to express for her his attachment; but it had also strengthened, and rendered deeper that regard, and he found that absence but impressed more firmly on his heart, the image of Ida Norman.

CHAPTER V.

JOURNEY TO ITALY.—FLORENCE.

Our travellers are now in a French diligence on their way to Italy; and Frank Selby is in a better humor than might have been supposed, from his unwillingness to leave Paris.

The diligence truly deserves its name, for, on, on, it goes, along the banks of the Seine, and some of its branches, for many miles; and then through a mountainous region to Autun, an old Roman town; and having crossed a lofty ridge, which separates the waters of the Atlantic from those which flow into the Mediterranean, it reaches Chalons, in the pleasant valley of the Soane.

The travellers stop at the beautiful city of Lyons, situated at the junction of the Soane with the Rhone. Mr. Landon wishes to visit the various manufactories of silks, velvets, ribbons, &c., and to give orders for the transmission, to New York, to the house of Selby & Co., a large quantity of the elegant fabrics of this city.

Their journey resumed, the travellers continue their route, through Avignon and Genoa, to Florence. As the carriage which they had taken at Pisa, passed over the

swell of the Appenines, to the vale of the Arno, a picturesque region appeared; at first, broken and rough, then spreading into broad and fertile plains, luxuriant with vines and olives. But the miserable condition of the Tuscan peasantry, their want of comfortable dwellings, and the wretched appearance of their villages, presented to the travellers a striking contrast with the cheerfulness and comfort, to be seen among the laboring classes in their own country.

As they entered Florence, Landon, deeply sympathizing in the feelings of those, who were dear to him, was agitated by contending emotions; hope that the important object of his visit to that city might be accomplished, and fear of disappointment; the latter feeling predominating, when he reflected upon the length of time which had elapsed since any intelligence had been received of Mr. Norman, and that, if living, he doubtless chose to remain undiscovered. He had no clue to guide him in his search, nothing but the mere fact, that Mr. Norman after his recall as ambassador, spent some time at Paris, and then went to Florence; where he was known to be living by some American families, who were in that city about the date of the remittance to Mr. Delaplaine, and the letter to Mr. Ashburn. For years, nothing had been heard of him; if he were living, would he remain thus estranged from his children? The thought was unnatural; and the more Landon reflected on this circumstance, the more he became convinced that there was not a shadow of hope.

Landon had not deemed it proper to communicate to his light-hearted, unreflecting companion, the chief object of his visit to Florence, leaving him to suppose that business alone had led him thither. That young gentleman was much delighted with the palace of a hotel, on the banks of the Arno, where they found themselves furnished with every luxury which could be imagined.

"The Astor-house," said Frank, "is no touch to this."

Spiral stair-cases of marble led to splendid saloons, suites of apartments which opened upon terraces, and balconies filled with the rarest plants, while exquisite paintings ornamented the walls, and the finest of statuary filled the niches in the stair-cases, and adorned the spaces between the columns of the façades.

"This will do," said Frank, after he had seen his trunks disposed of, and had put on his latest Parisian costume, prepared to sally forth into the streets for an observation; "this will do, and now if the junior partner, I beg pardon, my grave Mentor, will but please to stay here long enough for me to breathe, I shall feel that he has made some atonement, for so unceremoniously taking me away from Paris."

"We are certainly very comfortable here," said Landon, "and I have no intention of leaving immediately; I have some business which may detain me longer than I could wish;—but come, let us take a stroll, about this city of bridges, palaces, and churches."

A guide conducts them to an eminence, where they look on Florence, beautiful and bright, reposing in a valley; the Arno winding like a thread of silver among its glittering domes and towers, while undulating hills circle around, as if to guard the treasure.

"This," said Frank, "is what I call a city worth seeing; it looks as if folks lived there without *business*, the very idea of which, I hate."

"Yes," replied Landon, "it is beautiful; it is noble in its external appearance; both nature and art have made it so. But its inhabitants are slaves, and so must all be who are too indolent to use the faculties which God has given them."

"No personal allusions, I hope," said Frank, with a shrug and a laugh.

Landon was too much engrossed by his own thoughts to notice the application which his companion had sportively, though not without reason, made of his sentiments.

After some days spent in making themselves at home in Florence, and taking a *coup-d'oeil* of its beauties, Frank was induced to join his companion in studying the Italian language, under a master who came, daily, to their rooms, and spent some hours with them; and Landon began to encourage himself with the hope that young Selby's levity, and dislike to serious application, might, in time, give place to worthier traits of character.

Time passed rapidly with our travellers at Florence, in visiting studios, picture-galleries, libraries, palaces, churches and museums. Frank said he found that mode of study quite agreeable, but books he never could endure. He began to have new conceptions of the power of the fine arts over the mind, and of the genius displayed in the works of the great original masters, in the sister arts of painting and sculpture.

To the mind of Landon, a new field of imagination was here opened; what seemed so natural, it appeared easy to execute; and he was, for the moment, almost ready to abandon the interests of the house of Selby & Co., and even the thoughts of Ida Norman, to become a painter. Lost in admiration of the works of Raphael, Michael Angelo and Corregio, he, for a time, gave himself up to the new enthusiasm which had seized him;—but the recollection of living beauty, from the hand of the Great Author of genius and beauty, broke in upon his dream, and impelled his thoughts to wander from the dry dead canvass, and the cold inert marble, across the world of waters, to Ida Norman, and here, as the dove returning to the ark, they found rest and peace.

Landon, from the first day of his arrival at Florence, began to search among all the Americans then in the city, for some trace of Mr. Norman. But, of the few Americans he could find, none had resided long in Florence, and none had any knowledge of the person whom he sought; it there-

fore followed, that if not dead, he had either left the city, or was living in obscurity. Yet Landon still lingered at Florence, he scarcely knew why; for what had he to hope, or expect? He could do no more than he had already done, to inquire, and to follow up every incident which promised the least information.

CHAPTER VI.

VISIT TO VALAMBROSA.—UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY.—INTERVIEW BETWEEN MR. NORMAN AND WILLIAM LANDON.

To prolong the time, to engage the attention of Frank Selby, and to try every possible chance of finding out something connected with the fate of Mr. Norman, Landon had visited every place of curiosity and interest, and determined to leave nothing undone, he had even privately explored the dwellings of poverty, and the haunts of infamy.

One spot in the environs of Florence they had not yet seen. Valambrosa, a favorite with the poets,—and by some supposed to be the original, from which, Milton's description of Paradise, was copied. Hither the two young Americans bent their way, on a bright morning in the beginning of autumn. Their path was along the banks of the Arno, until they arrived at a spot too rugged to admit a carriage. Here the Appenines send down to the Arno, from their steep declivities, a rapid and sparkling stream, which amidst, "These awful solitudes, and gloomy shades," forms dashing cascades, whose sad music accords with the wild and picturesque scene.

An ancient convent, and a wild hermitage, lie here embowered amidst the forest trees and tangled furze, while at a

little distance, on a towering eminence, are to be seen the ruins of an old chateau.

The travellers were kindly received by the fraternity at the convent, who shewed them their famous gallery of old pictures, and library of ancient books. The superior, a learned man, with much dignity and suavity of manners, observing that the strangers spoke the English language, directed them to the department of the library, where English books were kept. Landon, at first, glanced at them with idle curiosity; but the titles "History of the Republic of America," "History of New York," "Life of Washington," &c. arrested his attention, and he expressed his surprise and gratification, at seeing in that remote spot, those mementos of his country.

"These books" said the superior, "were presented to our convent by an American, who leads a life of great seclusion, in a hermitage near us."

Landon's attention was roused, but he concealed his emotion, and the superior resumed,—"He is a man of great learning, and knowledge of the world: when animated, as he sometimes becomes when conversing upon subjects connected with the history and laws of nations, the constitution of the human mind, and the principles of moral and religious science, he is remarkably eloquent, even though speaking in a foreign language. Of course," continued the superior, observing that Landon listened with intense interest, "as he is a Protestant, we do not agree on religious subjects, in many respects, but if a Protestant can be saved, I should have hope for him. There is, I am convinced, something very mysterious connected with the history of this individual; at times, he is gloomy, and abstracted, he seldom leaves his retreat, except to come here for a book, or to seek some necessary of life."

"What," said Landon, with almost breathless anxiety, "is the name of this singular individual?"

"As he has never chosen to give his name," replied the superior, "he is called 'the hermit of Valambrosa,' but in the books he has presented our convent, is the name of NORMAN."

For a moment, Landon was compelled to lean against a pedestal for support; but recovering himself, he said, "Your account of this man interests me much, he is doubtless a countryman of mine. I would like to know something of his history. Does he admit strangers?"

The superior shook his head; "I can give you little encouragement that he would see you. I have never known him to admit any one. But I will send a guide to conduct you to his hermitage; it is beneath yonder overhanging cliff."

Landon returned to the place where he had left Frank Selby, whom he found enjoying himself in examining the curiosities of the convent, and especially pleased with the good cheer of the brotherhood. In few words, Landon explained that he wished to visit a locality at a little distance, and would not trouble Frank to go, as the path was one of some difficulty;—his companion assured him, that he was little disposed to take trouble to see rocks and waterfalls.

The guide could scarcely keep pace with Landon, so rapidly he strode over the precipitous rocks, and through the dark ravines which interposed between the convent and the cliff;—they were soon at the door of the Hermitage. The guide went first, and asked admittance for a stranger.

"Tell him," said a deep toned voice, within, "that the occupant of this secluded dwelling sees no strangers."

"Landon took from his pocket a blank card, which he handed to the guide, after he had written, "A stranger from America wishes to see Mr. Norman, that he may bear intelligence to him, of his children."

The door was cautiously opened; and Landon found himself in the presence of—Mr. NORMAN. Notwithstanding the

change which time, his hermit's costume, and the war of passions had produced in his appearance, Landon recognized at the first glance, the stately form and eagle eye, which once marked the distinguished man.

Motioning the guide to depart, Mr. Norman closed the door, and then, regarding Landon with a deep and searching look,

"Young man," said he, "you say you bear intelligence of my children;—they are words which sound strange to my ears—my children! Alas! I have little right to claim such affinities. I deemed my heart was dead to all earthly affections, but your words have awakened me, as from a trance of years. What can you tell of those forsaken children? are they beggars in the streets of the city; or inmates of its haunts of vice? Tell me all—tell me the worst—for I am inured to disgrace and suffering. Nothing you can say will be worse than I deserve, worse than I ought to expect."

Deeply affected, Landon was, for a time, unable to speak; Mr. Norman regarding him with a look in which tenderness and gratitude were mingled, and as if to give him courage for his unwelcome task, said, "Do not distress yourself—I will wait quietly for your intelligence. And fear not the endurance of one, who has tasted too deeply of the dregs of misfortune, to shrink at any potion, however bitter."

"Mr. Norman," said Landon, drawing near to him, and taking his hand, "I bring you no sad intelligence.—Your son is known and honored among the first men of our country—and your daughter, your lovely daughter, is all that a parent could ask—to know that their father is living, that they may be permitted again to behold him, is all that is wanting to their earthly happiness."

Mr. Norman fell upon his knees, and burying his face in his hands, remained, for some time, fixed and motionless. Gradually, his muscles relaxed; his hands fell; and his lips moved, as if in grateful thanksgiving.

Rising from his kneeling posture, and laying his hand upon Landon's shoulder, he said, "You are, indeed, a minister of consolation to an unfortunate man. You have brought me tidings of good, such as I never expected to hear; for I had given up all hopes of any good to me or mine in this life. My children are virtuous!—God be praised! But what must that noble son, and lovely daughter think of the father who abandoned them to the care of strangers? Can they but despise and hate, one who has been thus recreant to his duties?"

This was a question which Landon, at first, found a difficulty in answering, but collecting himself he said, "They have believed that their father, if living, could give some satisfactory explanation of past circumstances;—if not, they only ask that he would now return, and suffer them to perform their filial duties."

"Ah my children!" apostrophised Mr. Norman, "you reconcile me to a world which I have found false and selfish! your confidence and filial love are beyond praise!" And then addressing Landon, he said, "but there are explanations and extenuating circumstances, which may place my conduct in a light very different from that, in which the world have viewed it."

Landon then modestly, but earnestly, urged upon Mr. Norman the duty of returning to his country, and his children.

After a pause, during which his soul seemed struggling with conflicting feelings, Mr. Norman exclaimed, "yes, I owe it to myself, and family, to make the best vindication I can of my conduct; and since Providence leads the way, I will leave this lone hermitage, where I had thought to spend,

'Quiet though sad, the remnant of my days.'

"I will again appear on the theatre of life, not to take part in its harassing competitions, nor to seek popular favor, but

to atone for past errors, by walking humbly before God and man, as one who must soon render an account of himself before the tribunal of Heaven."

Mr. Norman, on learning the name of his unexpected visiter, said with feeling, "Mr. Landon, I knew your parents; few in this sinful world are as pure and uncorrupt, as was your excellent father. Your mother, I knew as a lovely and elegant young lady of high moral worth; I lost sight of her about the time of your father's death, though I recollect hearing that she was living very secluded; Mrs. Norman, I believe, sometimes saw her. I see their likeness in their son. Your parentage entitles you to my confidence; besides, you can have no motive in deceiving me."

Landon then informed Mr. Norman that he had among his papers in Florence, a letter of his own written to Mr. Ashburn, which Louis had given him to aid in his search by a knowledge of his hand-writing; and that so strong had been the belief of his son that he would find him, that he had sent by him, a letter of introduction. Landon then mentioned, that his travelling companion, young Mr. Selby, was at the convent; and he had no difficulty in persuading Mr. Norman to engage to join them the next day, at their hotel in Florence, with the view of going to Marseilles and embarking with them for America, in the first vessel which should leave that port.

Mr. Norman gratefully, but with dignity, accepted a check from Landon, on his banker at Florence, for five hundred pounds;—calmly observing "I have large claims in New York which ought to be searched into. Once landed upon the shores of my country, I shall engage in the adjustment of my public accounts, and I have no fears for the ultimate results of an investigation. And for my children's sake, I will prosecute some just claims, which I have, wrongfully, suffered to lie dormant."

Mr. Norman at parting, placed in the hand of Landon a

package which he took from a large travelling-trunk standing in his rude apartment. These papers, said he, I give you to read; they were written with the vague idea that they might, one day, fall into the hands of my children;—and as an arraignment of myself, before the tribunal of my own conscience, for the course of conduct I have pursued; a course, which can have caused to none, greater surprise than it has to myself; so true it is that man is often led on to do the things he would not; like the king of Israel, who asked, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do thus?"

Landon, eagerly, took the package; and respectfully, and tenderly, parted with the father of Ida, until the following day.

He found Frank Selby amidst the monks of the convent, enjoying their comforts, and amused with their mirth and jollity. "I do not know," said he to Landon, "what great amusement you could find in looking off from that cliff for two or three hours; but every one to his taste; I plead guilty to a preference for ease and comfort, to the contemplation of naked rocks and water-falls."

The travellers after thanking their kind entertainers, took leave; and Frank soon felicitated himself on being again in his comfortable quarters, at their palace hotel.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. NORMAN'S AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.

LANDON hastened to the retirement of his own apartment, anxious to peruse the papers which were to throw light on the singular history of one, to whom in his childhood he had looked up with awe; and whose mysterious fate had caused so much wonder and speculation. Sympathizing with those who were dear to him, he earnestly hoped that the history might prove, a vindication of Mr. Norman's conduct; or, at least, so far show his penitence for the past, as would impart consolation to the hearts of his children. Unfolding the manuscript, Landon, with deep and anxious interest, and some degree of curiosity, read:

"In these deep, and gloomy solitudes, my soul retires within itself, and asks an explanation of the past. Here, with no human eye turned upon me, in love, pity or contempt; with nought to disturb the awful calmness of the repose I have sought for my soul's health; I deliberately engage in the work of self-examination; of self-accusation, where conscience charges home my guilt; and of self-justification, where I have but *seemed* to err. With no motive for self-deception, I would lift the veil which too often hides the human heart from its own observation, and, fearfully, see mine as it is, or rather as it has been, for it is with the past that I would hold converse.

"The hermit of Valambrosa, cool and collected in all his faculties, subdued in all that relates to human life and its interests, would inquire respecting a man, once moving among men, acting an important part on the stage of life, and influencing the destinies of others by his will, himself moved by ungovernable passions.

"This man was once a little child, and his mother pressed him to her bosom in fond endearment; but that guardian angel translated to a purer sphere, was not permitted to watch over, and guard from evil, the son of her love.

"The child grew in years, and the evil passions of his nature strengthened, with his strength. Every attention was paid to the development of his intellect; but little to the improvement of his heart, or the government of his passions. His father, absorbed in schemes of business, and worldly aggrandizement, looked not upon his son's inner life; but was satisfied with knowing that he distinguished himself in scholarship, that he possessed the gift of eloquence, and ability to call up thoughts from the 'vasty deep.'

"'These qualities,' would he say, 'will, one day, make you a man, among men. Press onward in the course of ambition; study to gain power over the minds of men; then will you become great, and your father's name will be honored in his son.' That youth needed no such lesson; for his soul was burning with desire to distinguish himself, to be first, and greatest.

"I see another picture; the boy has become a man, and ambition has yielded its sway to a gentler passion. His heart, so long dormant in its affections, is awakened to new and delightful emotions;—for a time, he revels in the fairy regions of fancy, and in the romance of 'love's young dream,' his aspirations for power over the wills of men, are quenched.

"In an evil hour, he is overcome by temptation to do a deed which the laws of the land call, *crime*. His father, hitherto indulgent in granting supplies of money, had refused farther aid. 'Depend on your own efforts,' he said, 'you have now a profession, you are now to begin to make men subservient to you; while you depend on me, you will never exert your powers of intellect; I have waited long for the fruits of your education and superior advantages;

the time has arrived when I should see them, at least in your ability to supply your own wants.'

"A debt was pending over the young man; he had no means of discharging it, and he gave a bank check in his father's name; the crime was *forgery*, a state's prison offence. His father, seeing his own error but too late, shielded his son from the penalties of the law, and sought to hide his guilt; but it became known to the father of her whom the young man loved, and she spurned him from her presence, as one abandoned to infamy. She doubtless, acted wisely; he whose principles fail in the hour of temptation, cannot be trusted.

"The Hermit of Valambrosa here pauses;—he finds himself becoming too deeply interested in the life and fortune of the subject of his memoirs. But he has promised to be impartial; to unveil the past in its true lineaments; and, with renewed resolution, he proceeds.

"Livingston Norman was discarded by one who possessed an all-controlling influence over his mind. Might she not have led him, by her example, into paths of truth and honesty? Alas! with principles too weak to withstand temptation, what could she have expected for the future? besides, she could not love one who had forfeited her respect. Stung with the sense of disgrace; the young man resolved that his course in life should, at all hazards, be distinguished and brilliant. He sought to find, among the wealthiest of the land, an accomplished and beautiful wife. Eliza Tudor was addressed; and flattered by the attentions of one already distinguished in public life, as well as in his profession; and who was welcomed, when he deigned to appear in the saloons of fashion, as 'a bright, particular star,' the indulged child of affluence accepted the hand of a man to whose character and principles she was a stranger.

"The marriage was unfortunate for both; each, with a different companion, might have become very different from

what circumstances now rendered them. The wife was proud of her husband's talents, and vain of the honor he received; but she had not strength of mind to influence his affections, or direct his principles; nor did she feel for him that tenderness, or warmth of affection, which, even connected with feeble intellect, has power to melt and subdue an obdurate and proud spirit.

"The husband looked upon his wife, as a weak woman, who could be satisfied with empty honors, and dazzled with the false glare of a meretricious greatness; and he sought not, as he should have done, to exert the influence of his stronger mind to improve the understanding of her, whom, as his wife, and the mother of his children, he should have 'loved, honored and cherished.'

"Thus he failed in the most important duty of life, and rendered by his own neglect, that home which should have been the abode of confidence and love, cold and comfortless. He was enriched by the fortune of his wife, and aided by it to mount the ladder of political distinction and to run that career of 'vaulting ambition' which, pestilential as the Sirocco, has a baneful influence over all the kind and tender charities of life.

"Unhappy the children nurtured in the chilling atmosphere of conjugal indifference, or the bitter blasts of conjugal discord! How dare a man neglecting domestic ties and duties, call himself a patriot; talk eloquently, and with pathos, of his country's welfare, while his home is made miserable by his alienation from its claims and interests!

"But the Hermit of Valambrosa has promised to be just to the character of Livingston Norman; and justice demands that it be confessed, his path was a difficult one; that his wife, on her part, had no just appreciation of her own duties in her domestic relations; and that, even had he sought to elevate her character, his efforts might have been fruitless. Her defects were, doubtless, chiefly the result of a

superficial and worldly education; but such as they were, they appeared radical, and to diffuse their influence throughout her entire character. In contrast with the noble qualities of the high-souled Amelia Walsingham, the heroine of his young days, her littleness was but the more strikingly apparent.

"Livingston Norman, finding the expense of his political honors, and the extravagance of his wife, had exhausted their fortune, was led to appropriate to his use, some funds belonging to the government under which, he held a lucrative office. He intended, merely to borrow from the means he held in his hands; and he believed, too, that he had neglected to make proper charges which would have covered all he thus borrowed; but it was a crooked and dangerous course. At this time he was offered a foreign embassy; and with too little moral courage to look into his business affairs and meet the truth, he departed from his native country, leaving a noble boy, his only son, and a bright and lovely daughter, to suffer evils which he felt himself unable to face—shame on the dastard spirit of such a father!

"Hermit of Valambrosa, thou art too severe; Livingston Norman intended not that disgrace should fall upon his children; he hoped, nay he believed, that in some unexpected manner, from some unknown source, his fortunes might be retrieved. He had always been a favorite of fortune, and he trusted that the star of his destiny would continue to be in the ascendant. He had claims to a large amount of property, which *might* become very valuable; law suits were pending which *might* be decided in his favor; golden showers *might* descend upon him; and he threw his reputation upon the chances.

"He intended not to abandon his beloved children; for dear they were to his heart, amidst all the turmoils of party strife and the intrigues of political management.

"Louis! dear Louis! thy father, after a lapse of so many

years, sees thee before him. Generous and warm hearted boy, who, sometimes nobly dared to suggest to that father that home was not what it should be! that his mother was sad and lonely in the midst of the luxury of her boudoir, and the splendor of her saloons! Does that boy yet live? and Ida, the sweet and darling little cherub! Where are they? What is their lot in this world of sorrow? Do they ever think of their father?

"But the Hermit is not a father,—he is cut off from the sympathies of home and kindred,—he has drained the cup of human life to its bitterest dregs; and he would remain a stranger to mankind, the few and evil days of his weary pilgrimage. But let him finish his sad tale, and then seek forever to close his mind to past remembrances, which like spectres hover round him; peopling these solitudes with fantastic imagery, and mingling together in groups, varied and contrasting events and characters.

"At the Court of ——— a change came over the spirit of Livingston Norman; removed from the excitement of politics and professional business, his active mind sought amusement amidst the gay scenes of a European court,—he drank of the cup of pleasure; and intoxicated, he drank again.

"The health and spirits of his wife, alas! not cherished as she should have been, sank; and she died, a stranger in a strange land; her husband, when too late, saw that he had neglected her, and bitterly did he accuse himself, for his insensibility to her sufferings. If Eliza Norman had many faults, and many weaknesses, she was virtuous; she had no conception of a state of society which allows a wife, without loss of character and standing, to attach to herself professed admirers; and which permits a husband, without censure, to devote himself as a lover, to any other woman than her to whom his faith has been pledged. Though their married life had hitherto been one of indifference, it had not been embittered by jealousy.

"Eliza Norman, proud of the popularity and influence of her husband, (which she doubtless, with overweening pride, greatly exaggerated in her own imagination,) was always ready credulously to believe that he was occupied with business affairs, when abroad. She entertained too high an opinion of herself, readily to suppose it possible for any woman to gain a greater influence over the mind of her husband than she possessed. But the truth suddenly flashed upon her, and she sank beneath the shock.

"The Hermit shrinks from the avowal which must follow; he would fain forbear to mention a name which he now abhors. But let this confession prove his penitence, and may this penance voluntarily inflicted, be favorably regarded by the 'searcher of hearts,' the final 'Judge of all men.'

"At a *fête champêtre*, given by one of the royal princes, the American ambassador saw Adéle de Villétte, who as the friend and companion of a lady of quality, had gained entrance into circles to which she could not, otherwise, have aspired. How shall I describe that gifted, insidious and unprincipled woman! but let me speak of her as she first appeared to him, who, with all his boasted penetration and skill in finesse, became entangled in her toils.

"Festivity was at its height among the gay throngs in the saloons; but solitary and sad, he of whom I write, that former self, whom I would gladly consider as separate from my personal identity, was leaning against a marble column in a conservatory filled with the rarest and most beautiful flowers, whose delicious fragrance floating on the air, seemed to blend with melting strains of music from the saloons, and the warbling of birds whose golden cages glittered among glowing petals and luxuriant foliage.

"An open casement admitted the beams of the full moon, which bathed the scene in a flood of liquid, but softened light. Here, and there, a voluptuous statue of exquisite finish

and proportions appeared reposing amidst flowers, or half veiled from observation by some interposing screen.

"But he stood absorbed in gloomy reverie, careless of the voluptuous scene, his thoughts were of the dark future; the embarrassment of his finances, the disgrace which his carelessness in respect to the public affairs committed to his charge, would entail upon him. He thought of the reproaches of his wife when she should find her own fortune gone; 'for though,' mused he, 'she has, herself, been most profuse in expenditures, she will not think of that; she has supposed her paternal inheritance unbounded, and inexhaustible. It has indeed been neglected, and my own private affairs have fallen into confusion and ruin in my eager devotion to my political party; or rather, in my strife for self-aggrandizement, and this is the bitter fruit,—I am here, a *beggar, in the palace of a prince!*'

"A soft voice aroused the ambassador from his unpleasant reverie, 'Pardon Monsieur; I have lost my torquoise bracelet among the flowers,—it was a gift from a dear friend; I am sorry to trouble you, but I was standing near the column an hour since, and may have dropped it there.'

"Starting from his reverie he said, 'Permit me, madam, to aid you in your search,' and stepping from his position, he looked down, where, among some cluster-roses which were entwined around the base of the column, lay coiled the glittering bracelet, like a serpent among flowers.

"'A thousand thanks, monsieur,' and the lady laid her hand upon her heart, 'Oh! I should have been so much grieved to have lost this precious relic of a dear friend! may I trouble you to clasp the bracelet?' at the same time extending her white arm, with the utmost naivéte, and the most bewitching grace. A manner so easy and artless, could not fail to exite an interest for the stranger.

"'You must accept this bouquet for your kindness, monsieur,' said the lady presenting the bouquet she held in her

hand. The ambassador accepted the proffered gift, saying, 'by what name, fair lady, shall I think of you, when I look at these flowers.' 'I am Adéle de Villétte, and you, monsieur, are the American ambassador.'

"Flattered by this unexpected recognition of his official station among an assemblage of princes and nobles, and interested in the adventure, he offered his arm to the strange lady, to escort her to the supper rooms, whither the throng were now moving. One hour more, and it seemed as if they had always known each other, so congenial appeared their tastes and sympathies.

"'Is madam, the ambassadress, at the féte to night?' said Mad'lle de Villétte.

"'She was indisposed,' was the laconic answer, 'and I fear will think me late in returning.'

"'In France, monsieur,' said mademoiselle, 'husbands and wives are free to consult their own happiness; one soon tires of being always with the same person, do you not like our French custom, monsieur?'

"This was said with such amiable and childlike simplicity, that it was impossible to decide against the fair speaker, especially when the sentiment advanced, met with a response in the feelings of the person thus appealed to.

"The bouquet was preserved, carried home, and placed in a vase of water in a private apartment.

"It is needless to trace the steps by which Adéle de Villétte gained ascendency over the mind of her victim. With the ready tact of a French woman of the world, she perceived the weak points of his character; she read his thoughts, studied his tastes, and flattered where vanity rendered him most assailable; and yet, with all his boasted penetration, he regarded her a child of nature, whose greatest faults were those of excessive frankness and sensibility.

"Mrs. Norman doubtless, with some curiosity, observed on her husband's dressing table, a faded bouquet, receiving

fresh water from day to day; and again, she might have met with the same flowers, pressed between the leaves of a book of French poetry, with the name of Adéle de Villétte on its blank page; and she might have seen many passages marked in pencil, by the owner, with notes of *exclamation*, *admiration*, and *interrogation*. Her ignorance of the French language, probably saved her from comprehending the impassioned sentiments, the loose morality, the *abandon*— expressed in those passages. But doubtless, Eliza Norman had noticed a change in the manner of her husband; that he appeared more than ever, indifferent and abstracted, on the few occasions that he was in her society. She perceived herself a mere cipher in the gay and brilliant court, where any display which she could make, was nothing in comparison with the grandeur and magnificence by which she was surrounded. Her spirits became gradually, more and more depressed; the imaginary grandeur of her position, for which she had sacrificed her home, and the society of her children, was now seen but as a delusion. A foreign tongue shut her out from companionship and sympathy with those around her, and none appeared to take any interest in her weal or woe. Even in their own official entertainments she felt herself disparaged. Continually liable to mortification, on account of her ignorance of the language, and customs of the court; feeble in health, and possessing little energy of character, she found the efforts which her position required, unpleasant and distasteful, and superior both to her physical and mental powers.

"The last time in which Mrs. Norman appeared in public, was on a 'reception night' at their own house. She had made an unusual effort to appear to advantage, and with woman's vanity, (not inexcusable, in a beloved object) as she joined her husband in the grand saloon of reception, she sought to direct his attention to herself, by asking him if her dress was suitable for the occasion. Scarcely heeding

her question, and without a look towards her, the man (alas, his conduct was scarcely human) coldly said, 'it is a subject on which I feel too little interest to give an opinion.'

"Among the guests, was the Duchesse de Chevreuse, in whom age had not abated the love of admiration, and the habit of intrigue; and whose costume at eighty, was sufficiently juvenile for a girl in her teens. The companion of this ridiculous and pitiable woman, was Adéle de Villétte. Mrs. Norman probably noticed the look of recognition between her and her husband, and his devotion to her during a portion of the evening. Whatever it was that she observed, suspicions were confirmed which had, probably, for some time, existed in her mind. She never left her bed after that night.

"On the following day she called her husband to her bedside, and upbraided him with his neglect of her, and his devotion to another; in the ebullition of excited feelings, she accused him of guilt of which he was innocent, and this was considered sufficient cause to justify his resentment, at what he termed an impeachment of his character.

> "Black choler fill'd his breast, that boil'd with ire,
> And from his eye-balls, flashed the living fire."

"He answered her accusations with bitter words of scorn and contempt, and even professed to believe her accusations of himself, the result of impropriety in her own conduct—Eliza Norman, thou hast been avenged!

"He left her presence to engage in scenes of business and pleasure; and she, in a few weeks, was released from her sufferings.

"Was no remorse felt by the unfeeling husband, as he stood over the lifeless clay of one whom he had borne from her native land, to die heart-broken among strangers? Did no resolutions to return, at once, to the care of his children, possess the mind of the father, as he looked, for the last time, on the face of the mother, cold in death? Yes, deep was

his penitence for past neglect, and strong were his resolutions to change, at once, the course and current of his life; but alas for human weakness! the resolutions which man makes, confiding in his own strength, are fading as the last hues of sun-set upon the landscape;—they depart with the occasion which produced them, and the moral view is again enshrouded in darkness!

"Adéle de Villétte was a dependent of the Duchesse de Chevreuse, a very distant relative, to whom she had rendered herself useful by her activity and taste, agreeable by her servile and fawning flattery, and convenient by the laxity of her principles.

"Unhappy, and beginning to waver in his resolution of returning to his children and country to attend to his private affairs, and, as far as possible, clear his name from reproach, in respect to his business relations, the unfortunate man again met with the sorceress, who artfully threw herself in his way under the guise of an angel of consolation. In a short time, he offered her his hand, which was readily accepted.

"Soon after his private marriage had taken place, the American minister received notice that he was superseded in his diplomatic office; and, at the same time, his drafts on the United States were sent back protested.

"Embarrassed and humiliated, he left the Court, and caring little whither he went, was induced by Adéle to go to Florence. Ignorant of his pecuniary embarrassment, she expected he would have taken a palace, and lived in princely style. He, at length, communicated to her his real condition, and the necessity of retiring to an obscure residence. Here, he studiously avoided meeting with any of his countrymen.

"Adéle's power over his mind was unbounded; her slightest wish was to him, a law, and in the fascinations of her society, he forgot himself, his children, and his country. He fancied that, with Adéle by his side, he might be happy,

even in obscurity and poverty. Letters from his son and daughter, written after hearing of the death of their mother, had some effect in rousing him from his dream of passion. Their helpless condition, forlorn and destitute, was called up to his imagination, and resolving to do for them all he could, he appropriated to them a small sum which he had vested in England to be reserved for a case of emergency, and a bill of exchange for the same, was transmitted for their benefit to the person with whom his son had been placed. This was the last parental act which the unhappy man has ever performed for those who should have been dearer to him than his own life. No palliation does he offer for this desertion; but if suffering in this life can atone for errors, the hermit might hope that his sins are pardoned.

"By degrees, the character and motives of Adéle were unfolded Her artlessness, he found to be the most consummate hypocrisy; and her tenderness, a cloak for the basest selfishness. When she saw that her victim was no longer powerful nor honored, she despised and reviled him, And when he had, for her, exhausted all his pecuniary resources, and was lying on a bed of sickness, she deserted him, taking with her the few valuables he still possessed, even the miniatures of his wife and children, for the sake of the gold in which they were encased. She departed;—and on her table was found the following communication.

"'Adéle de Villétte leaves you forever. When she, purposely, dropped her bracelet to make an opportunity of forming your acquaintance, she believed you a prize, but she has been deceived, and find she has drawn a blank. She has other objects than living in obscurity with any one, especially one for whom she has neither affection nor respect. What right have you to expect the sacrifice of her youth and beauty? She is not like the tame, mean-spirited woman who bore with your neglect and contempt because she felt herself in your power; and who dared not break the

ties which are sacred only to fools, and bigots. No! Adéle de Villétte has made you her dupe. You, who considered yourself so wise, so capable of penetrating into the motives of others, looking upon the human mind as an instrument which you could touch with a master-hand; you, the great, the wise, and the haughty, you have been made the tool of a woman's caprice and convenience! you may say the *victim* of a base woman; be it so;—console yourself by magnifying your own distresses, and my faults; I leave you that consolation, you have nothing else.'

"Disgusted with Adéle, himself, and the world, and believing himself marked out for disgrace, and that his presence would but brand with infamy those connected with him, he who had once been so proud and aspiring, resolved to conceal himself in the deepest solitude. He sought among the cliffs and caverns of the Appenines to find a spot where he might live and die unknown; and he found—Valambrosa.

"The Hermit has completed the painful task of confessing the errors, the sins of his past life, which he has sought to represent in their true lineaments without disguise or palliation, as he would have delineated the character of another;—he finds much to condemn, and little to approve. He applies to his soul, the words of the hand-writing on the wall, addressed to the wretched king of Babylon; and for his past offences, condemns himself to live apart from the haunts of men.

"As this world is lost to him, he would fain seek for pardon and forgiveness from on high, that he may have hope, for a future life.

"Having finished the details of past offences, I lay aside the third person, and will now speak of myself without that interposing screen. I have studied myself; I have seen how defective have been my springs of action. The first element of a true greatness, is virtuous principle; on this basis alone, can be raised the superstructure of a truly elevated character.

The richest gifts of intellect are only valuable as they are accompanied by corresponding moral qualities; and no morality can be sound and effective, that is not built upon religion. I looked, in vain, for support in the cold abstractions of philosophy. I have sought in science to find oblivion for the past, and in pursuits of literature to lose the consciousness of my present condition; but philosophy, science, and literature have all proved powerless and vain; they afford no balm for a bruised heart.

"The holy bible which I had seldom read, and never studied with any desire to be enlightened, presented itself, when all other sources failed to strengthen and console. Like Moses, in the burning bush, and in the mount, like Abraham and like Jacob at Bethel, I have talked with God, and my soul has risen from her low estate, and soared aloft to the spiritual and unseen world. Angels have seemed to encamp around me and whisper of forgiveness and peace. In contemplating the life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, my proud spirit has been subdued, and I trust the meek and pure doctrines of christianity have entered into my heart, and changed its desires and aims. The honors of this world seem, in my estimation, as less than nothing, compared with the glory which, even in this life, attends upon the humble and penitent believer; and no achievement do I regard so honorable, as victory over the evil passions of a corrupt nature.

"Since I have found that peace, which 'as the world giveth not, neither can it take away,' I have sometimes doubted whether I ought not to return to my country and seek out those deserted children, whom my fears represent as living in wretchedness, perhaps, in infamy. But dead as I have been to my friends, and the world, my re-appearance might injure my family, and bring greater distress upon them. They now doubtless, mourn me as dead; then why re-call to them the unhappy past, or tempt myself to engage in worldly projects!

"Resigning the direction of events to Him who knoweth what is best, I will wait in humble faith and dependence for indications of His will, prepared to follow the leadings of His providence. Should sudden death remove me from the world, and this paper be found by any who may seek for evidence, as to who and what, was the 'Hermit of the cliff,' it will be seen that my errors were great; that though my better nature struggled against temptation, I yielded to it. But it will also be seen that I turned with horror and loathing from my sins; that I became penitent, and in faith and humility embraced the religion of the cross, which is now my only consolation in life, and will, I trust sustain me in death; regarding that event, to the believer, as an entrance into what may truly be called life; and this imperfect state, but the twilight dawning of a brighter and better existence. To this paper, I affix my true name,

JAMES LIVINGSTON NORMAN,
Of the City of New York, U. S. of America."

Powerful emotions agitated the mind of Landon, during the perusal of this paper. The explanations which Mr. Norman had given of his conduct, his penitence and humility inspired the hope that he would return to his family, not only a "better and a wiser man," but much happier than he had ever been;—and Landon went to his repose with a mind lightened of a heavy burthen. In his dreams, he wandered with Ida Norman in a garden of flowers, among which she lost her bracelet, and when he stooped to pick it up, he saw the coil of a glittering serpent in its place; as he attempted to crush the serpent, it stood up before him in the form of a beautiful woman, exclaiming, "Why would you destroy Adéle de Villétte?" Then he saw a man of distinguished appearance standing by a column in the garden; and the female go to him with a smile so enchanting, that he followed where she led the way, through mire and deep waters, through tangled briers

and over steep acclivities, until hissing, she again became a serpent and glided away, while he who had followed her, hid himself in a cave in the earth.

Then he was sitting in a summer-house on the shore of Long Island Sound, with Louis Norman and two lovely women; and he fancied, he heard one of them say, "now, dear Ida, we are doubly sisters." Landon sighed, when he awoke, to find it but a dream.

He rose from his dreaming couch, and wrote a hurried epistle to Louis, enclosing his father's auto-biography, and informing him of their intention to hasten their return to America.

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. NEWTON'S DINNER-PARTY.

THE inmates of Science Hall, after the agitation caused by the forged letters, and the engagement of Laura Landon, were again pursuing the calm and "even tenor of their way" in the usual routine of duty. Laura, now known as the *fiancée* of Louis Norman, neither affected silly reserve, nor proclaimed her engagement, as if it were an event to agitate the earth to its centre. She had returned to Mrs. Newton's, and quietly resumed her usual occupations. Louis stole away as often as his professional engagements would permit, to the quiet and romantic scenes which were associated with the dream of his young life.

Soon after Laura's return, Mrs. Newton sent invitations to Mr. and Mrs. Ashburn, and Julia Selby to dine at the "Hall." She requested Mrs. Landon and Louis Norman

to meet them there; observing to the latter, that she thought it due to their intimate friends, to inform them of the relation which subsisted between Laura and himself.

The day for Mrs. Newton's select dinner-party was perfect in its calmness and serenity. The few invited guests, at an hour unfashionably early, were on their way to the Hall. Louis Norman, on horseback, pleasantly occupied with his own thoughts, was passing Mr. Selby's carriage, without observing whose it was, when Julia letting down the glass, exclaimed, "Good morning, Mr. Norman, and so you was going to pass me without even a word of recognition; really, you forget your friends very suddenly!"

"A thousand pardons, Miss Selby," said Louis, touching his hat, "you are one of the last persons I would wish to forget, my sister's long tried friend."

"Only your sister's friend, Mr. Norman, I have flattered myself that you thought of me as *your* friend."

"*My* friend, Miss Selby, I sincerely hope you are such."

"Well, Mr. Norman, if you are my friend, why have you not been to see me since my birth-night party? I believe you are the only gentleman invited, who has not since called."

"I crave your pardon, Miss Selby, it was indeed a breach of etiquette, for which I owe you an apology."

"*Etiquette*, Mr. Norman, is a cold word to be used between friends! But do you know how poor Laura Landon is? she left the party the other night so early, I thought she must have been indisposed, and she seemed in such wretched spirits!"

"I think—I believe—she is quite well now," answered Louis.

"Poor thing," said Julia, "I remember well, just how she looked the very day she came to school; I thought her then very pretty, though she appeared depressed. She is now very beautiful; do you not think so, Mr. Norman?"

The horse at this instant, gave a sudden bound, and Louis, bowing as he passed the carriage, said, "you are going to the Hall, I shall be at the door to meet you."

Julia was not certain whether the bound of the horse was accidental, or caused by the will of the rider. She saw that the manner of Louis Norman was far from being lover-like. "After all," thought she, "he may be attached to Laura, and why should he not be? yet it is humiliating to feel myself foiled in the attempt to interest his heart. My flatterers would make me believe I am irresistible, when I wish to please; I have done my best in this case, and as it appears, with little effect. Mrs. Newton has warned me much against flattery; yet if it be a poison, it is a palatable one, but it is not agreeable to find it false."

The graceful figure of Louis Norman was seen by Julia on the steps, as he stood awaiting her approach; and Ida and Laura were soon at the door, to welcome their friend.

Poor Laura Landon, attired with elegant simplicity, her heart buoyant with bright hopes, and the consciousness of requited affection, appeared to Julia as surpassingly lovely, in the unusual radiance of her eyes, and the animation which was diffused over her beaming countenance.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashburn were soon added to the party, and Mrs. Landon, who had arrived still earlier, was already seated with Mrs. Newton in the drawing-room where she received her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashburn who were acquainted with the state of affairs between Louis Norman and Laura Landon, understood the particular occasion of the invitation at that time. They were pleased to meet with Mrs. Landon, both on account of past associations, and the future connection which was to be formed between her daughter and one so dear to them as Louis had become.

Mrs. Ashburn was soon deeply engaged with Mrs. Landon and Mrs. Newton in talking over the events of their

school-days. They spoke of the many inroads made by death, among those who were once in the same circle of young and happy girls;—of the melancholy death of Eliza Tudor in a foreign country; of Julia Moncrief, who was so suddenly cut off in the midst of Mr. Selby's prosperity, and when her sons and her daughter most needed a mother's watchful care and prudent counsel.

"We have each, my friends," said Mrs. Ashburn, "had our own peculiar trials; I have been bereft of my children, and though blest with an abundance of this world's possessions, have been left with none to enjoy it with me."

"You forget, dear Frances," said Mrs. Newton, "that your husband has been spared to you; think of those who have lost all!"

"I am indeed ungrateful," said Mrs. Ashburn—"for there is Louis, who is, the same as a son to us; he has diffused new life within our once lonely household. Mr. Ashburn is very proud of him. You are truly happy, my dear Mrs. Landon, in the connection your daughter is about to form; and she is, I hear, a most lovely and accomplished young lady. I have been very desirous of forming her acquaintance since Louis informed us of his engagement; or rather, dutifully, asked our sanction to the same."

Mrs. Landon's tearful eye spoke the varying emotions of a mother's heart too full for utterance.

Mr. Ashburn and Louis appeared engaged in earnest conversation in a distant part of the drawing-room; while the young ladies, in an adjoining apartment, were practising some new music which Julia had just brought from the city.

"Have you looked into the affair," said Mr. Ashburn to Louis, "that I have spoken to you about of the foreclosure of the mortgage, which your father gave to Israel Mordecai? I doubt not you will be able to prove it was an illegal transaction, and that you have still a claim to the equity of redemption."

"I have sir," said Louis, "examined the public records, and I can find no account of the transaction; nor can I learn that there was any advertisement of the sale, or that any notification, whatever, was given of the intention of the mortgagee to foreclose."

"It is as I suspected; this affair must be looked into. Your father's absence was seized upon to hasten this foreclosure; and believing no one would appear to investigate the business, that old miser, Mordecai, presumed to take the law into his own hands, and making a mere show of form, he got possession of this property. But we must follow up his villainy, and rescue this splendid estate from his grasp."

"If we could do it," said Louis, smiling, "it would be even a greater triumph than that, which, through your means, I achieved over Perseverance Fox; though if it were the wealth of a nation, and I could obtain it all, it could not make me happier than did the recovering of my watch and diamonds. Indeed, I have often thought I owed a great debt of gratitude to that man, for sending me to your house, where I found parents, and more than parents."

Mr. Ashburn's eyes were moistened with the ready tear, but he did not fancy scenes, and changed the subject.

"You wear your old watch yet, it seems, Louis?"

"Oh, certainly sir, it is my talisman; the most fashionable watch in the city, could not buy this piece of antiquity."

"And the diamonds," said Mr. Ashburn, "you never wear them, I think."

"In my opinion," said Louis, "a lawyer's jewels and diamonds should drop from his mouth, rather than be worn on his fingers, or his bosom; I have given the diamond pin to my sister, and the ring to"——

"Oh yes, I understand, in token of the plain gold ring

which is to follow—you could not have bestowed it more worthily."

At dinner, Mr. Ashburn proposed as a toast, (to be drank either with wine or water, as might suit the different tastes or principles of the company) "the health of Louis Norman and Laura Landon, wishing them a speedy union and, long years of prosperity."

"Louis bowed to Mr. Ashburn, and sent an inquiring glance towards Laura, who, surprised at this unexpected allusion, blushed deeply, and cast her eyes downward in modest confusion. Ida thanked Mr. Ashburn with her most expressive look for his interest in her brother, while she whispered to Laura, "hold up your head, my dear, you have no cause to blush for your choice." Mrs. Newton, deeply affected, remarked to Mr. Ashburn, that the young couple would ever have cause to remember him as the author of their happiness.

"You, my dear madam," said Mr. Ashburn, "have been the first to lead the way in deeds of kindness and disinterested benevolence."

One individual in this party seemed ill at ease—Julia Selby, surprised at Mr. Ashburn's toast, first looked pale, then red, and afterwards, to hide her chagrin, began talking and laughing very loudly, as if in an exuberance of spirits, deceiving all but herself, and Mrs. Newton, who had observed, with much regret, the effect of this announcement upon her. She had wished that Julia should be fully undeceived, as early as possible, as to the intentions of Louis Norman.

The company had retired to the drawing-room, and were taking coffee, when a messenger arrived from the city, with a package of ship-letters for Louis Norman, who, as he had been hourly expecting the packet-ship, which he hoped would bring him letters from William Landon, had, before

leaving home, directed, in case of such an event, that the letters should be brought to him at Science Hall.

Louis, looking at the package, exclaimed, "Here is a letter from Landon, post-marked at Florence;" and then in a lower tone, "I dread to open this package, lest it may destroy my cherished, but perhaps visionary hopes!"

Ida flew to her brother, and bending over his shoulder, glanced with him at the journal of Landon's arrival at Florence, his impressions of the place, studies, &c. until they both, at the same moment, caught the expression, (under a later date) "*I have just parted with your father*,—he will return with me, and will be able to exculpate himself from much that has been laid to his charge. The large package which accompanies this, is his auto-biography. If I have found it deeply interesting, what will it be to his children?"

Ida clasped her hands silently, and laying her head upon her brother's shoulder, exclaimed, "Louis! dear Louis! we are not orphans! we are not dishonored! let us thank God for his goodness."

Louis, too deeply affected to speak, pressed his sister's hand in silence, and beckoning to Laura, who, deeply interested in the scene, stood hesitating, irresolute, whether to approach or not. "You are one of us," he said, "will you not own this father, even though he may have erred?"

"Will that father own the poor Laura Landon?" asked she, in a low and tremulous tone, unheard by all but he to whom it was addressed.

"He will be proud of her," said Louis, in a louder tone; "we will all devote ourselves to his happiness."

The friends present, heartily congratulated Louis and Ida upon this joyful occasion. The good Mr. Ashburn seemed young again.

"I always said so Louis; I always said your father had good reasons for what he has done. I had his picture, and

when his enemies tried to blacken his character, I hung it in the most conspicuous place in my office. But I never flattered him, when the world were all running after him; and he often thought me indifferent, because I refused to join in the false adulation offered him by the selfish and designing. It will do me good to look upon him, once more."

Mrs. Newton offered to the brother and sister her heartfelt congratulations;—but wondered much, what kind of explanations could be made, which would excuse a father for an abandonment of his parental duties, for a period of so many years.

Mrs. Landon was happy to learn that her son had been instrumental in discovering the place of Mr. Norman's seclusion, and that Louis' prospects of happiness were brightening.

Julia Selby, in reality benevolent and sympathizing, except when her own personal vanity was affected, partook in the general rejoicing in the prospect of Mr. Norman's return. Mrs. Newton watched the triumph of her better nature—and was thankful.

As soon as Ida became composed, she left the room to find her dear friends, Miss Wentworth and Miss Milburn, who, after dinner, had returned to their accustomed duties with the pupils of the school. She desired that they might share in her happiness, and never had she appealed to them for sympathy, in sorrow or in joy, that she did not receive it. They were, on this occasion, scarcely less delighted than Ida herself; and the pupils were all excused from further duties on that day, that they too, might rejoice that Ida Norman's father was alive, and would soon be in New York.

CHAPTER IX.

RETURN OF THE TRAVELLERS.—FRANK SELBY'S IDEA OF OCCUPATION.—ATTENTION OF THE SELBYS TO THE JUNIOR PARTNER.—IDA NORMAN SHORTENS HER VISIT.

In a few days, a second letter was received from Landon, informing Louis that he had been obliged to defer his voyage for a short time, and that Mr. Norman would not return with them, as he wished to go to London to secure some important papers, which he had deposited with his former bankers in that city, and which, on his return to the United States, he should require, in making a settlement with the government.

Landon wrote that the business of Selby & Co. at home requiring his prompt attention, he had very reluctantly decided to sail without Mr. Norman, who would follow, as soon as possible in an English packet.

Great disappointment was felt by the affectionate son and daughter, at this intelligence; but confiding in Landon's assurances that their father was as anxious to see them, as they were for his return, they cheerfully submitted to this lighter trial.

Ida Norman had gone to spend a few days with Julia Selby, who, by this time, had ceased to mourn over the failure of her plans for the conquest of Louis; when it was announced that the packet, in which William Landon and Frank Selby were expected, was at the quarantine ground. This intelligence was soon followed by the arrival of Frank Selby, with a large quantity of luggage.

Mr. Selby, who was a kind father, cordially welcomed his son, and Julia received her brother affectionately.

The presence of Miss Ida Norman, though very unex-

pected, was by no means disagreeable to Frank; and as he eyed her with a gaze somewhat embarrassing, he mentally exclaimed, that she was "more magnificent than ever."

Frank had, however, evidently improved much in manners and intelligence; his delighted father tried him upon French and Italian, asked him questions about the places he had visited, and became more and more pleased with his answers.

"Why my son," said he, "as long as you were kept at school, you could seldom give a correct answer to any question that was asked you, but you seem to have made good use of your foreign tour."

"I never had a good teacher before, father," said Frank, "your junior partner has schooled me to good purpose. You put me into a fine pickle, to send me off with so decided a fellow as he, with not a dollar of my own, only as he pleased to give it."

"Are you sorry for it, now, Frank?"

"No father, to tell the truth I am not; and my notions of things are considerably altered. You will find me a steady man, if you will but try me in a proper way, and give me some encouragement to attend to business."

"What business would you like to pursue, Frank?" said his father, "nothing would please me better than to assist you to engage in some occupation."

"Well father, the kind of *occupation* I should like, would be to *occupy* an elegant seat somewhere on the Hudson, with an estate about me of a few thousand acres; and then with some ten or fifteen thousand dollars income, I think the occupation might be made quite agreeable, especially with some beautiful and sensible young lady, who would 'Weep when I praised her, and blush when I blamed,' as Byron says. No, I mean 'blush when I praised her,' &c."

"And you mean Moore, instead of Byron," said Julia, vexed at Frank's blunders. "I suppose, Frank, you mean

that you would take me to that beautiful castle of yours, as you often make me *blush* for your blunders, and *cry* for your teasing."

"No, no Jule," and he glanced at Ida as he spoke, "I had no reference to you; I had some one in my eye much handsomer than you are. Mr. Landon knows who, for I have made him a confidant; and he will, I dare say, give me a good recommendation for 'honesty, sobriety,' and all that sort of thing."

Frank's preference for Ida, did not disturb Julia, on the contrary she began to fancy that something might come of it; she really loved Ida much, and would be proud of her as a sister, besides she would then be out of the way of rivalship.

Mr. Selby, not entirely satisfied with Frank's views of a future *occupation*, made no comments upon his remarks, but inquired, "Where is Mr. Landon, and when will he be here?"

"He is at his mother's I presume," said Frank, "but I dare say he will be here soon, for I have a fancy that he thinks a good deal about our Jule."

Mr. Selby's look of satisfaction at this remark, did not escape Ida's observation, or if she had been in doubt as to its expression, the remark which followed was not to be misunderstood.

"I told my partner before he went abroad," said Mr. Selby, "that I would prefer my daughter's marrying an intelligent young man, with good morals and habits, without fortune, than an idle, dissipated fellow;—even if he did *occupy* an estate on the Hudson, with ever so large an income."

"Why papa," said Julia, with no serious displeasure, "how could you speak thus to Mr. Landon? I fear he thought you meant ——."

"And so I did mean, Julia, I am plain spoken and direct."

Ida's heart was deeply pained at this conversation. Wil-

liam Landon, had, from childhood, been an object of interest to her; and in riper years, she had thought of him with deep solicitude. As his fortunes had gradually advanced, she had rejoiced, as in the prosperity of a brother. William was often pensive, and Ida, when seeing it, would exert herself to make him smile, and look happy; she seemed not to think of herself, but of him, and if she ever thought of being more to him than a friend, it was that she might devote herself to his happiness. William was usually reserved in his manner towards her; yet she had sometimes met his eye fixed upon her with an earnest gaze, which he would withdraw in confusion. Ida did not understand this; the thought of the former inequality in their conditions never occurred to her,—she had become accustomed to consider herself, a destitute orphan. William had once said, when they were overtaken by a storm, as they were sailing in a skiff, on Long Island Sound, "Ida, can we not buffet the storms together?" He had sometimes handed her a book to read, with a slip of his own poetry enclosed; and had, in a very delicate manner, made her presents of flowers, pictures, and music.

In the tablets of the heart, his sayings and acts were treasured up, but when examined by the test of reason, they signified nothing; and Ida often felt that she had no cause to believe William Landon interested in herself, except as a friend, and unfortunate.

On the evening after his arrival in the city, Landon called at Mr. Selby's where he received a warm and affectionate greeting from every one, except Ida Norman; who appeared more reserved than ever; while Miss Selby, with all the ease of a finished lady of *haut ton*, conversed with him upon the countries he had visited, expressed her great delight at seeing him again, and looking so well too;—but a residence abroad gave such a finish to a gentleman's manners, it was really a great advantage, and could not be

too highly appreciated. She spoke of music, the French theatre, and the Italian opera; asked his opinion of the original paintings and sculpture of the old masters, and led him to speak of the varied scenery of the different countries through which he had travelled, conversing with as much ease and fluency, upon places, persons and things, as if she were familiarly acquainted with all. Landon, though aware that Miss Selby's mind was highly cultivated, was yet surprised at her extensive research, and her retentive memory. He admired the fine style of her conversation, and the taste and elegance of her dress; and he thought within himself, that even in a European court, Miss Selby would pass for an elegant woman. But he evidently sought for an opportunity to leave her, and go to the side of Ida Norman, to whom he spoke in low tones of her father, of the deep interest he felt for him, and of the many inquiries he had made respecting her and Louis. "I thank you Mr. Landon," was all Ida could say, "We can never forget your kindness. Have you yet seen my brother, Mr. Landon?"

"He came to the vessel as soon as it arrived in the harbour, and accompanied me to my mother's; Laura was there, expecting me; I am delighted that she and Louis have at length come to an understanding of each other's sentiments, they seem very happy."

"Very," said Ida, her parched tongue cleaving to the roof of her mouth.

"I hope our dear Mrs. Newton is in good health," said Landon.

"She is very well, I thank you, Mr. Landon."

"And our friends, the excellent Miss Wentworth, and the amiable Miss Milburn, are they well?"

"Quite."

Mr. Selby approached and asked some questions on business affairs, which gave Ida an opportunity to escape from the room. She went to her chamber and closed the

door; long and earnestly did she examine her own heart to detect the springs of thought and action there; and after severe struggles with herself, she resolved that she would, hereafter, with assistance from above, control her feelings, and still love William Landon as a friend, though he did prefer Julia Selby to her.

Mr. Landon soon left, and Julia found Ida in her chamber, cheerful and composed. Julia was lavish in her praises of their visitor, his good looks, improved style of dress and manners, and his agreeable and intelligent conversation; and she asked Ida, in a manner, which might have been taken as serious, or jesting, if she would be her bridesmaid, when she should be married to William Landon.

"Certainly, if such an event should take place, and you should wish it, dear Julia; was the answer; "but do you love William Landon? you have lately appeared much interested in Mr. Vanderkemp, and I believe he thinks so. Indeed Julia, you have given him much encouragement."

"Have I done so, Ida? I am sure I did not intend it, I have only been civil to hin."

"You carry civility much farther than I would do," said Ida. "To take the affections, without giving an equivalent, is, in my opinion, the worst kind of robbery. You know, dear Julia, what Mrs. Newton has often said to us on this subject."

"I do not depend so much on Mrs. Newton's oracular wisdom, as formely," said Julia, "she was never much conversant with the *beau monde*, and her notions are now, of course, very antiquated; the truth is, we must all learn the world for ourselves."

"I am sorry, Julia, to hear you depreciate the advice of our dear Mrs. Newton; were I exposed as you are to the facinations of the gay world, I should be very anxious for the counsels of wisdom. Your situation, I know, obliges you to see much company. Your father desires to have his

house rendered agreeable, and it is doubtless difficult for you to know, exactly, the boundary line between politeness, or that benevolence of feeling which desires to make all happy, and a manner which inspires expectations only to be disappointed, and, of course, creates misery—but the affections of the heart, dear Julia, should never be trifled with."

Julia Selby looked at Ida, as she spoke, the rich carnation mantling her cheeks, and her full eyes beaming with the lustre of intelligence and virtue, her dark hair had fallen from her comb, and hung down her shoulders and partly over her bust, beautifully contrasting with the pure whiteness of her finely turned neck. Julia felt that it was impossible not to admire Ida Norman, and she asked herself whether it were likely William Landon would give the preference to her, when beloved by one so fair and gifted. She was conscious that it would be far more noble for her to suffer the course of the affection, which she believed did exist between Landon and Ida, to run on smoothly and tranquilly, than to attempt to divert the attention of the former to herself. But vanity had now become Julia Selby's ruling principle, and she turned away from the monitions of conscience, not exactly resolved to act an unworthy part, but yet not firmly determined to follow in the path of duty.

At the breakfast table, Mr. Selby announced to his daughter, that he had engaged Mr. Landon to dine with them on that day, in company with some foreigners and strangers of distinction, and he hoped the ladies would look their prettiest, and behave their best. Julia appeared quite delighted at this information; and it was evident to Ida that she had requested her father to make the dinner party. Ida heard the intelligence with some surprise; that on the very day after his arrival, Landon should leave his mother to dine away from home, seemed almost unnatural; and she

considered this another evidence that he was particularly interested in the Selbys, or at least, in one of them.

Mr. Selby retired from the breakfast-room, leaving the two young ladies at table. Julia, in a reverie, sat balancing her spoon on the edge of her cup; Ida reflected, and resolved.

"Julia," said she, "I must ask the favor of your carriage to take me to the Hall this morning, I have already made my visit longer, than is consistent with my duties.

"Oh, indeed, Ida," said Julia, scarcely dissembling her satisfaction, "do not think of going to day, when I shall have so many gentlemen to entertain. I am sorry you think you must go, but if you must, I will order the carriage,—at what time, dear Ida, will you go?"

"I should like to go very soon, Julia, if convenient."

"Have you any message Ida, to leave for Mr. Landon, if he should inquire after you?"

"None," was the answer.

"Come again soon," said Julia, "and give my best love to all the good friends at the Hall, and to Laura when you see her; I am so sorry you do not stay to this dinner."

With a swelling heart Ida took leave of the friend whom she had fondly loved from her childhood, but whose character seemed to have undergone a change. She saw her determined to push her advantages to the utmost, regardless of the wounds she might inflict on the hearts of others. She believed, that dazzled by Mr. Selby's wealth, and the high rank which Julia held in fashionable society, William Landon was about to offer up his heart on the altar of ambition. "Both friends," thought Ida, "must be lost to me; for if I see them act unworthily, how can I esteem or love either of them?"

CHAPTER X.

IDA NORMAN FINDS, IN DUTY, BALM FOR A WOUNDED SPIRIT. — HER UNEXPECTED REMOVAL FROM SCIENCE HALL.

Ida soon received the warm embraces of Mrs. Newton, and her numerous friends at the Hall. All pressed around her, anxious to hear every word, and see every look. "Here" thought Ida, "is love without dissimulation, warm and pure. Here is my home; here I am happy in the fulfilment of duty—oh, why should my thoughts and affections ever stray beyond this resting place!"

Laura's absence was the less regretted by Ida at this time, as it would have been difficult to have avoided speaking to her upon the subject which agitated her mind. She resolved to communicate to no one the trials of her heart, but to govern her feelings; and to seek for happiness in doing good to others.

Little Rosa Lansing pushed her way, until she had received her kiss, and seated herself on a low tabouret by Ida's side. "We are all so lonesome when you are gone, Miss Ida," said she, "why do you go away? Miss Landon has gone, and the girls say, she is going to be married to your brother. We all like him, but we want her to stay with us. You will not go and be married too, Miss Ida, will you?"

"Oh Miss Ida," said several at once, "you must not leave us; I am sure you love us, and if Miss Laura goes, will stay with us."

The simple love of the school girls; the affection, as of elder sisters, of her dear friends, Miss Wentworth and Miss Milburn, and the deep maternal regard of Mrs. Newton, all gushed forth at the moment when she needed soothing

influences, and her heart was filled with a sense of the blessings bestowed upon her.

"Here," thought she, "I am shielded from the temptations which constantly surround Julia Selby, amid the gay scenes of her life. In her situation, I might enjoy the triumphs of vanity as she does, and seek for new aliment to feed that ever restless passion. I am thankful for my lot, and will seek to enjoy its many blessings, and to improve its many advantages."

Ida was now seen moving about the house in various directions, observing where she could be most useful, and applying herself to any, and every duty, which presented. Constant occupation soon calmed her spirits, and when Louis came, in the evening, to see her, he thought she had never appeared more happy.

He spoke much of William Landon, and of his interesting account of their father. "He says Ida, that he is not older in appearance, than Mr. Ashburn, that his countenance is calm and benign, and his manners mild and winning; though, at times, he relapses into deep sadness. But who can wonder at this? We will devote ourselves to him, my sister, when he comes; and with the greater tenderness, for the unhappy events in his life which have kept him in banishment from his country and his family. It is well he did not come in the ship with Landon, for I have now a plan in my head, in the execution of which, I shall want your aid;—and this plan is, to receive him in his own house."

"What can you mean, Louis?"

"You women, Ida, do not understand much about law matters, and so I have not troubled you with what has been brewing,—but you must know that Mr. Ashburn put me in the way of finding out a great piece of villainy, practised by one Mordecai, an old miser, from whom our father had borrowed large sums of money, and mortgaged property, worth at that time five times the amount, and

which, by a sudden rise in value, it became a great object to obtain. In a manner as secret as possible, though he pretended to some legal formality, Mordecai got up an auction sale, and bid off the estate. The question of the legality of this transaction, will be tried at our next court; I hope, dear sister, to be able to obtain justice, and if so, my father on his return, will find himself in possession of a princely fortune."

Ida had listened with deep interest to this statement; for her father's sake, and that his name might be freed from all disgrace, far more than any interest of her own, she hoped that the ardent expectations of her brother might be realized; but she expressed her fears that he was too sanguine.

"No, dear sister, I have searched records, and have studied the case night and day, for the last month; and I have obtained unquestionable evidence that the sale was illegal; in which case, the equity of redemption reverts to the mortgager, or to his heirs and representatives. I am impatient for the trial to take place, though aware that the ablest counsel which money can procure, is arrayed against me.

"Counsellor Van Deusen, always my father's bitter enemy, is one of the lawyers employed. But I do not fear them, my cause is a righteous one, and will, I firmly believe, prevail. My father's private, as well as his political character, will doubtless be assailed; he will be called a defaulter to the government; but thanks to Landon's friendship, I shall be able to announce that he will soon be here, to answer for himself."

"Oh Louis, may you indeed be able to achieve the victory you aspire to.—But you said something of receiving our father in his own house, what did you mean by that?"

"Yes, Ida, I did say so,—and I know how happy you will be to learn that I have purchased our old home, that house in Broadway, where we spent our childhood."

"Is it possible, dear, dear Louis, that you was able

to buy so expensive a house, or have you incurred a debt?"

"No, Ida, every dollar is paid; but I have accepted from my more than father, Mr. Ashburn, some assistance to enable me to do it;—it was his own proposition, and I have learned how happy it makes him to confer favors. He has said that his fortune should be mine; but may he live long to enjoy it, and the luxury of doing good, which he accomplishes with a grace peculiar to himself. Yes, Ida, I have come here this very night, to ask you to go, to-morrow, and assist me with your taste in furnishing the house; for we have no time to lose, as we may expect our father by the next ship from England. Come Ida, let us seek our ever kind friend, Mrs. Newton. She will be sorry to lose you, but like Mr. Ashburn, she thinks more of the happiness of others than her own."

The heart of Mrs. Newton was filled with a variety of emotions as Louis informed her of the expected trial for the recovering of an immense estate; the purchase, which, with Mr. Ashburn's help, he had made of the home of their childhood; and finally, that he was desirous to take Ida there the following day, that every thing might be arranged, as soon as possible, for their father's reception.

Mrs. Newton admired the energy of Louis, the penetration he had discovered in ferreting out a dishonest transaction, and the confidence in his own powers exhibited in attempting, alone, to oppose counsel of great experience and influence. She appreciated the tenderness and delicacy shewn in the plan of receiving their father in the house where they had formerly lived;—but to part with Ida forever! to feel that she must now leave her, who had stood in the place of a parent, for one who had abandoned his parental duties! For a moment, Mrs. Newton's heart rebelled, but her noble nature triumphed; and she said, clasping Ida to her bosom, "yes, my child, you must go; duty calls you—

and I thank our Father in Heaven, that my thoughts can follow you, in whatever condition of life you may hereafter be placed, without fear of your failure to act as a woman of principle, and a Christian."

But Mrs. Newton wept, and Ida sobbed aloud; Louis would not interrupt a scene so touching, and silently withdrew, telling a servant to inform Miss Norman that he should call for her at nine o'clock the next morning.

The scene of Ida Norman's departure from Science Hall, was one of deep interest. Since she first entered its precincts, what a change had taken place in her character! Not more marked, was the physical change from childhood to womanhood, than the moral transformation which a judicious training under religious influences, had produced.

Trials of various kinds had aided in the work; indeed, without them, no deep and lasting impression upon the mind might have been produced by all the care that had been bestowed.

Ida Norman was now a woman of high moral worth, with a well disciplined mind, a heart generous and self-devoted, and a resolution capable of performing what her conscience dictated.

Mrs. Newton was no longer in the prime of life; the lustre of her eye had somewhat faded, her hair shewed an intermingling of silvery threads, and her step was less elastic, than when she had once been the terror and dread of the wilful and enraged, little Ida. But Mrs. Newton was even more lovely, than in the prime of her beauty and elegance; the light of holiness illumined her countenance, and communion with the spiritual world, had added dignity and elevation to her manner—if there was in her appearance less command, there was more of sweetness and benignity.

Scarcely could Ida go through the painful task of tearing herself from her dear pupils, the teachers with whom, after being their pupil, she had been associated in the same

duties and responsibilities, and whose sympathies she had ever found ready to gush forth for her, on all occasions of sorrow, or of joy.

Louis Norman, as he witnessed the scene of Ida's departure, thought of the time he accompanied his parents to the Hall; of the sweet little girl, whom, from the beautiful and kind expression of her countenance, he pointed out to Ida, among a group of others, as a harbinger of good; and a proud consciousness of the relation in which that little girl now stood to him, passed through his mind. That was the first great era in his own, and his sister's life; how much had since occurred to improve and discipline their characters!

Ida tore herself away from her more than mother, and the dear home of so many years;—and Science Hall, bereft of its two loveliest ornaments, seemed, for a time, deserted. Mrs. Newton, in her care to restore cheerfulness to the household, seemed, at first, to have forgotten her own loss; but when the scene had, in a degree, faded away from the minds of others, her thoughts were of that beloved one, whom she had, so long, looked upon as the stay and prop of her declining years.

Ida had little time for the indulgence of vain regrets for those she left;—Louis, always energetic, was not long in driving to the city; and they soon found themselves at the door of their former residence.

What thrilling associations were awakened, on entering those apartments, connected with the scenes of their early life! At first, it was difficult to realize that they had, indeed, returned to the home of their childhood. But the elaborate carving of the cornices, the exquisite finishing of the wainscoting, the Corinthian colonnade, pilasters, and mantels of Italian marble; the prospect from the windows, of shady park and smooth lawn upon one side, and lofty edifices on another; all these, gradually remembered, assisted the imagination to settle down into reality. The room in

which the family had usually sat, was the only furnished one; Louis had ordered a piano to be placed exactly where Ida's had formerly stood. He had selected all the furniture of the room, to resemble, as nearly as possible, that of former years, even to the low ottomans, the sofas and arm chairs.

Ida's feelings became overwhelming, she could no longer refrain from tears, and sank weeping upon a sofa.

Louis walked the room trying to dry his eyes with his handkerchief; at length, seating himself by her side, he said:

"Do you remember, sister, a scene which occurred in this room, a short time before our family were separated? It was after tea, and the lights had been just brought in; you were at the piano drumming away in a careless manner, instead of practising your lessons; and I, who had just come into the room, began to chide you harshly, as was too common in those days. Our dear mother, who was sitting just where you now are, called us to her, and we sat down by her side, on two low seats, like these before us. She kindly embraced us, begging that we would always be affectionate to each other, and said we should soon be separated, and, perhaps, might never live together again. I have often thought of that scene, it was deeply impressed upon my mind. Our father left the papers with which he had been engrossed, and came to us; extending his arms around us, he appeared touched with tender emotions, and the angel of love seemed, for a brief space, to hover over our little circle. Ida, have I since then been an affectionate brother, and fulfilled the wishes of our departed mother?"

"Most faithfully, dear Louis, have you performed your duties; much better, I fear, than I have mine; you have been, not only all that a brother should be, but have watched over my welfare with a parent's interest. I remember well, the scene you speak of; something was said about my

going to school; the next morning, mama took me shopping with her, to fit me out, and we went to Mrs. Landon's to get our sewing done. Our poor mother was doubtless very extravagant; though I was then young, I remember she owed a debt to Mrs. Landon that she could not pay, though she had that morning expended a great deal of money for things which were unnecessary; part of which, I prevailed on her to return to the shop-keeper of whom she had bought them, and to give Mrs. Landon an order for their amount. It now seems all a dream; so many unexpected events have since occurred. I was always much interested in the Landons; but I thought not then, that the sweet little flaxen-haired Laura would be my sister."

"And William too Ida, I think you are not indifferent to him; he is certainly deserving ——"

"Cease, my dear brother, do not speak to me of Mr. Landon; I have reasons for this request, which I may, at some future time, explain to you; but as you love me, Louis, do not unnecessarily bring to my recollection a person whom I should wish, as far as possible, to forget;—as Laura's brother, as your friend, as entitled to our gratitude for his services in seeking for our dear father, I honor Mr. Landon, and hope never to fail in becoming respect and attention towards him; but never think or speak of him, Louis, as one who will ever be to your sister, more than a friend."

Louis was surprised and shocked at Ida's earnest and solemn manner; he had no conception of the cause which had so changed her views in relation to Landon, for she had never before, when rallied about him, appeared displeased, or grieved.

CHAPTER XI.

LAW TRIAL.—SCENES IN A COURT-ROOM.—THE STRANGER.

While Ida, with the assistance of Mrs. Landon and Laura, is engaged in purchasing furniture, and setting up an establishment on a scale of comfort and even elegance, though far from the lavish extravagance of former grandeur; we will follow Louis to the halls of justice and legal science, where the important cause which he stated to Ida, is to be decided.

Much had been said of the nature of the transaction which was to be made the subject of investigation, and paragraphs, respecting the large amount of property in question, had been circulated in the newspapers throughout the country. Mr. Ashburn, as the time for the trial drew near, became restless and uneasy; he was often seen to whisper to himself, sometimes shaking his head as if contradicting a statement, and then smiling as if confirming some assertion. Louis was grave and abstracted, and for several nights before the trial, scarcely closed his eyes to sleep; so deeply was he engaged in preparation for the important event.

The day arrived, and the case was called; but the counsel for the defendant plead an adjournment. Louis Norman objected to such a proceeding, urging that justice called loudly for redress, in a case where it had so long slumbered. The Judge ordered that the trial should proceed. The spacious hall, where the court held its sittings, was densely crowded with persons of all classes and descriptions, so great was the interest which the importance of the cause had excited. Among the crowd was seen a stranger, who, from his costume, appeared to be a foreigner; and from his lofty air, and manner, a person of distinction. He sat near a pillar, somewhat distant from the bar, though near

enough to hear distinctly; and with his Spanish cloak wrapped closely around him, he listened with deep attention to the proceedings.

The witnesses being called, the counsel for the defendant brought forward a man, who, being duly sworn, testified that he was the auctioneer who officiated at the sale of the property in the upper part of Broadway, which had been mortgaged by James Livingston Norman to Israel Mordecai; and that no purchaser having appeared, who would give as much, as the amount of the mortgage, he had struck off the property to the mortgagee. On being cross-questioned by Louis Norman, with respect to any public advertisement of the mortgagee's intention to foreclose the mortgage, the witness said, that all the requisitions of the law had doubtless been strictly complied with; that due notice was publicly given before the time of sale, though the particular newspapers in which the advertisements appeared, he did not recollect.

The defendant's counsel then brought forward the notes, bonds and mortgages, with the deeds which had been duly assigned to Israel Mordecai by the auctioneer, professing to act under direction of the Court of Chancery. The cause being submitted for argument, the junior counsel for the defendant, Simon Van Deusen, Esq., arose and addressed the court.

"May it please your honors, I appear here at this time, to defend my client against a base attempt to wrest from him an estate, of which, he became possessed in due course of law and equity; and in the quiet enjoyment of which he has remained, until a briefless young lawyer, prowling about for prey, fastens upon him for a victim, seeking to take from him that which he had honestly and honorably acquired, and basely requiting a man who had conferred repeated favors upon his father.

"The plaintiff it seems, for want of honorable business,

has rummaged among files of old papers, eager to catch at some trifling informality which might, if artfully brought forward and twisted to suit his purposes, defeat the ends of justice. May it please your honors to consider what, and who, is the plaintiff in this case; a young lawyer with nothing to lose, and every thing to gain, trusting to the power of his eloquence, to 'make the worse appear the better side,' engaging in this cause as he would have bought a lottery ticket, where, though a thousand chances were against him, he might by possibility gain something, acting upon the principle of the old adage, 'Nothing venture, nothing have.'

"I am the last man, may it please your honors, to discourage virtuous enterprise; but bold attempts to invade the rights of others, should be frowned upon by every patriotic citizen. And who is this young lawyer, who dares appear as counsel in his own case, believing that he can, with his sling and five smooth stones taken out of the brook, contend with, and overcome a Goliath of the law? (of course, not referring to myself, but to my honorable colleague, the senior counsel, whose name alone, is a guarantee of the justice of the cause). Who, I say is this young lawyer? I need not inform your honors who he is; for his name is but too well known in a country which was defrauded by his father. Louis Livingston Norman is the son of a man who once disgraced this bar, and rendered his name infamous by his frauds and his profligacy. I would not injure the young man; I pity his condition; there is infamy enough attached to his name, and were he modest and unassuming, he would undoubtedly feel the weight of his father's disgrace pressing upon him; but when, with unblushing effrontery, he dares to come forward and invite an investigation into a transaction with which the father's name is connected, are we to be withheld by motives of compassion from remarks upon the character and conduct of that father! The son, in this transaction, is but proving himself a worthy scion of a degenerate stock.

"But I would not wander from the subject before us—and may it please your honors, I will briefly state the case under consideration. Our client, the venerable Israel Mordecai, a man known as ever ready to give assistance to the needy, (of course requiring, as is prudent, proper security,) our client, from time to time, furnished James Livingston Norman, the *honest* father of this *modest* young man, with large sums of money, which, in addition to the immense amount plundered from the public funds, were spent in most debasing licentiousness in a foreign country; while his children, neglected by this unnatural parent, were left to the charities of strangers. As security to our client for the money so generously furnished, the said Norman mortgaged to him some lots of land, then considered of small value, as they were situated in a part of the city not likely to become populous. The money of our worthy and venerable client, was not paid; he could not obtain it from the renegade, who had fled from justice in his own country; yes, fled from justice, under the cloak of office, bestowed upon him as a compensation for the dishonorable and wicked means he had used, to help into power men who were unfit for office themselves, and who made use of power, not for the good of the country, but to reward those, who by management and intrigue had elevated them.

"When our client found he could not obtain his money, what could he do but resort to the means provided by the law in such cases? He did all that the law required; and we challenge our opponent to prove any flaw, whatever, in the procedings;—obtaining a decree from the proper court to foreclose the mortgage, he sold the property at a public auction for the benefit of the mortgagee. If no one overbid him, he had the right to buy the property himself—and he did buy it. Supposing this property had not been worth enough to pay half the amount of the money advanced by our client to this Livingston Norman, would his son, do your honors

suppose, have appeared here this day, to claim the privilege of making up the loss to our client? But now, that the property is known to be valuable, he would disturb his father's benefactor in the peaceful possession of that which in due course of law, has become his.

"We do not wish to injure the feelings of the young man, but this attempt to repair the broken fortunes of a destitute family, by endeavoring to wrest property from the hands of an honest man, seems scarcely better than highway robbery; and the certainty that in thus doing, he would bring his father's name before an incensed and outraged public, heightens the audacity of the attempt. I cannot for a moment question the decision of the court in this case."

The stranger in the Spanish cloak,

("A man severe he was, and stern to view,")

sat unmoved during this harangue, with knit brow and eyes bent sternly upon the speaker; but when Louis arose, the sternness disappeared, and he regarded the young man with looks expressive of deep anxiety and tender interest. His face became of an ashy paleness, he sat leaning forward, motionless, with his lips slightly parted, and his breath suspended. Then, as if moved by a sudden thought, he removed partly behind the pillar, where he could still see the speaker without being himself conspicuous, and drew his cloak so as partly to conceal his features.

Louis Norman took an attitude at once firm and graceful, and began his argument in a tone, which though low, was so deep and distinct as to find an echo in the most distant corner of the spacious hall.

"May it please your honors, I appear before you as the plaintiff in this case: as the legal representative of my father; in his name demanding the restoration of a valuable estate, which I assert to have been fraudulently disposed of by the mortgage at a forced or pretended sale, and without regard

to the legal provisions made to prevent the unjnst appropriation of mortgaged property; without regard to the equity of redemption, or giving to others disposed to purchase, an opportunity of so doing, that the real value of the property might be obtained. I can prove to your honors, that at the time of this mock-auction-sale, and this illegal foreclosure of the mortgage given by my father, James Livingston Norman, the property in question was worth fifty fold more than the sum for which it was mortgaged; the great rise in its value having been caused by the laying out of new streets directly through the land, which, in consequence, became eligible for building lots. The fact of this property, then worth some five hundred thousand dollars, being struck off to the mortgagee for ten thousand dollars, is *prima facie* evidence that it was not a fair and open transaction.

"Had due notice been given of intention to foreclose the mortgage on this property, and the time of sale duly published, can it be believed that no bidders would have appeared? Your honors will at once perceive that such could not have been the case. On the defendant then, must rest the burden of proof; let him show the decree of court under which the mortgage was foreclosed, and prove that he fulfilled the requisitions of the law. He has, indeed, produced one witness who affirms that he was employed as an auctioneer; and that as no one bid above the defendant, he struck off the property to him; but he gives no dates, he refers to no records of the court, and he can shew no advertisement previous to the time of sale. His vague recollection that there were such advertisements, can surely have no weight with your honors.—I challenge our opponents to produce the public records, the advertisement, and the decree of court authorizing their proceedings—if there are such, they have eluded my strictest search and vigilance.

"I would have the defendant paid, to the full value of the notes on which the mortgage is predicated, with compound

interest on the same; and I claim, as the legal representative of my father, the equity of redemption. I stand ready at this moment to discharge the debt; and I ask justice for myself, or rather for my father, in whose name I have brought this suit."

Thus far, Louis had proceeded, stating the various points of his argument in a cool and deliberate manner, as if passionless, he had been moved by intellect alone. He paused a moment—and throwing off the restraint he had imposed upon his feelings, and the calmness he had assumed, he proceeded in a more impassioned manner.

"May it please your honors, I have hitherto spoken as a lawyer advocating a cause; allow me now to speak as a son. I blush that the counsel for the defendant should have brought into this case, allusions to private character, which were wholly irrelevant to the subject under consideration.

"Your honors are not sitting in judgment on the private character of my father; upon my own motives, or the necessities of my condition; these have no connection whatever, with the justice, or injustice, of the transaction which is here the object of investigation.

"It is the pride and glory of the law, that its operation is just and equal; that it is no respecter of persons! I acknowledge, may it please your honors, that I am a young lawyer. May I never become experienced in that butchery of the heart, which is but too often the disgrace of the profession! I have no ambition to become a 'Goliath of the law,' defying all principles of gentlemanly courtesy, and trampling under foot those who dare to ask for justice, unless they happen to be their own clients. Were such a course of practice inherent to the profession, I would scatter my legal diploma to the winds, and taking my axe and spade upon my shoulder, enter the wild regions of the west, and become a hewer of wood, and a tiller of the ground.

"But indulge me a moment in speaking of my father! In

this place his voice was often raised to defend the innocent; in this place the power of his eloquence and genius has been felt and acknowledged. But human nature is imperfect, my father was a man, and he erred; the envious and malicious seized upon circumstances which appeared against him, and industriously circulated reports calculated to wound and harrass his feelings. The ruin of his fortune, which they predicted, was, in part, brought about by their very predictions. His country became hateful to him, and he resolved to abandon it; but he is even now on his return, and wherein he may have injured any, he and his son, will stand ready to do all in their power to make full restitution."

As Louis Norman sat down, a hum of approbation burst forth from the audience, and the judges looked complacently upon each other. The stranger's face was buried in the folds of his cloak.

There was much consultation between the defendant and his counsel, while Louis was speaking, and when he had closed, the senior counsel for the defendant addressed the court.

"May it please your honors, our opponent asks more proof of the publicity of the auction sale of the property contested. We had supposed the proof adduced would be considered as sufficient, but are willing to gratify the plaintiff in his wish for more proof. We desire that a witness may be sworn, who will testify that he was present at the auction, that he himself bid up to nine thousand and nine hundred dollars; that many, present, made bids, but none went so high as our client, to whom the property in due form, was made over in fee-simple. The witness is a respectable tradesman in our city, and a man of unquestionable veracity. He will furthermore testify, that to his personal knowledge, there appeared in several newspapers of that period, advertisements respecting the foreclosure of the mortgage, and the time of the sale."

Looks of surprise were interchanged between the judges, and many others present. Mr. Ashburn, whose feelings had been raised to the highest pitch of excitement, by what he considered the triumphant plea of Louis, was evidently uneasy. Louis awaited the appearance of the witness in a state of painful suspense; victory which had seemed within his grasp, now appeared retreating. The stranger looked up, his lips were compressed, and his stern countenance became still more severe.

The defendant and his counsel wore an air of triumph, as their new witness went upon the stand. Mr. Ashburn. and Louis looked at the witness, and then, with a peculiar expression, at each other.

With circumstantial minuteness, the witness related the particulars respecting the auction sale. It was very much crowded, he said, he had scarcely ever known so many persons collected on such an occasion. The auctioneer was very slow in his proceedings; every one that wished, had a chance to bid. Mr. Mordecai appeared anxious to get the property out of his hands. He heard him say, that all he wished for was the money he had lent Mr. Norman, for he owned more real estate, now, than he wanted. But the auctioneer, whom he remembered in the witness who had that day testified, did, at length, knock off the property to Mr. Mordecai. He heard several say, the property was not worth the amount of the mortgage. He remembered about the decree of the court under which the sale was made, and that notices of the foreclosure and the time of sale were published in several papers;—it was a newspaper advertisement which attracted his attention, and induced him to go to the auction.

Mr. Ashburn addressed the court, "may it please your honors, we impeach the veracity of this witness, and I desire to testify under oath to my knowledge of his character."

Mr. Ashburn being duly sworn, related the story of the seizure of Louis' watch and diamonds, by this *Perseverance Fox*,—the falsehoods which he heard him utter to some customers with whom he was trying to make sale of Louis Norman's property; and that when he found himself detected, and that Louis had a protector, he gave up the articles, pretending he was only playing a trick for amusement.

This testimony of Mr. Ashburn, himself now a judge in another court, not only invalidated that of the witness; but the attempt to bring forward such a tool, evidently bribed to perjury, excited general indignation; and after a moment's consultation, among the judges, the presiding judge gave sentence in favor of the plaintiff.

The stranger laid aside his cloak; he arose and walked within the bar, where Louis stood receiving the congratulations of his friends. He looked at Louis, their eyes met,—the exclamations, "my son!" "my father!" were heard, and Mr. Norman stood confessed, among his friends, and his enemies.

CHAPTER XII.

CAUSE OF MR. NORMAN'S UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.—A FATHER'S PRIDE IN HIS SON.—MR. NORMAN AT HOME.

The re-appearance of Livingston Norman in America, excited much remark. The few who had remained faithful in their friendship for him, and had been disposed to regard his conduct in the most charitable light, took him by the hand with no unequivocal demonstrations of joy. To his enemies, and they were many, his re-appearance was an un-

expected and an undesired event; and many, who knew of his conduct, but by general report, regarded his return as a bold defiance of public opinion.

The passage of the ship in which Mr. Norman had sailed from England, had been shorter by some days, than was usual. Louis, deeply occupied in preparing for the expected trial, had not heard of the arrival of the ship in port, which had been announced but the day previously to the trial in the case of Norman *vs.* Mordecai.

Disappointed at not being met in the harbor by Landon and his son, and not knowing where to find either, Mr. Norman, had ordered a hackney-coach to take him to a hotel. At the supper table, he heard remarks about a case which was to be tried on the day following, which involved a very large amount of property, claimed by Louis Norman in right of his father, and that the young lawyer, was to manage his own case.

Mr. Norman would not agitate the mind of his son, at a time when he needed the full possession of all his faculties; he resolved to mix among the crowd, and keeping himself unknown, behold his son as a public speaker. The outrage upon the feelings of Louis perpetrated by the defendant's counsel, in calling up his father's misdeeds, had harrowed up the feelings of that father, almost beyond endurance; but he said to himself, "this is a part of my punishment. I will bear it meekly, but it is hard that the innocent son must suffer for the father's sake."

Scarcely had Mr. Norman dared to scan the feature of his son, fearing he might recognise him among the crowd; but as he saw Louis engrossed by his papers, and paying no attention to any thing but the business before him, he allowed himself in a full survey of his person. It was not the symmetry and commanding grace of his form, nor the manly beauty of his features, that swelled the father's heart with a full tide of joy, as he gazed upon his son; but it was

the expression of an uncorrupt mind, the pure and holy light of virtue beaming from his open countenance that was read by that father, who had studied the dark pages of human nature, and understood but too well, the indications of evil passions enstamped upon the brow; it was that innocence, purity, and elevation of mind so manifest in his son, which delighted Mr. Norman, and made him feel, that though his own life had been wasted, and his best faculties perverted, in that son he lived, an example of a better nature;—and, "Oh may he never become debased by the world's influence!" was the prayer which ascended from the father's heart.

It seemed, indeed, as Mr. Norman felt, that taunted and insulted by his opponent, Louis would not be able to keep his temper. If thrown off his guard by passion, he might forget the main points of his case, and thus the designs of his adversary would be completely answered. But Mr. Norman saw with satisfaction, that Louis remained unmoved; and he was sure, from his looks, even before he commenced speaking, that he would keep his feelings under control: his very countenance bespoke self-command and self-possession, and inspired confidence in his power over himself.

And the hopes of his father were more than realized, when he heard Louis commence, calmly and without any perceptible agitation, to state the legal bearings of the case, which he scanned with clearness, and exhibited with force, without encumbering them with aught irrelevant, or of a nature to divide, or distract the attention. The feelings of the father were, for a time, suspended;—and as one lawyer judges another, he weighed the arguments of Louis, and smiled approvingly, forgetful that he had an interest in the case, or bore a relation to the speaker.

But when satisfied that his case was safe in the hands of justice, Louis allowed himself to enter the domain of

feeling, and reply to the attack upon his father and himself, that father saw how deep, how impassioned, and how lofty were his feelings; that his eloquence was unanswerable, for it was the eloquence of virtue. "I was called eloquent," thought he, "but my speeches were made of fine words; this is the language of the soul!"

After the recognition of his father by Louis, and the excitement of their meeting had in some degree passed away, Louis beckoned to Mr. Ashburn who stood wiping his eyes with his spectacles in his hand, and presenting him, said, "my father, your friend has been the protector of your son, the guide and counsellor to whom he owes every thing, suffer me still to call him, father."

Mr. Norman pressed the hand of Mr. Ashburn, and for a moment, both were silent.

William Landon, who had been prevented by important business, from being present until near the close of Louis' speech, and had not observed Mr. Norman until his interview with Louis, now came forward, and warmly greeted him, congratulating him on his quick passage, (the ship having arrived some days sooner than was expected.)

Mr. Norman then explained the circumstances which had led him to go to a hotel; and to enter the court room on that occasion, without announcing himself to his son.

After speaking aside to Messrs. Ashburn and Landon, Louis, said "you will now, my dear father, put yourself under my guidance, and go home with me."

"You reside with Mr. Ashburn, my son," replied Mr. Norman, somewhat embarrassed.

"Not at present, my father; my sister and I have lately commenced house-keeping, that we might have a home for you."

Mr. Norman felt the delicacy of this arrangement, but was too full for utterance.

"And our kind friends will go home and dine with us,"

said Louis,—"but, my father, we must not, too suddenly, announce to Ida, the news of your arrival. Mr. Landon will go first, and prepare her to see you."

Landon did not object to this arrangement, but immediately drove to the Norman residence, where Ida and Laura were anxiously waiting to hear the result of the law suit. Mr. Landon entered the parlor in high spirits; and the ladies were soon gratified with the intelligence that Louis had done himself much honor in his speech, and had gained his cause.

"He has invited me here to dine," said Landon, "but," in a lower tone, to Ida, "I have no assurance that I shall be a welcome guest."

There was something touching, almost expressive of humility in the tones of his voice; and Ida, conscious of the injustice of feeling aught but kindness for one, always their devoted friend, and that his supposed attachment to Julia Selby, was no cause of offence to her, offered her hand, saying, "indeed, Mr. Landon, there is no one entitled to a warmer welcome to this house than yourself."

Though the manner was friendly, Landon thought it far from tender; so different was it from Julia Selby's *empressement* in giving her invitations.

"Your brother, Miss Norman" said he, will soon be here, accompanied by Judge Ashburn, and another gentleman, a stranger!"

"Who, who?" exclaimed Ida, "can it be that my father has arrived? oh, would that it were so!"

"Could you command yourself Miss Norman, to meet your father should he now come?"

"I am accustomed to self-command, Mr. Landon," said Ida, with emphasis, "but do not trifle with my suspense, it is unkind."

"Yes, Miss Norman, your father has arrived, and I am every moment expecting the carriage which will bring him here."

Ida Norman neither screamed nor fainted;—she clasped her hands, and with eyes upraised, offered her silent thanksgiving to Him whom she acknowledged as the author of all human happiness.

A carriage was heard at the door—a moment passed, and Ida Norman was in the arms of her father. Louis wept tears of joy. Judge Ashburn and Mr. Landon were deeply affected at the scene.

It was now late in autumn, and the glowing anthracite radiated from the grate an agreeable warmth. Mr. Norman's eye glanced over the apartment; in the agitation of his feelings, he had not observed as he entered the house, that it was his former dwelling;—the truth now flashed upon his mind, and covering his face with his hands, he wept aloud. But pleasing were the tears called forth by filial tenderness and love; for he fully comprehended the efforts made by his children to receive him, in the manner, of all others, most desirable. But how, in their penury and destitution, they could have found means to do all this, was to him a mystery; that these means were honest and honorable, he could not for a moment doubt, and he fervently thanked God for the unmerited blessings showered upon him.

Ida, gently approaching, and taking his hand, said, "my dearest father, you need repose after so much fatigue and excitement, let me conduct you to your own chamber, that you may refresh yourself with some rest before the hour for dinner. The father, regarding his daughter tenderly, rose and walked with her to the chamber which he had formerly occupied, and which was one of a suite of rooms once his private apartments, comprising his dressing-room, library, and private reception room.

On entering the chamber, fitted up with every comfort, Ida tenderly said, "The time, my dear father, has been short for what we wished to do, so that I have not accomplished all that I desired in the way of furnishing the house; and besides, we did not know how the law suit would termi-

nate, and I have been careful about expense; for though the generosity of Louis is unbounded, I was unwilling he should incur any debts;—but now, dear father, I shall be able to get every thing for you, just as you used to have. Here, in this wardrobe is a dressing-gown for you, and some slippers of my own work; and in this bureau is some linen I have had made, thinking when you arrived, you might need a new supply; and if you need any thing else before your trunks come, Louis' wardrobe will supply your wants, for he is fully of your size. And now dear father, I will leave you to repose in this nice, comfortable bed—you must compose your mind, and not even think of the blessings which are reserved for you after so much suffering;"—then with a daughter's pure affection, she kissed her father, saying, "I must now go and see to my dinner; I fear the cook may not be prepared for company."

"'Better' my sweet daughter," said Mr. Norman, "is 'a dinner of herbs where love is, than the stalled ox, and hatred therewith.' I would not detain you from your household duties; but let me look upon you once more:—and this is indeed my own little Ida, a woman, so perfect in form and feature; the little child who once climbed upon my knees, the petted and passionate girl who could bear no control, now a ministering angel, sacrificing herself for the happiness of others.—And yet with all the change, I see you are my child; the bud, despite of neglect, has expanded into the full developed blossom, but oh! how many chilling blasts, and blighting frosts must have fallen upon it!"

"But now, my dear father, as the sun shines genially, we should be the more happy in our gratitude, for the contrast of the present, with the past. God, who chasteneth in mercy, has over-ruled our trials for good; they have rendered us a united, and a christian family."

"My sweet daughter has then learned the most important of all lessons, to refer both trials and blessings to the agency of an over-ruling Providence."

"I have been trained in my christian duties," said Ida, "by dear Mrs. Newton; and I can never be too grateful to my father for securing to me such a guide and friend."

"Go now Ida," said her father, "and remember that in fulfilling your domestic duties, you are acting that part which by divine wisdom is allotted to woman; and though,

'To tread the same dull circle round and round,'

may be wearisome and distasteful, yet considered in the light of duty, things in themselves trifling, become invested with dignity and importance."

As Ida advanced towards the door, still looking at her father, delighted with the calm expression of his countenance, and happy to listen to a father's counsels, he again spoke;

"One word more, my daughter;—we owe our re-union to your friend, Mr. Landon; may I ask you, my child, whether there is a tenderer tie existing between him and you, than that of friendship?"

Unconsciously, Mr. Norman had touched the only jarring chord in the mind of Ida; the trial was great, but it was met with firmness and self-possession.

"Mr. Landon," said she, "is entitled to our warmest gratitude. His charming sister is betrothed to Louis, you will find in her all that you could desire in a daughter."

"But the brother, Ida—I have thought from the manner in which he has named you, that there might ———"

"No, my dear father," interrupted Ida, "there is nothing, there can be nothing, but friendship between Mr. Landon and myself; he is attached to my friend, Miss Selby, she is very intelligent and accomplished, and moreover has a fortune."

Ida left the room; and Mr. Norman having seen deeper into her heart than she desired, sighed to think that sorrow must ever be infused in the cup of earthly felicity.

CHAPTER XIII.

FEMALE EDUCATION APPLIED TO PRACTICAL PURPOSES.

As soon as Mr. Norman had somewhat recovered from the effects of his voyage, the agitation of meeting with his children, and the embarrassment of his position, he commenced a thorough investigation of his affairs.

He first examined his accounts with the government, resolving to make the "crooked straight," and to clear up every thing that was dark or doubtful, in all his business of a public, or private nature. If he found in some cases that he had slipped over monies received without accounting for them, he discovered that he had in other cases neglected to make the proper charges. Such had been the chaos into which his business affairs had fallen, that deep and intricate search, and long and laborious investigation were necessary to bring order out of confusion.

The practical education of his daughter proved to him of great advantage, in the thought and labor which were necessary in examining into a huge mass of account books, and immense piles of papers. Secluding herself from all society, Ida spent days and nights with her father, in searching into documents, examining vouchers, and making balances.

The professional engagements of Louis occupied much of his time; and as he could give but a partial attention to his father's affairs, Ida had begged to be allowed to take the office of an assistant upon herself. Patiently did she toil, and cheerfully resign the pleasures of society, to aid in disentangling the perplexed web into which her father had permitted his affairs to form themselves. Often did she soothe his feelings when accusing himself of folly and madness, in suffering his affairs to fall into such disorder.

"The fever of political excitement was upon me," would he say, "and I let all go.—Money I cared nothing for; it had poured in showers into my lap, and I ceased to regard it, believing that enough, and more than enough, would always come at my call. Without intending to be dishonest, I have appeared so;—the charges which I might lawfully have made against the government I neglected to make; and I was called a defaulter, because I did not account for what I received."

"But my dear father," would Ida reply, "you will now be able to show how it has all happened;—your accounts can now be presented to government in an accurate form, and your innocence of intentional wrong will be made manifest."

"Yes my dear Ida, I can now, thanks to your assistance, settle honorably with the government, and relieve my endorsers of all responsibility; but I cannot so readily settle with my own conscience for my recklessness. Yet I have promised you not to dwell upon this subject, and I owe it to you, my patient and devoted child, to think the best I can of your unworthy father."

In his daughter, Mr. Norman found a friend and companion. Her influence over him was soothing and salutary, and in her society he found a happiness to which he had long been a stranger. Possessed of a fortune more than sufficient for all their wants, Mr. Norman and his daughter, were able to indulge themselves in the greatest of luxuries, that of doing good.

While Ida Norman was engaged in assisting her father in the arduous task of searching into old, and intricate accounts, she refused herself to all visiters, and William Landon among others, which tended to confirm him the more in the belief that she regarded him with indifference.

Perceiving how necessary she was to her father's happiness, and the salutary influence she had power to exert

over his mind, Ida Norman thought she saw her future course in life plainly marked out by the hand of Providence, and she determined cheerfully to devote herself to those duties which appeared to be assigned to her.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

We must here leave those in whom we have taken so deep an interest, though we might be pleased to pursue them in their further progress along the pathway of life. We leave them with regret, as we part with travelling companions in whom we have become interested, after an intimacy of a few days or hours. But we separate from them, and remain ignorant of their future history;—we may sometimes speak of them; we may wish we could know what befell them after we parted—whether that young gentleman married the lady to whom he seemed attached, or whether journeying on in single blessedness, she preferred to devote herself to a life of usefulness, uniincumbered with domestic ties. If a Christian, she would seek to follow in that path pointed out to her by the finger of God.

Whether Ida Norman and William Landon, in the course of time, learned the secrets of each other's hearts; and whether, if so, she became convinced that, as a wife, she might be also an affectionate daughter, must be left to the discretion and imagination of our readers.

In justice to the character of Julia Selby, we should mention that, becoming disgusted with the emptiness and frivolity of a life of fashion, and dissatisfied with the man-

ner in which she was wasting her time and talents, she was led to serious reflection, and self-condemnation. She saw how unworthily she had acted in many cases; especially in attempting chiefly for the gratification of vanity to rival her two best friends. She saw that she had been justly punished in the defeat of her plans, and in seeing a preference given to others of less pretension than herself, but, as she mentally acknowledged, of more worth.

Younger candidates for admiration appeared on the theatre where Julia Selby had been once triumphant; and she saw that she was regarded by them, and those who followed in their train as, *en peu passé*. Mr. Selby, who had been scarcely less disappointed than his daughter, that the junior partner did not propose, had often delicately hinted to Julia that she was of an age to marry. He at length announced to his daughter that he was about to bring home as a bride, the accomplished Miss Blossom, her former school companion.

This event was as unexpected as it was unpleasant to Julia. After mature deliberation, she resorted to her friend, Mrs. Newton, and opening the secret wounds of her heart, sought for advice.

"I am restless and unhappy," exclaimed Julia, "my life passes without any worthy object! Once, I enjoyed books, and in the cultivation of my mind, could find pleasure; but my literary taste has been destroyed by the sickening whirl of gayety to which I have yielded myself a victim;—a martyr in an ignoble cause."

"Come back to me, Julia," said Mrs. Newton, "and in the scenes of your childhood and early youth, engage in occupations which will improve your mind and elevate your character."

Julia's heart responded to this suggestion: it was what she had before thought of, but had feared she had too far lost the esteem of Mrs. Newton to be a welcome inmate of

her household. She returned home much happier than she left; and surprised rather than displeased her father, by the announcement that she had resolved with his permission, as soon as the new Mrs. Selby should arrive, to go to reside with Mrs. Newton at Science Hall.

It was a nine days wonder, among the gay circle in which Julia had moved, that a belle and an heiress should withdraw from the world of fashion to live in a school. Julia, herself, knew the trials and mortifications, which, in the midst of her triumphs she had experienced; and that in the career of pleasure she had found far more thorns than flowers. She had seen that the idols of fashion remain in their shrines but for a brief space; and had proved how unsatisfactory is the incense offered by their votaries. Julia Selby's *trials* had now come; and by God's blessing, they helped to render her a better woman. She applied herself to literary pursuits, and became known as a writer, not of vitiating novels or vapid poetry, but of useful and instructive books; some of which she wrote more particularly, for the benefit of a large family of younger brothers and sisters, and of numerous nephews and nieces, by all of whom, "*Sister Julia*," and "*Aunt Julia*" was honoured and beloved. And though her young step-mother was too gay and giddy to profit much by advice, Julia was persevering in her kind efforts to promote the welfare of her fathers' family, too often neglected by its thoughtless mistress. Piety, added to the charms of Julia's mind, rendered her what her friend, Mrs. Newton, had so anxiously desired to see.

Frank Selby, finding Ida Norman gave no encouragement to his suit, and Laura Landon was engaged, concluded that Emma Van Renselaer would make an interesting "Mrs. Frank Selby," in which opinion he was not disappointed. In process of time he became a man of business, and a member of the firm of "Landon & Selby." His former jokes about the *junior partner* were occasionally alluded to,

and he continued to style Landon his Mentor, attributing chiefly to his example and influence, the beneficial change which had been effected in his character.

As Mrs. Louis Norman, on a winter's evening, was sitting by the centre-table in a private parlor in Washington, her husband near her looking into the New York evening papers, she was surprised by his falling into a sudden fit of laughter. "Do let me enjoy this mirth with you, Louis," said the lady. Louis took up the paper, and again laughed. "Yes," said he, "retributive justice has at length found them out, and they will punish each other in this world, for the sins they have committed against you and me, Laura. But I will not keep you longer in suspense; 'if you have tears, prepare to shed them now,'—'Married in this city, on ——, by the Rev. Mr. Cheathem, Mr. Perseverance Fox, to Miss Maria Crump.'"

After all that Louis Norman had said about "office seeking" and "political ambition," it may appear inconsistent, that he should have been at Washington, as a representative in Congress; but this may be explained by a remark of Judge Ashburn, in reply to Mrs. Newton's exclamation of surprise, on hearing of Louis' election; "My dear madam, *he did not seek the office, but the office has sought him.* I foretold when he was a child, that he would be a great man, and my prophecy is fulfilled—not in his being elected to Congress, for many *small men* obtain this office; but his greatness consists in his moral integrity and his desire to do his duty. No citizen has a right to refuse to act, when his country demands his services. Like the Roman Cincinnatus, and our own Washington, Louis has been called for by the public voice, and greatly to the sacrifice of his pecuniary prospects and home enjoyments, he obeys the mandate in a spirit of true patriotism, unpledged to any party, and free to act for the best interests of his country."

We leave Ida Norman, ministering to the happiness of her father in his declining years, conducting household affairs, and doing good to all within the sphere of her influence. We have seen her overcome the strong and turbulent passions which were inherent in her nature, and acting with calmness and self-possession when the tender feelings of her heart were tried to the utmost; we have seen her give up society, and confine herself to the severest mental labor at the call of duty; and all this she did cheerfully, not as a *heroine*, but as a *christian;* none knowing her struggles, but He who seeth the secret recesses of the heart.

Farewell, sweet Ida Norman! With thy father, we would say, "'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.'" We part with thee, assured that in whatever situation thou mayest hereafter be placed, thou wilt perform its duties, as might be expected of an educated, enlightened, and christian woman.

THE END.

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